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Foch and Clemenceau

TWO GREAT FRENCHMEN

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

The conflict between Premier and Commanding General told by a French authority, who reveals the reason in the character, temperament, and background of the two great men.

M. Raymond Poincaré, whose tenacious memory can reproduce with a relentless and meticulous accuracy, all those stirring events in which he has participated, talked to me, one day, of the devastating anxieties to which he was a prey on the morning of March 26, 1917, while on his way to the famous conference of Doullens, where Foch was named generalissimo of the Allied Army.

"As our automobile sped toward Doullens," he said, "we encountered, on one hand, British troops moving northward; on the other, French columns marching south. The absence of a common purpose, of a concerted military effort, struck one instantly. Things simply couldn't go on like that. If some dominant personality didn't immediately assume command and re-establish between the British and French armies the union, the cohesion, that were plainly lacking, it was evident that we were headed straight for disaster."

The conference of Doullens accomplished that union by investing Foch with the supreme command.

While Clemenceau hastened back to Paris, where so many urgent tasks awaited him, Foch, without losing a moment, began a thorough inspection of the front, especially at the most critical points, visiting headquarters, talking with the English officers, cheering them, reviving their courage, fortifying their resistance—"plugging up the dike," as he tersely put it, "so that it wouldn't give way."

It was on those two men, Foch and Clemenceau, that the outcome of the war was to depend. If one or the other "cracked" under the crushing responsibility, or proved unequal to his task, the Allies ran the risk of being beaten.

Who were those two men? Where

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did they come from? What were they like? What was their character, their temperament?

It has been often said, in France and elsewhere, that it was Clemenceau who picked Foch to be generalissimo of the Allied forces. That is an error. Clemenceau accepted Foch, whose intelligence and character he admired, whose military talents—his tenacity above all—had struck him forcibly. *But he did not choose him.* Clemenceau's idea, during those strenuous days that preceded the conference of Doullens, was to take over the supreme direction of the war himself, with Foch as Chief-of-Staff. No one, really well informed on this point, will attempt to deny the truth of this statement, especially since nothing could be more characteristic of Clemenceau who has always held that the civil power should, under all circumstances, take precedence over the military—even in time of war.

Had he been free to impose his will upon his colleagues, that solution of the difficult problem before them would undoubtedly have been adopted. But he was not free, because he was not alone. The English, from the first moment that the suggestion of Clemenceau's elevation to the supreme command was hinted to them, opposed it absolutely—an opposition voiced by General Wilson to Weygand, for example, in no veiled terms.

Clemenceau is, before all, a product of the French Revolution. It is impossible to understand his nature, or his political career, if one forgets for an instant that dominant fact. He derives from the Revolution as directly as a river from its source. A pure-blooded Vendean (and no province of France felt the effects of the Revolution more terribly than his own), a republican, a descendant of the "bleus de Vendée," as they were called from the time they fought the Chouans in that bitter civil war engendered by the Revolution—Clemenceau inherited from his heroic ancestors a fighting spirit, an unyielding will, a love of danger and struggle. For him politics is a battle-field where the victor is he who deals his adversary the hardest blows, unmindful of those he, himself, receives.

This racial inheritance of hardy militancy has been further developed by the storm and stress of his public life, especially by those events which took place during that period, so important in the forming of character, when the youth becomes a man. Such an event was the communal uprising of 1871, in which Clemenceau was directly implicated. He was but twenty-nine years old, and mayor of Montmartre, when the insurrection broke out. And, after all, what was the Commune, if it was not—after an interval of three-quarters of a century—an episode of the French Revolution?

Revolutionary outbursts are always characterized by the fact that the internal struggle is invariably inflamed and complicated by the external one, each reacting powerfully on the other. That is precisely what happened in the case of the Commune, which was but the result of a disastrous foreign war, of defeat, invasion, of the madness known as "siege-phobia," and above all, of the entry into Paris of the victorious German army—that crowning humiliation, treacherously, inhumanly imposed by Bismarck, who understood only too well the full effect of what he was doing.

This initial episode of the Commune left an indelible mark upon Clemenceau's whole subsequent career. During the long years that followed, he appears

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in the political arena always as a battling, iconoclastic force. He became, *par excellence,* "the destroyer of ministries." The more successful he was in that rôle, the more he liked it. His reputation for that essentially negative accomplishment became established, enhanced. But if he caused the downfall of ministries, he never formed any. I remember very well that when the Parisian journalist, Adolphe Brisson, went to see him, in the early part of this century, he asked Clemenceau, pointblank, this question: "How does it happen that, after thirty years of parliamentary life and with all your prestige and reputation, you have never been minister?"

To which Clemenceau replied frankly: "Because the office has never been offered to me."

Having attacked others violently, the ineluctable moment arrived when Clemenceau, himself, was no less violently attacked. His adversaries succeeded in humbling him temporarily, in driving him from the Palais-Bourbon. But it is hard to get the better of a fighter like Clemenceau. Toward the end of the last century, the Dreyfus affair offered him a wonderful opportunity to get back into the limelight. He embraced it, took his seat in the Senate, and behold him, once again started on a long and brilliant public career!

Besides being a born fighter Clemenceau possesses in the highest degree an ardent patriotism—another point of resemblance to the revolutionists. His advanced opinions, his radicalism, are joined to a perfervid love of country. He saw the war of 1870 at close range and ever after feared the recurrence of a Franco-German conflict—a fear that was only too well justified. The thought of that war was always with him. It obsessed him. All his political policies hinged upon it—were formulated with that in mind. And because he dreaded a German invasion, he became an enthusiastic partisan of an *entente* with England. He opposed with all his strength an attempt on the part of France to gain a limited control in Egypt, for fear it would embroil us with the English. More than any one else, he was the cause of the failure of that project.

To Clemenceau the loss of the two French provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, was like an open wound—a wound that could never be healed. Undoubtedly the most beautiful, the most thrilling battle-cry of the Revolution was this: "The French Republic, one and indivisible!" If Clemenceau had ever had to adopt a party "slogan," assuredly it would have been that.

When, on the theatrical debarkation of the Kaiser at Tangiers, in 1905, Germany resumed her old Bismarckian political attitude of threat and intimidation toward France, Clemenceau arose in his might. He rallied the national forces and wrote a series of articles in his paper, *L'Aurore,* that resounded throughout France like a clarion call. One of those articles—which, after a quarter of a century, I remember as though I had read it yesterday—ended with this ringing phrase: "The yoke which Germany aims to place on France, is not made to the measure of our neck. Yoke or neck—one or the other must be broken!"

At last came the war which Clemenceau had foretold. From the first he demanded that it be waged as the Revolution had been waged by his ancestors—bitterly, relentlessly, implacably. The whole nation must bend itself to the accomplishment of one terrible task. Should any one weaken, falter in his

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duty, he must be punished as severely as though he were the enemy. These harsh measures he put into practice as soon as he grasped the reins of government. It was therefore natural for the nation to turn to him when, after the check to the French offensive in the spring of 1917, and the defection of Russia, the war situation became highly critical—almost desperate.

Scarcely was Clemenceau back in power, when his pitiless hand smote all those whom he suspected of being slackers or opponents of the war government. The higher up his adversary, the more anxious was he to compass his downfall. Malvy, former minister, Caillaux, one-time President of the Council, arraigned before the High Court, were condemned to prison or exile. For all strictly judicial procedures, for abstract law, Clemenceau cares absolutely nothing—just as the French revolutionists cared nothing for them. In this respect there is a world of difference between him and Poincaré who is, before all else, a jurist, a man of law.

Like the revolutionists, also, Clemenceau instinctively distrusts the professional military man. He adores the common soldier—the "poilus." He knows no greater happiness than to visit them in the trenches, unmindful of grenades and bombs, for he is as brave as "the blade of a sword." When he makes his rounds at the front, with his gray cape, his soft hat, his iron-tipped cane, he would push up to the front lines—to the very lookout posts—were he allowed his own way. But if he adores the men in the ranks, he has little use for the generals. And he doesn't mind letting them know it on all occasions! He would like them as they were in the time of the Revolution—absolutely dominated by the civil power, almost enslaved by it in fact, held on a leash tightly, while the members of the National Convention had full powers, even the power of death, over the men who commanded the armies. When, several years before the World War, Clemenceau, being then President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, decided to modify the decree of Thermidor regulating the prescribed order of precedence in public ceremonies, he demanded that generals should come after prefects and many other civil functionaries. He took them down several pegs! This paints Clemenceau to the life. Let any one who can, explain him—this strange, paradoxical nature, impetuous, full of contradictions, swayed by conflicting cross-currents of thought and emotion!

His mental and moral make-up, his philosophical opinions, belong to what is called "the generation of '48." (It must not be forgotten that Clemenceau was born in 1841). Antireligious rationalism, belief in progress, humanitarian idealism, pity and love for the lowly and the poor, develop more and more markedly in him as the years pass by.

The first time I ever saw Clemenceau was in 1905 at a dinner given by Paul Meurice, the warm friend, confidant and executor of Victor Hugo. I had just returned from Manchuria, where I had passed fifteen months as war correspondent for *Le Temps* during the Russo-Japanese campaign. Throughout nearly the entire dinner, Clemenceau talked to me about Tolstoy, whose wonderful novel, "Resurrection," had just achieved a tremendous success.

Such was the man who, during the most critical months of the war and the peace that followed it, was to collaborate directly and daily, with Foch. It is difficult to imagine a more striking con-

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trast than those two personalities offer.

If Clemenceau betrays, in every way, his kinship with the men of the Revolution, to understand Foch one must trace his lineage much farther back in the history of France. The purity of his life, his "lay saintliness," his ardor, and his faith—a faith religious as well as patriotic—remind one, in certain ways, of Joan of Arc. But Foch recalls still more forcibly the great men of the great age of Louis XIV. There could be no character more upright, no career more simple and direct than his. He makes one think of a charming French garden, sunny, open to the view, whose lovely vistas the delighted eye can take in at a glance.

Clemenceau, with his volcanic temperament, is all in shadow or high lights. There is no shadow on either the reputation or the character of Foch.

Clemenceau, born only a few years after the full flowering of romanticism is himself, in many ways, a romanticist. His political technic, his philosophy of life, his headstrong and rebellious spirit, all stamp him as such. Foch, on the contrary, had nothing of the romantic in his make-up. He held in holy horror all that the romanticists most gloried in. He was a classic of the purest type. Napoleon, the best possible judge of such a matter, once said that the typical great general should be, above everything, *"carré de base comme de hauteur"*—that is to say, that a perfect balance should exist between the intellect and the character, between the understanding and the will. No other man in the world possessed in the same degree as Foch this perfect equilibrium. All his faculties "clicked"—worked together in perfect harmony, the will and the intellect dominating the rest. The all-powerful forces of the mind had mastered, once for all, the forces of instinct. He knew not turbulence, nor passion, nor changeableness. Once for all, in the very beginning, he decided what his life was to be. It ran its course undeviatingly, exactly as he had determined.

When the chances of war brought him the opportunities to show of what stuff he was made, to display his military talents, he never failed to seize and make the most of them. Did a difficulty present itself (and God knows difficulties were always presenting themselves during the last part of the war!) instead of pouncing furiously upon it in an effort to get rid of it, anyway, anyhow, as Clemenceau would have done, Foch would study it long and carefully in order to locate its weakest point. His keen eye invariably discovered it and when found, a plan of attack instantly occurred to him. Once matured, he executed this plan, like Napoleon, with a pitiless tenacity and an astounding inventiveness and variety of resources.

In this last respect, his military genius resembled that of Napoleon. Like Napoleon, he was convinced that the *plans* alone of a battle counted for nothing. What counted was the manner in which those plans were carried out—the hold, the magnetic influence a commander had over his lieutenants, his troops, so that the strength, the energies of all could be fused into one powerful fighting force for the accomplishment of the common purpose.

For that sort of thing Foch was superb. His task, moreover, was infinitely more difficult than that of Napoleon, whose armies were nine-tenths Frenchmen and whose orders were never questioned, whereas the half of Foch's troops were foreigners—English, Canadians, Australians, Americans, Italians, Belgians, etc. . . .

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The religious faith which animated Foch, was at the same time very ardent and very simple—what we call "la foi du charbonnier." But he was religious in the same way that the great nobles of the seventeenth century were religious —religious but not in the slightest degree clerical. He openly said of his faith what certain ancient philosophers said of the Divinity: "In eo vivimus et sumus." He was convinced that religion gives to a man a tranquillity of spirit and a moral foundation upon which he can build his house of life nobly, solidly. But he saw no cause for parading his religion. It was within him, a part of his deepest feelings, and that was enough.

Picture to yourself, now, these two men, such as I have briefly described them, handicapped by their widely differing view-points, their antagonistic natures, trying to work together in harness! Inevitably, bitter disagreements, crucial differences of opinion cropped up between the two. But there was one hour in the life of Clemenceau when he rose magnificently above them. It was after the Chemin des Dames, when, on the 27th of May, 1917, a powerful German offensive pushed back the French lines in Champagne. Under this staggering blow, public opinion in France wavered. Especially did the parliamentarians, always prone to discouragement and criticism, have it in for Foch. Many of them blamed him for the disaster. They demanded his head. Anxiety, distraction reigned at the Palais-Bourbon.

Clemenceau braced himself against the storm of reprisal. He defended Foch valiantly, braved the government's detractors, and taking upon himself all responsibility, proclaimed to the world his intention of pursuing his own course and his unshakable belief in ultimate victory.

Every time that I happened to mention these events to the Marshal, he seized the occasion to praise Clemenceau in the highest terms. But the storm once over, differences between them quickly arose again!

Foch—and this is where he showed true genius—sensed keenly the rapidly accelerating weariness and disorganization of the German army and, by the middle of August, 1918, was convinced that the war would end very soon, although the rest of the world, civil and military, believed that it would last at least another year. Being the man he was, methodical, prudent, far-seeing, he realized, not only that victory was near at hand, but also that it would bring many vexatious problems in its train. For France the most difficult of solution was, naturally, that of security—a problem identical in Foch's mind with that of the Rhine.

France, invaded three times in the course of a century, possessing a frontier so vulnerable, so close to Germany, certainly has the right, after all the losses she has sustained, all the sacrifices she has agreed to make, to the assurance that, for a long time to come, she can live in peace and security. According to Foch there was only one possible way by which she could gain this assurance—to constitute the Rhine the military frontier of France, to be held, not by the French, but by quotas from the Allied armies. This did not mean the annexation by France, in any way, of any German territory whatsoever. The inhabitants of the Rhine provinces were to remain Germans. Only those were to be removed who belonged to the Prussian military control—which, after all, was only established on the Rhine in 1815, just a hundred years ago.

In September, 1918, Foch's mind was

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preoccupied with those absorbing reflections. He was anxious to know the attitude of the French government—that is to say, of Clemenceau, sole master—on the crucial question of the Rhine, to the end that the military effort should parallel the political and diplomatic. He therefore asked to be enlightened on the subject. But Clemenceau, jealous of his authority and bent on keeping the army subservient to the civil power, refused, in as surly and brutal a manner as possible, to answer Foch's discreet questioning.

"I make war," he kept on repeating, over and over, "and I don't concern myself with anything else"—a remark which incidentally stamps Clemenceau as a statesman of no vision, for while a war is in progress, and especially as it nears an end, it is not only permissible but obligatory to think of the peace that is to crown it.

Put thus smartly in his place, Foch, respectful, very much disciplined, remained calm and asked nothing more. But almost immediately another subject of dispute arose between the two leaders. Perhaps nothing better illustrates the difference of their two characters, the invincible antagonism of their natures, than the famous incident apropos of the status of the American forces in France and the replacement of Pershing which Clemenceau hoped to obtain from President Wilson through the intervention of Foch.

In my book, "Le Mémorial de FOCH," I was the first to give a full account of that curious episode and throw light on it. Occasionally some one tries—always very timidly, by the way!—to deny or correct my statements as to that matter. Those corrections and those denials do not hold. I defy any one to disprove, in the smallest particular, the details, verified by proofs and dates, which I have given. I have had in my own hands, forwarded to me by Foch himself, the correspondence between him and Clemenceau relative to this affair.

Clemenceau complained to Foch of what he considered the insufficient use made of the American troops in France, due to the obstinacy of Pershing, who was determined to create an autonomous American army, with a full corps of officers. He therefore wanted Foch, as commander of the combined forces, to appeal to President Wilson, over Pershing's head, and request the latter's removal. That was Clemenceau all over! Hot-headed, impetuous, admitting of no delay, no compromise, he aimed to settle the affair in short order.

Foch, cautious, deliberate, turned the matter over in his mind. Of course he was fully aware of the shortcomings of the American army, but he also realized that they were solely the result of unpreparedness, of inexperience. The Americans had to learn the business of war, in their turn, just as the English and French had. As for Pershing, Foch thought highly of him and felt confidence in him. Moreover, should he commit the folly of asking his dismissal of President Wilson, not only might his request very well be refused—which would complicate the situation still further—but he was convinced that the successor of Pershing would act just as Pershing himself was acting. Politely but firmly, therefore, and while fully explaining the reasons for his decision, he refused Clemenceau's demand.

During the difficult, often painful, negotiations of the peace treaty that followed on the Allied victory, Foch and Clemenceau again found themselves at daggers' points. Clemenceau's fiery dis-

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position, his unconquerable fighting spirit, which had worked wonders during the latter part of the war, were far less valuable when it came to settling diplomatic questions. It is, of course, simply impossible for Clemenceau, with his nature, to be a skilful diplomat. Patience, evenness of temper, the art of handling men, are all lacking in him. To be entirely just, one must confess that never were negotiations as difficult, as complicated, as delicate as those of the peace treaty. Dictatorial, brusque, unwilling to cede even the smallest iota of his authority and prerogatives, Clemenceau inevitably ran foul of Foch.

What was the main object that Foch had in view? What did he most hope to gain by the treaty?

This, above all—just as he put it to me a hundred times in the course of our conversations: To make all aggression, on the part of Germany against France, an impossibility.

And what, according to Foch, was the best means, the simplest and least costly, of arriving at that result? His answer was: The Rhine frontier, to be held by the Allied units at first; later, when the English and American troops had been retired, to be held by the French and Belgians.

To Foch's way of thinking, all other proposed methods were inadequate or unwise.

Foch, who knew his history, was well aware that his solution of the defense problem, the military barrier, had been employed during the last two centuries. Holland had availed herself of it against France in the seventeenth century; the conquerors of Napoleon—the English, Prussians, Austrians, Russians—had done the same thing in 1815. England had gone even farther—she had made a whole new country, Belgium, designed to serve, and which did serve, as a buffer state. Moreover—and this is the important thing—during half a century, from 1815 to 1865, in western Europe, in Flanders, formerly the theatre of incessant warfare, on the banks of the Rhine, not a shot was fired. This method of defense having, therefore, proven so effective, why not make use of it again? Is the guarantee of a half-century of peace nothing to this Europe which has so pressing a need of peace?

France, in the course of her history, so full of ups and downs, of successes and reverses, has always had the good luck to find, in every crisis of her affairs, the men, both civilians and soldiers, whom she has needed to extricate her from danger.

At the beginning of the World War, for example, a general more rash, less wary, less patient, less self-controlled than Joffre would, possibly, have lost the battle of the Marne, instead of winning it.

Pétain was on hand when, after the crisis of 1917, followed by mutinies, it became necessary to raise the morale of the whole army.

Then came Clemenceau, then Foch, without whom the war—always supposing it had not been lost after the offensive of Ludendorf, in March, 1918—would certainly have lasted another year.

Had those two great men, Foch and Clemenceau, only been able to get along together, it is practically certain that France would have benefited enormously from their collaboration.

But we must not ask too much of Providence! A country should deem herself fortunate, at any rate, to be always able to find, in the hour of danger, the great leaders of whom she has need.

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The Art of Muddlement

BY WILL IRWIN

Propaganda, let loose upon the world by the Great War, now runs riot, utilized by "Red-baiting" organizations, super-patriotic bodies, and others. One who saw the whole process develop from the early war days and handled it himself for the American cause, reveals the methods by which public opinion is swayed.

BEFORE that great war by which we date time nowadays, the word "propaganda" had not percolated much below the highest stratum of intelligence and sophistication. It held an innocent and dignified meaning. The methods by which you spread or advanced your cult, school of opinion, 'ism or 'osophy—in 1913 it meant that and that alone. To-day, sixteen years later, every ditch-digger involved in a union quarrel tosses it about as carelessly as he does his one-syllable profanity; and with equally vitriolic meaning. The shadowed years have given it a strangely invidious aura. Scarcely any one to-day admits that he is a propagandist or that he peddles propaganda—those attributes belong always to his opponent.

The curious trends and events by which society has perverted the meaning of this good old churchly word deserve consideration and attention. For the first two centuries of journalism, editors paid much more attention to the opinion-function of their organs than to the news-function. Indeed, news as we know it to-day was not invented or discovered until about 1840. Down to the later nineteenth century, editors tried to draw support for the Liberal cause or the Tory cause, the Democratic cause or the Republican cause, by heavy leaders which set forth abstractly their own eminently moral and logical cult, demolished the immoral and illogical opposing cult. Greeley, Godkin, Raymond, the American editors who figure most largely in the history of our fathers' time, used this method chiefly or exclusively; Greeley regarded the news in his *Tribune* partly as a feeder to the editorial page but mostly as a nuisance.

Then, in the eighties of the last century, American editors began to discover the power of the news. Slanted, perverted, thrown out of proportion or merely printed without statement of the other man's side of the case, it could prove far more effective than Jove-like pronouncements from an editorial throne. For any reader sufficiently intelligent to be worth persuading knows that an editorial is a partisan statement; whereas the news is the raw material of his own thinking. During the next quarter of a century, American journalism raised this method to the status of an art. Did the virtuous editor start to "clean up" the red-light district of his town? He sent his best reporter to describe its horrible revelries, to dig out from the real estate records the names of deacons and churchwardens who profited by its rents. Did he try to overturn the corrupt gang in City Hall? He nosed out falsified accounts

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and checks passed for bribery, reproduced them on the front page. This formula was a touchstone for the new, low-priced magazines which sprang up at about the turn of the century. They did not publish mere essays on the misdeeds of the Cox gang in Cincinnati, the "Criminal Trusts," the patent-medicine kings. Instead, they sent out Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker or Samuel Hopkins Adams with instructions to make careful investigation and print the facts. And this "muckraking" process, as the world knows, had temporarily a profound effect upon American history. It was the main prop of the Roosevelt Progressive party, the first cause for the election of Woodrow Wilson.

Now the scene shifts to Europe. The governments preparing for "the inevitable conflict" were already using propaganda to accomplish their aims; but generally they understood this improved journalistic method imperfectly or not at all. Germany, however, went at the affair with her own meticulous care. Admittedly American journalism, while lacking European finish, was the most effective in the world. Let us see, said the Great General Staff to itself, what these experts have to teach us. Into American newspapers and advertising agencies they dropped a few keen young reserve officers, instructed to study our methods. These students learned their lesson well and taught it in turn to the General Staff. News was the thing. Slant it, taint it, give only one side of the picture, and you have a tool to mould public opinion much more useful than any editorial matter. When the war broke, the Propaganda Section was prepared, and on American lines, to the last comma. As soon as the battle of the Marne rendered illusory the hope of early victory, that efficient body settled down to its job of keeping the Germans enthusiastic, depressing the enemy, making friends of the neutrals.

The Nauen wireless, which figured in the imagination of us counter-propagandists much as the Hindenburg Line figured in that of the Allied Generals, best illustrates their working method. It was then the most powerful station in the world; it carried as far as Mexico to the West and Persia to the East. Every day it sent forth a full "news-service" of three or four columns, covering the war in all its military, social and diplomatic phases. Superficially, it seemed as fair and unbiased as though written by a neutral. And on many a dull day it was that in fact as well as in appearance. But usually it was slanted, very gently and expertly. An episode discreditable to the Allies was reported at its full value; an episode disgraceful to Germany got only a scant two or three lines. An Allied victory, while noticed, was made to appear a trifling incident. Pleasant little human episodes of the kind which an editor likes to box on his front page sprinkled the Nauen report. Probably they were true; but the hero was always a German. In Mexico, accommodating Germans translated the Nauen service into Spanish and passed it on to South America. It cost an editor nothing; he could without reproach from his subscribers publish it as his sole account of the war. And any average mind, following it for six months or a year without correction by Allied propaganda, would topple over inevitably to the German side.

With equal intelligence and understanding, the Germans began in the second month of the war to send domestic and neutral correspondents to the front line. These reporters travelled under escort of a staff officer. The censor, with whom they must file their copy, deleted

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of course everything derogatory to the German army and the German cause. Now the German private or the German reserve officer was just an ordinary, well-willed man placed in tragic circumstances, exactly like the French, British or Italian private or reserve officer. He was susceptible of picturesque description. To portray any man from a human point of view creates a liking in the reader's mind. Every American news-man knows that; and the Germans had learned it from the Americans.

The Allies, of course, had their own propaganda sections; but for a year or so they managed the affair with a ghastly ineptitude. News they scorned; instead, they bombarded the neutrals with essays and editorial arguments. The British, it is true, made a few unconscious concessions to modern method such as the Bryce Report on German behavior in Belgium. This was a transcript of testimony for the prosecution with no corrective counter-testimony for the defense; and therefore sound propaganda! But perhaps the first pamphlet sent to Spain best illustrates British methods at that period. It dealt with German atrocities in Belgium; which it compared to *the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition!* As for the French, most of their high officials seemed to assume that if the outer world could not see without prompting the eternal and beautiful justice in the French cause, then that outer world could perish in its blindness.

Until the war had gone on for nearly a year, scarcely a neutral correspondent had reached the Allied lines with official permission. The French and British staffs, remembering the cost of uncensored journalism in the Franco-Prussian War and the Boer War, swung to the other extreme and made this a private war. The French issued each day a bald, guarded, one-paragraph *communiqué* remarkable only for its concealments. The British were supposed to rely upon the revelations, almost equally bald, of "Eye-witness." Domestic war-correspondents could approach the front only at risk of the firing-squad; therefore they kept away. Foreigners, and especially neutrals, took a few chances and sometimes got under fire long enough to see a little action before the provost marshal laid his hand upon them. . . . I, an intense sympathizer with the Allied Cause, was under arrest eight times in the first eight months of the war, for no offense greater than trying to get material for articles in American magazines.

The most useful Allied effort of this archaic period amounted to a deliberate lie. At the beginning of the war, an irresponsible, hysterical rumor broke out in England to the effect that the Germans had chopped off the hands of Belgian children. Its twin and complement appeared in Berlin—the Belgians had hacked off the breasts of all German women found in Brussels. On both sides, the propagandists took up these rumors, translated them by repetition into fact, and tried them out on the public. The German-women's-breast act, though it was kept on the boards until the end of the war, had a mere success of esteem. But the children's-hands drama scored one of the furious, unaccountable hits which periodically make all who deal with public taste wonder if they know anything about their business. It was the *Abie's Irish Rose* of the war, with a continuous run of four and a quarter years and frequent appearances in a stock for a decade afterward. The fact that the Germans did behave pretty atrociously in parts of Belgium gave its background a tinge of truth. The men most zealous in putting it forth knew that it was a

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work of the creative imagination. But what bearing has that on the question? According to accepted human ethics, killing is no murder when performed in war for glory and advancement of one's nation. Logically, in the same circumstances, falsehood becomes no lie.

Then, toward the end of 1915, a change came over the spirit of the Allies. I have never found exactly who wrought this transformation. Perhaps Arthur Balfour had a hand in it. During his period of aloof, critical idleness before he entered the Coalition Cabinet, this finished realist used to void his scorn on the Allied propaganda. "It's as though we tried to fight a modern army without artillery or aeroplanes," he said. "If this keeps on, we'll lose the sympathy of America. And America is the only neutral whose good opinion really counts." Perhaps, too, expert politicians began to read the first signs of weakening civilian morale—the disease which killed the old government in Russia with ultimate consequences that bewilder history, which nearly put out Italy in 1917, which after the Champagne fiasco caused even martial France momentarily to falter. They could never keep their own people sweet on the war so long as the regiments enrolling their sons simply disappeared into mysterious darkness and silence. But however it came about, suddenly France, Great Britain, Italy and Belgium began to imitate that policy which Germany had adapted from the United States. News was king. They took measures to meet the Nauen news-service with equally expert half-truths. They annexed representatives of their own newspapers to the very general staffs. They encouraged and invited neutral correspondents. American culprits like me, who in 1914 and 1915 almost lived in barracks-jails, found French, British, Belgians and Italians struggling for the privilege of taking them to the Front—of course properly escorted and meticulously censored.

The rest of the war sticks in my memory as two separate and distinct campaigns—the contest of armies and military material above ground, that of journalists and intellectual material below. The struggle grew hotter and hotter, drew in more and more talent, as the war went on toward its finish. The fight against the influence of Nauen wireless in South America, the subtle battle of wits in Spain, the unnerving of some crack Italian divisions preparatory to the Austro-German thrust at Caporetto, the forced transfer of a Scandinavian press bureau from Germanic to Allied control, Berlin's assistance to that group which sprang the Bolshevik revolution, the surreptitious encouragement of nationalist spirit among the Czechs, Lord Northcliffe's underground distribution in Germany of Woodrow Wilson's speeches—all these had their profound effect on the course of the war, and each deserves its chapter.

As they went along, the propagandists refined the method, gave it subtleties, frills and trimmings; but it remained essentially the same process which the Germans borrowed from Colonel Nelson, William Randolph Hearst, James Keeley, Charles A. Dana and all other militant American editors of the later nineteenth century. Present the truth and, if you wish to be especially conscientious, nothing but the truth. But avoid the whole truth. Print only the derogatory side of any episode involving the enemy. Since men and human institutions are imperfect, almost any man or any institution can be made to appear a devil simply by massing invidious details, leaving out the rest. This process—long crudely applied in politics—illus-

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trates the wide difference between facts and truth. If you wish to go farther, a little, discreet dash of plain lie helps wonderfully. For example, in 1916 the Germans deported most of the women of Lille and set them to work in the fields. This was contrary to the laws of war; and the officer in charge acted with unnecessary abruptness, roughness and lack of tact. But the facts were not "high" enough to enrage a public already a little sated with atrocities. A Parisian journalist added the touch which transformed this plain tale into a work of art. These women had been seized for immoral purposes—carried away to be mistresses of German officers! The story ran like wildfire through the Allied press. It galled the proud spirit of the German military caste. When Herbert Hoover in his benevolent capacity as protector of Belgian and French civilians took up the matter of the Lille deportations, he secured a compromise which proved how firmly propaganda had imbedded itself in the structure of the war. The Great General Staff agreed to send the women home; but virtually on condition that the Allied governments suppress the "officers' mistresses" story. Which was done, promptly and effectively!

The Armistice stilled the guns, but it did not dry up the ink-wells. Here was a new method of persuasion, most useful and effective; and the war had trained thousands of young men and women in its use. The governments and factions of Europe gathered up these experts and started from the mark. If propaganda in the war deserves consideration by some serious historian, so also does propaganda in the disturbed years which followed. The thing ran riot, almost to perversion of all sense of truth. I shall not try to describe even in brief detail the intellectual war between Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik over the Russian situation. For six years, no one in the neutral world could form any sound opinion on Russia, the subject was so befogged. Both sides lied deliberately—as for example the nationalization-of-women story from the Whites, the Morgan-ordered-America-into-the-war story from the Reds. But mostly the work proceeded on the accepted principle that facts related without sense of proportion do not make truth.

However, the struggle between France and Germany in this period deserves more consideration from the student. Germany was trying to pare down her commitments of the Treaty of Versailles. France was trying to justify the military occupation of the Ruhr. The German propagandists were therefore massing all instances of her poverty and impotence. Not until the reports preliminary to the Dawes agreement gave Europe a dose of cold truth, could we see through this smoke-screen where Germany really stood. Justifying the policy of occupation and the parallel policy of large armament, the French Nationalist government hammered into its people the mythical German preparations for a "War of revenge." It was true that certain of the old Imperialist element were hiding arms, mostly with an eye to overturning the Republic. The Allied Arms Commission was constantly finding caches in garrets or stables. Such munitions were usually out-of-date or incomplete. However, day after day the Parisian press reported these incidents under glaring headlines, until the innocent reader was bound to believe that Germany had re-armed herself to the teeth and that France must rise to meet her. As a matter of cold fact, all the munitions so discovered would have equipped

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less than two divisions, and imperfectly at that. There you are again—facts out of proportion make the most effective lies.

The battles of propaganda which preceded and followed the Fascist coup in Italy, which raged on the fringes of the Nationalist movement in China, which embitter all discussion of British-American naval relations, have been marked by the same strategy and tactics. European governments maintain in peace as in war their propaganda bureaus. And a smoke-screen of tainted truth now precedes most of their advances in the field of foreign trade. South America offers a notable example. There, the North American cinema and the kind of North American news which the South American editor selects for publication, have emphasized our failings and omitted our virtues. The European propagandist has found this ground ready for sowing. He simply masses our combinations of capital, our society and Hollywood divorces, our bandits, bootleggers and Babbitries—every episode true in detail—and manages to compile a picture of a vulgar, inferior and dangerous national culture.

Except during the last year of the Great War, the United States government has never maintained a foreign propaganda. Although some have used this new and wonderful art to muddle our judgment on foreign relations—as in the controversies over the World Court and naval disarmament—it has with us served chiefly to confuse domestic issues. After the war, corporations and large financial interests began employing glorified press agents to sweeten their relations with the public. No more could the reporter get his news direct from the head of the corporation. When a railroad had a wreck or a bank got into trouble with the Federal Reserve, he was met at the door by the "public relations expert" who handed him at least a prepared statement and at most an artistically plausible compilation of facts. Let me say of this method that its advantages to the public possibly outweigh its disadvantages. While these experts present the corporation point of view to the public, they also present the public point of view to the corporation. Subtly, they form a guard against the baronial ruthlessness and the public-be-damned attitude which made the term "big business" a reproach at the turn of the century.

Nevertheless, when the occasion warrants these propagandists often use the methods proven so trustworthy in the European war. They have even adopted some frills invented since the Armistice. During the days of the Ruhr occupation, the super-nationalist government then holding power in France took cognizance of the younger generation. If France was to live as a dominant military power, she must teach the children hate. So they incorporated into the First Reader the Belgian-babies-with-their-hands-cut-off; and the Germans in the heavy nationalist districts replied by instructing their six-year-olds on the French outrages in the Rhineland. Further, education of the young by a process of one-sided data is a fundamental method of the Russian Communists. Now when the Senate investigated the so-called Power Trust, it elicited the fact that the publicity department of these utilities was feeing officials to put into our school-books dire warnings against municipal ownership.

However, even in the United States politics and political questions command the most typical forms of modern propaganda. The bizarre journals and

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pamphlets of the Ku-Klux-Klan prove, when analyzed, to run exactly true to form. There are twenty million Roman Catholics in the United States. They would be angels if they did not have their criminals, their disgraces, and among the clergy their wolves in sheep's clothing. The Klan journals simply mass these incidents. It is enough.

More complicated and more instructive is the anti-Bolshevik propaganda. In 1919 and 1920, when none knew in what direction the disorganized post-war world was going to move, when a Communist was leading our steel strike, we had perhaps some reason to fear Bolshevism. That faint shadow lifted; we Americans passed into the most conservative mood in our history. Whereas in 1912 the Socialists alone cast six per cent of the total vote, by 1926 Socialists, Communists, I. W. W.'s and Anarchists—the entire radical element—formed less than one per cent of our population; and the Red or revolutionary radical element not more than one-sixth of one per cent. Yet large bodies of our citizenry, including most secretaries of Chambers of Commerce, most valiant and patriotic members of Reserve Officers' Associations and all those estimable ladies the Daughters of the American Revolution, believe that our institutions stand in shadow of the Red Peril, that only the concerted and whole-hearted efforts of our best citizens will save our institutions.

Organized propaganda has put them into this depressed mood. It varies from the European model in that it is as often oral as written. While the secretaries of half a dozen societies with patriotic objectives circulate it in bulletins, retired Brigadier Generals also breathe it as a sacred government secret in closed sessions. The method is up to a certain point orthodox—massing of the Communist demonstrations in our big cities, repetition of the fire-eating editorials in the two or three little Communist newspapers; with no corrective data concerning the insignificant number of these rebels.

Behind all propaganda, of course, lies a special motive. In this case it is twofold. Such a state of mind has its uses for those who differ with labor, and for those materially interested in keeping up and swelling the national defense. For a twist of commendable ingenuity has brought into the Bolshevik fold all persons interested in world peace. The reasoning is as follows: the world stands in danger of Bolshevism. Engulfing Europe, it will sweep on to the United States. Here, the flood will be joined by our aroused and perverted working class. There is only one way to meet the peril—arm to the teeth. The subtle Russian Communists know that; and all these peace societies are Communist measures for breaking down our resistance. There comes a variation here. Some propagandists concede charitably that the peace societies are merely unconscious agents, blind tools.

The ingenious device of the so-called blacklist has done much service in advancing this cause. It seems to be a purely American invention; I have never encountered the method in Europe. The foundation of these lists is an enumeration of certain real Reds. But eminent personages and well-known names help to dress up the story. We have hundreds of respected citizens who voted for Hoover and Smith last autumn, but who have once or twice in their lives supported a radical in trouble, countenanced the recognition of Russia, appealed for free speech on behalf of a cause that was none of their own, entertained a Red in their

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houses. That is enough. Their names, together with the "offense"—and nothing more—go down on one of the four or five rosters of dangerous agitators in constant circulation among the aroused and alarmed. Further—since any American peace-sentiment figures a part of the Bolshevist plot—these lists have been padded to formidable proportions by the names of eminent personages who have supported the League of Nations, the American movement to outlaw war, or even the Foreign Policy Association. One which I have seen notes as "suspected pinks" George W. Wickersham, Chief Justice William H. Taft and Congressman Ruth Hanna McCormick. Wickersham, you see, is president of the League of Nations Non-partisan Association, Taft once showed suspicious sympathy with the League of Nations idea, Mrs. McCormick habitually entertains in her house the wife of a Dangerous Red. The aforesaid Dangerous Red voted for Smith at the last election. Lest I emulate the propagandists, let me say that this is an extreme example. But most of the others go almost as far. Reduced to these bald terms, it seems absurd. But naturally it is not absurd to people in whom clever re-iteration of quarter-truths, purveyed on what seems eminent authority, have roused the conviction that the Republic which our fathers founded stands in deadly peril.

Carried to its extreme, this process tends to the muddlement of public thought. In cynical and pessimistic moods, I marvel at the paradox that with so many lights in the modern world—of science, of journalism, of literature—we use them not to illuminate but to cast shadows. And yet, studying the trends of journalism in the past decade, I realize that the propaganda of half-truths, given time enough, defeats its own ends. One saving subtlety of the human mind is an odd instinct for sincerity; a sense of proportion. After six or seven years of artificially engendered fog, the truth began to come out of Russia. The half-truths of German and French Nationalists did not forever prevent a rapprochement. Few average Americans now believe that we must arm to the teeth to resist Bolshevism. The Ku-Klux-Klan spirit has sickened. However, this corrective instinct works at leisure. The modern method of insincere propaganda serves best in a short campaign which accomplishes its objects before the public takes sober second thought. As a sudden and intensive preparation for some indiscreet political action—as for example a war—it has its sinister uses.

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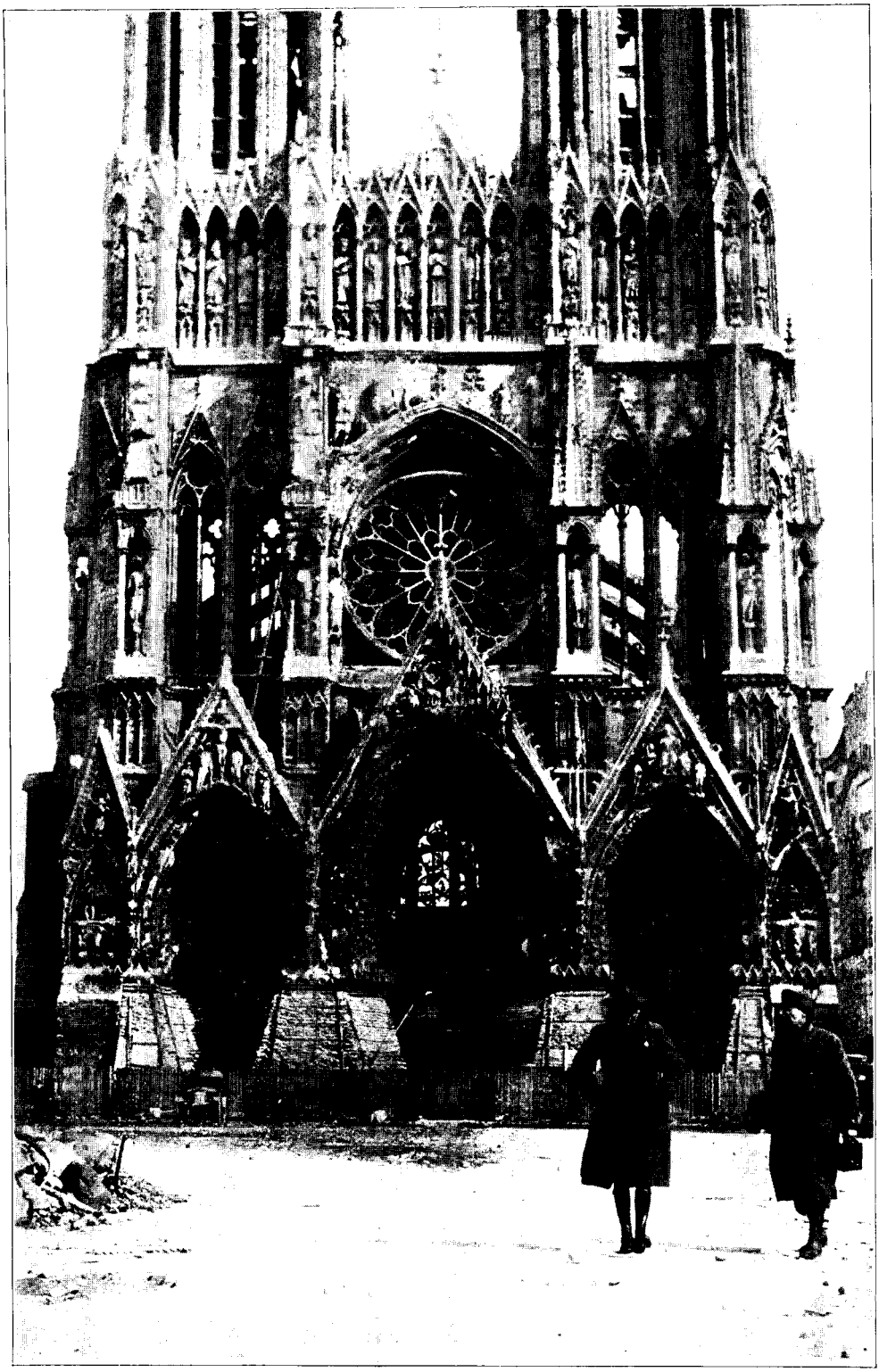

Will Irwin, author of the preceding article on war propaganda, and Maximilian Foster before Rheims Cathedral in 1918.

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Ernest Hemingway at Gstaad, Switzerland, in 1927. His latest novel, "A Farewell to Arms," is concluded in this number.

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A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE last chapters of this much-discussed novel of love and war, containing the most poignant episode of the book, follow.

The early part of the story tells how Frederic Henry, American lieutenant of an Italian ambulance unit, met Catherine Barkley, an English V. A. D. nurse, whose fiancé had been killed in the Somme. Frederic, physically attracted, approaches her with no thought of love. She first rebuffs, then accepts him. A few days later, he is severely wounded and is sent to a hospital in Milan.

When Catherine comes into his room, he realizes that he is in love with her. He wants to marry her. She refuses because it would mean that she would be sent away. They spend a happy summer together. As he is ordered back to his post in October, Catherine tells him she is going to have a baby. She still refuses marriage and assures him she can carry on, that he is to come to her as soon as he can.

Frederic goes to the front, finds himself in the midst of the Caporetto retreat. He is forced to abandon his ambulances in the mud. He is arrested by Italian military police, who are executing high ranking officers who are not with their troops, and officers who are suspected of being Germans in Italian uniform. His accent makes his death seem inevitable. He escapes by diving into the river. He finally gets to Milan where a friend gives him civilian clothes. He joins Catherine at Stresa. Two days later he is told that he will be arrested the next morning for desertion. He and Catherine set out that night to row across the lake to Switzerland.

XXXVII

I ROWED in the dark keeping the wind in my face. The rain had stopped and only came occasionally in gusts. It was very dark, and the wind was cold. I could see Catherine in the stern but I could not see the water where the blades of the oars dipped. The oars were long and there were no leathers to keep them from slipping out. I pulled, raised, leaned forward, found the water, dipped and pulled, rowing as easily as I could. I did not feather the oars because the wind was with us. I knew my hands would blister and I wanted to delay it as long as I could. The boat was light and rowed easily. I pulled it along in the dark water. I could not see and I hoped we would soon come opposite Pallanza.

We never saw Pallanza. The wind was blowing up the lake and we passed the point that hides Pallanza in the dark and never saw the lights. When we finally saw some lights much further up the lake and close to the shore it was Intra. But for a long time we did not see any lights, nor did we see the shore but rowed steadily in the dark riding with the waves. Sometimes I missed the water with the oars in the dark as a wave lifted the boat. It was quite rough; but I kept on rowing, until suddenly we were close ashore against a point of rock that rose beside us; the waves striking against it, rushing high up, then falling back. I pulled hard on the right oar and backed water with the other and we

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went out into the lake again; the point was out of sight and we were going on up the lake.

"We're across the lake," I said to Catherine.

"Weren't we going to see Pallanza?"

"We've missed it."

"How are you darling?"

"I'm fine."

"I could take the oars a while."

"No, I'm fine."

"Poor Ferguson," Catherine said. "In the morning she'll come to the hotel and find we're gone."

"I'm not worrying so much about that," I said, "as about getting into the Swiss part of the lake before it's daylight and the custom guards see us."

"Is it a long way?"

"It's thirty some kilometres from here."

I rowed all night. Finally my hands were so sore I could hardly close them over the oars. We were nearly smashed up on the shore several times. I kept fairly close to the shore because I was afraid of getting lost on the lake and losing time. Sometimes we were so close we could see a row of trees and the road along the shore with the mountains behind. The rain stopped and the wind drove the clouds so that the moon shone through and looking back I could see the long dark point of Castagnola and the lake with white caps and beyond the moon on the high snow mountains. Then the clouds came over the moon again and the mountains and the lake were gone, but it was much lighter than it had been before and we could see the shore. I could see it too clearly and pulled out where they would not see the boat if there were custom guards along the Pallanza road. When the moon came out again we could see white villas on the shore on the slopes of the mountain and the white road where it showed through the trees. All the time I was rowing.

The lake widened and across it on the shore at the foot of the mountains on the other side we saw a few lights that should be Luino. I saw a wedge-like gap between the mountains on the other shore and I thought that must be Luino. If it was we were making good time. I pulled in the oars and lay back on the seat. I was very very tired of rowing. My arms and shoulders and back ached and my hands were sore.

"I could hold the umbrella," Catherine said. "We could sail with that with the wind."

"Can you steer?"

"I think so."

"You take this oar and hold it under your arm close to the side of the boat and steer and I'll hold the umbrella." I went back to the stern and showed her how to hold the oar. I took the big umbrella the porter had given me and sat facing the bow and opened it. It opened with a clap. I held it on both sides, sitting astride the handle hooked over the seat. The wind was full in it and I felt the boat suck forward while I held as hard as I could to the two edges. It pulled hard. The boat was moving fast.

"We're going beautifully," Catherine said. All I could see was umbrella ribs. The umbrella strained and pulled and I felt us driving along with it. I braced my feet and held back on it, then suddenly, it buckled; I felt a rib snap on my forehead, I tried to grab the top that was bending with the wind and the whole thing buckled and went inside out and I was astride the handle of an inside out, ripped umbrella where I had been holding a wind filled pulling sail. I unhooked the handle from the seat,

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laid the umbrella in the bow and went back to Catherine for the oar. She was laughing. She took my hand and kept on laughing.

"What's the matter?" I took the oar.

"You looked so funny darling holding that thing."

"I suppose so."

"Don't be cross darling. It was awfully funny. You looked about twenty feet broad and very affectionate holding that umbrella by the edges—" she choked.

"I'll row."

"Take a rest and a drink. It's a grand night and we've come a long way."

"I have to keep the boat out of the trough of the waves."

"I'll get you a drink. Then rest a little while darling."

I held the oars up and we sailed with them. Catherine was opening the bag. She handed me the brandy bottle. I pulled the cork with my pocket-knife and took a long drink. It was smooth and hot and the heat went all through me and I felt warmed and cheerful. "It's lovely brandy," I said. The moon was under again but I could see the shore. There seemed to be another point going out a long way ahead into the lake.

"Are you warm enough, Cat?"

"I'm splendid. I'm a little stiff."

"Bail out that water and you can put your feet down."

Then I rowed and listened to the oar locks and the dip and scrape of the bailing tin under the stern seat.

"Would you give me the bailer," I said. "I want a drink."

"It's awfully dirty."

"That's all right. I'll rinse it."

I heard Catherine rinsing it over the side. Then she handed it to me dipped full of water. I was thirsty after the brandy and the water was icy cold, so cold it made my teeth ache. I looked toward the shore. We were closer to the long point. There were lights in the bay ahead.

"Thanks," I said and handed back the tin pail.

"You're ever so welcome," Catherine said. "There's much more if you want it."

"Don't you want to eat something?"

"No. I'll be hungry in a little while. We'll save it till then."

"All right."

What looked like a point ahead was a long high headland. I went further out in the lake to pass it. The lake was much narrower now. The moon was out again and the *guardia di finanza* could have seen our boat black on the water if they had been watching.

"How are you, Cat?" I asked.

"I'm all right. Where are we?"

"I don't think we have more than about eight miles more."

"That's a long way to row, you poor sweet. Aren't you dead?"

"No. I'm all right. My hands are sore is all."

We went on up the lake. There was a break in the mountains on the right bank, a flattening out with a low shore line that I thought must be Cannobio. I stayed a long way out because it was from now on that we ran the most danger of meeting *guardia*. There was a high dome capped mountain on the other shore a way ahead. I was tired. It was no great distance to row but when you were out of condition it had been a long way. I knew I had to pass that mountain and go up the lake at least five miles further before we would be in Swiss water. The moon was almost down now but before it went down the sky clouded over again and it was very dark. I stayed well out in the lake, rowing a while, then resting and holding

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the oars so that the wind struck the blades.

"Let me row a while," Catherine said.

"I don't think you ought to."

"Nonsense. It would be good for me. It would keep me from being too stiff."

"I don't think you should, Cat."

"Nonsense. Rowing in moderation is very good for the pregnant lady."

"All right you row a little moderately. I'll go back when you come up. Hold on to both gunwales when you come up."

I sat in the stern with my coat on and the collar turned up and watched Catherine row. She rowed very well but the oars were too long and bothered her. I opened the bag and ate a couple of sandwiches and took a drink of the brandy. It made everything much better and I took another drink.

"Tell me when you're tired," I said.

I took another drink of the brandy.

"How are you going?"

"All right."

"Tell me when you want to stop."

"All right."

I took another drink of the brandy. Then took hold of the two gunwales of the boat and moved forward.

"No. I'm going beautifully."

"Go on back to the stern. I've had a grand rest."

For a while, with the brandy, I rowed easily and steadily. Then I began to catch crabs and soon I was just chopping along again with a thin brown taste of bile from having rowed too hard after the brandy.

"Give me a drink of water will you?" I said.

"That's easy," Catherine said.

Before daylight it started to drizzle. The wind was down or we were protected by mountains that bounded the curve the lake had made. When I knew daylight was coming I settled down and rowed hard. I did not know where we were and I wanted to get into the Swiss part of the lake. When it was beginning to be daylight we were quite close to the shore. I could see the rocky shore and the trees.

"What's that?" Catherine said. I rested on the oars and listened. It was a motor-boat chugging out on the lake. I pulled close up to the shore and lay quiet. The chugging came closer; then we saw the motor-boat in the rain a little astern of us. There were four *guardia di finanza* in the stern, their *alpini* hats pulled down, their cape collars turned up and their carabines slung across their backs. They all looked sleepy so early in the morning. I could see the yellow on their hats and the yellow marks on their cape collars. The motor-boat chugged on and out of sight in the rain.

I pulled out into the lake. If we were that close to the border I did not want to be hailed by a sentry along the road. I stayed out where I could just see the shore and rowed on for three quarters of an hour in the rain. We heard a motor-boat once more but I kept quiet until the noise of the engine went away across the lake.

"I think we're in Switzerland, Cat," I said.

"Really?"

"There's no way to know until we see Swiss troops."

"Or the Swiss navy."

"The Swiss navy's no joke for us. That last motor-boat we heard was probably the Swiss navy."

"If we're in Switzerland let's have a big breakfast. They have wonderful rolls and butter and jam in Switzerland."

It was clear daylight now and a fine rain was falling. The wind was still

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blowing outside up the lake and we could see the tops of the white caps going away from us and up the lake. I was sure we were in Switzerland now. There were many houses back in the trees from the shore and up the shore a way was a village with stone houses, some villas on the hills and a church. I had been looking at the road that skirted the shore for guards but did not see any. The road came quite close to the lake now and I saw a soldier coming out of a café on the road. He wore a gray-green uniform and a helmet like the Germans. He had a healthy looking face and a little tooth-brush mustache. He looked at us.

"Wave to him," I said to Catherine. She waved and the soldier smiled embarrassedly and gave a wave of his hand. I eased up rowing. We were passing the water front of the village.

"We must be well inside the border," I said.

"We want to be sure darling. We don't want them to turn us back at the frontier."

"The frontier is a long way back. I think this is the customs town. I'm pretty sure it's Brissago."

"Won't there be Italians there? There are always both sides at a customs town."

"Not in war time. I don't think they let the Italians cross the frontier."

It was a nice-looking little town. There were many fishing-boats along the quay and nets were spread on racks. There was a fine November rain falling but it looked cheerful and clean even with the rain.

"Should we land then and have breakfast?"

"All right."

I pulled hard on the left oar and came in close, then straightened out when we were close to the quay and brought the boat alongside. I pulled in the oars, took hold of an iron ring, stepped up on the wet stone and was in Switzerland. I tied the boat and held my hand down to Catherine.

"Come on up Cat. It's a grand feeling."

"What about the bags?"

"Leave them in the boat."

Catherine stepped up and we were in Switzerland together.

"What a lovely country," she said.

"Isn't it grand?"

"Let's go and have breakfast!"

"Isn't it a grand country? I love the way it feels under my shoes."

"I'm so stiff I can't feel it very well. But it feels like a splendid country. Darling do you realize we're here and out of that bloody place?"

"I do. I really do. I've never realized anything before."

"Look at the houses. Isn't this a fine square? There's a place we can get breakfast."

"Isn't the rain fine? They never had rain like this in Italy. It's cheerful rain."

"And we're here darling! Do you realize we're here?"

We went inside the café and sat down at a clean wooden table. We were cock-eyed excited. A splendid clean-looking woman with an apron came and asked us what we wanted.

"Rolls and jam and coffee," Catherine said.

"I'm sorry we haven't any rolls in war time."

"Bread then."

"I can make you some toast."

"All right."

"I want some eggs fried too."

"How many eggs for the gentleman?"

"Three."

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"Take four darling."

"Four eggs."

The woman went away. I kissed Catherine and held her hand very tight. We looked at each other and at the café.

"Darling, darling, isn't it lovely?"

"It's grand," I said.

"I don't mind there not being rolls," Catherine said. "I thought about them all night. But I don't mind it. I don't mind it at all."

"I suppose pretty soon they will arrest us."

"Never mind, darling. We'll have breakfast first. You won't mind being arrested after breakfast. And then there's nothing they can do to us. We're British and American citizens in good standing."

"You have a passport haven't you?"

"Of course. Oh let's not talk about it. Let's be happy."

"I couldn't be any happier," I said. A fat gray cat with a tail that lifted like a plume crossed the floor to our table and curved against my leg to purr each time she rubbed. I reached down and stroked her. Catherine smiled at me very happily. "Here comes the coffee," she said.

They arrested us after breakfast. We took a little walk through the village then went down to the quay to get our bags. A soldier was standing guard over the boat.

"Is this your boat?"

"Yes."

"Where do you come from?"

"Up the lake."

"Then I have to ask you to come with me."

"How about the bags?"

"You can carry the bags."

I carried the bags and Catherine walked beside me and the soldier walked along behind us to the old custom house. In the custom house a lieutenant, very thin and military, questioned us.

"What nationality are you?"

"American and British."

"Let me see your passports."

I gave him mine and Catherine got hers out of her hand bag.

He examined them for a long time.

"Why do you enter Switzerland this way in a boat?"

"I am a sportsman," I said. "Rowing is my great sport. I always row when I get a chance."

"Why do you come here?"

"For the winter sport. We are tourists and we want to do the winter sport."

"This is no place for winter sport."

"We know it. We want to go where they have the winter sport."

"What have you been doing in Italy?"

"I have been studying architecture. My cousin has been studying art."

"Why do you leave there?"

"We want to do the winter sport. With the war going on you cannot study architecture."

"You will please stay where you are," the lieutenant said. He went back into the building with our passports.

"You're splendid darling," Catherine said. "Keep on the same track. You want to do the winter sport."

"Do you know anything about art?"

"Rubens," said Catherine.

"Large and fat," I said.

"Titian," Catherine said.

"Titian haired," I said. "How about Mantegna?"

"Don't ask hard ones," Catherine said. "I know him though—very bitter."

"Very bitter," I said. "Lots of nail holes."

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"You see I'll make you a fine wife," Catherine said. "I'll be able to talk art with your customers."

"Here he comes," I said. The thin lieutenant came down the length of the custom house holding our passports.

"I will have to send you into Locarno," he said. "You can get a carriage and a soldier will go in with you."

"All right," I said. "What about the boat?"

"The boat is confiscated. What have you in those bags?"

He went all through the two bags and held up the quarter bottle of brandy. "Would you join me in a drink?" I asked.

"No thank you." He straightened up. "How much money have you?"

"Twenty-five hundred lire."

He was favorably impressed. "How much has your cousin?"

Catherine had a little over twelve hundred lire. The lieutenant was pleased. His attitude toward us became less haughty.

"If you are going for winter sports," he said, "Wengen is the place. My father has a very fine hotel at Wengen. It is open all the time."

"That's splendid," I said. "Could you give me the name?"

"I will write it on a card." He handed me the card very politely.

"The soldier will take you in to Locarno. He will keep your passports. I regret this but it is necessary. I have good hopes they will give you a visa or a police permit at Locarno."

He handed the two passports to the soldier and carrying the bags we started into the village to order a carriage. "Hi," the lieutenant called to the soldier. He said something in a German dialect to him. The soldier slung his rifle on his back and picked up the bags.

"It's a great country," I said to Catherine.

"It's so practical."

"Thank you very much," I said to the lieutenant. He waved his hand.

"Service!" he said. We followed our guard into the village.

We drove to Locarno in a carriage with the soldier sitting on the front seat with the driver. At Locarno we did not have a bad time. They questioned us but they were polite because we had passports and money. I do not think they believed a word of the story and I thought it was silly but it was like a law court. You did not want something reasonable, you wanted something technical and then stick to it without explanations. But we had passports and we would spend the money. So they gave us provisional visas. At any time this visa might be withdrawn. We were to report to the police wherever we went.

Could we go wherever we wanted? Yes. Where did we want to go?

"Where do you want to go, Cat?"

"Montreux."

"It is a very nice place," the official said. "I think you will like that place."

"Here at Locarno is a very nice place," another official said. "I am sure you would like it here very much at Locarno. Locarno is a very attractive place."

"We would like some place where there is winter sport."

"There is no winter sport at Montreux."

"I beg your pardon," the other official said. "I come from Montreux. There is very certainly winter sport on the Montreux Oberland Bernois railway. It would be false for you to deny that."

"I do not deny it. I simply said there is no winter sport at Montreux."

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"I question that," the other official said. "I question that statement."

"I hold to that statement."

"I question that statement. I myself have *luge-ed* into the streets of Montreux. I have done it not once but several times. Luge-ing is certainly winter sport."

The other official turned to me.

"Is luge-ing your idea of winter sport, sir? I tell you you would be very comfortable here in Locarno. You would find the climate healthy, you would find the environs attractive. You would like it very much."

"The gentleman has expressed a wish to go to Montreux."

"What is luge-ing?" I asked.

"You see he has never even heard of luge-ing!"

That meant a great deal to the second official. He was pleased by that.

"Luge-ing," said the first official, "is tobogganing."

"I beg to differ," the other official shook his head. "I must differ again. The toboggan is very different from the luge. The toboggan is constructed in Canada of flat laths. The luge is a common sled with runners. Accuracy means something."

"Couldn't we toboggan?" I asked.

"Of course you could toboggan," the first official said. "You could toboggan very well. Excellent Canadian tobogganes are sold in Montreux. Och's brothers sell toboggans. They import their own toboggans."

The second official turned away. "Tobogganing," he said, "requires a special *piste*. You could not toboggan into the streets of Montreux. Where are you stopping here?"

"We don't know," I said. "We just drove in from Brissago. The carriage is outside."

"You make no mistake in going to Montreux," the first official said. "You will find the climate delightful and beautiful. You will have no distance to go for winter sport."

"If you really want winter sport," the second official said. "You will go to the Engadine or to Mürren. I must protest against your being advised to go to Montreux for the winter sport."

"At Les Avants above Montreux there is excellent winter sport of every sort." The champion of Montreux glared at his colleague.

"Gentlemen," I said. "I am afraid we must go. My cousin is very tired. We will go tentatively to Montreux."

"I congratulate you," the first official shook my hand.

"I believe that you will regret leaving Locarno," the second official said. "At any rate you will report to the police at Montreux."

"There will be no unpleasantness with the police," the first official assured me. "You will find all the inhabitants extremely courteous and friendly."

"Thank you both very much," I said. "We appreciate your advice very much."

"Good-by," Catherine said. "Thank you both very much."

They bowed us to the door, the champion of Locarno a little coldly. We went down the steps and into the carriage.

"My God darling," Catherine said. "Couldn't we have gotten away any sooner?" I gave the name of a hotel one of the officials had recommended to the driver. He picked up the reins.

"You've forgotten the army," Catherine said. The soldier was standing by the carriage. I gave him a ten lira note. "I have no Swiss money yet," I said. He thanked me, saluted and went off. The carriage started and we drove to the hotel.

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"How did you happen to pick out Montreux?" I asked Catherine. "Do you really want to go there?"

"It was the first place I could think of," she said. "It's not a bad place. We can find some place up in the mountains."

"Are you sleepy?"

"I'm asleep right now."

"We'll get a good sleep. Poor Cat you had a long bad night."

"I had a lovely time," Catherine said. "Especially when you sailed with the umbrella."

"Can you realize we're in Switzerland?"

"No I'm afraid I'll wake up and it won't be true."

"I am too."

"It is true isn't it darling? I'm not just driving down to the *stazione* in Milan to see you off."

"I hope not."

"Don't say that. It frightens me. Maybe that's where we're going."

"I'm so groggy I don't know," I said.

"Let me see your hands."

I put them out. They were both blistered raw.

"There's no hole in my side," I said.

"Don't be sacrilegious."

I felt very tired and vague in the head. The exhilaration was all gone. The carriage was going along the street.

"Poor hands," Catherine said.

"Don't touch them," I said. "By God I don't know where we are. Where are we going, driver?" The driver stopped his horse.

"To the Hotel Metropole. Don't you want to go there?"

"Yes," I said. "It's all right Cat."

"It's all right darling. Don't be upset. We'll get a good sleep and you won't feel groggy to-morrow."

"I get pretty groggy," I said. "It's like a comic opera to-day. Maybe I'm hungry."

"You're just tired darling. You'll be fine." The carriage pulled up before the hotel. Some one came out to take our bags.

"I feel all right," I said. We were down on the pavement going into the hotel.

"I know you'll be all right. You're just tired. You've been up a long time."

"Anyhow we're here."

"Yes we're really here."

We followed the boy with the bags into the hotel.

XXXVIII

That fall the snow came very late. We lived in a brown wooden house in the pine trees on the side of the mountain and at night there was frost so that there was thin ice over the water in the two pitchers on the dresser in the morning. Mrs. Guttingen came into the room early in the morning to shut the windows and started a fire in the tall porcelain stove. The pine wood crackled and sparked and then the fire roared in the stove and the second time Mrs. Guttingen came in the room she brought big chunks of wood for the fire and a pitcher of hot water. When the room was warm she brought in breakfast. Sitting up in bed eating breakfast we could see the lake and the mountains across the lake on the French side. There was snow on the tops of the mountains and the lake was a gray steel blue.

Outside, in front of the chalet a road went up the mountain. The wheel ruts and ridges were iron hard with the frost, and the road climbed steadily through the forest and up and around the mountain to where there were meadows, and barns and cabins in the meadows at the

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edge of the woods looking across the valley. The valley was deep and there was a stream at the bottom that flowed down into the lake and when the wind blew across the valley you could hear the stream in the rocks.

Sometimes we went off the road and on a path through the pine forest. The floor of the forest was soft to walk on; the frost did not harden it as it did the road. But we did not mind the hardness of the road because we had nails in the soles and heels of our boots and the heel nails bit on the frozen ruts and with nailed boots it was good walking on the road and invigorating. But it was lovely walking in the woods.

In front of the house where we lived the mountain went down steeply to the little plain along the lake and we sat on the porch of the house in the sun and saw the winding of the road down the mountain side and the terraced vineyards on the side of the lower mountain, the vines all dead now for the winter and the fields divided by stone walls, and below the vineyards the houses of the town on the narrow plain along the lake shore. There was an island with two trees on the lake and the trees looked like the double sails of a fishing boat. The mountains were sharp and steep on the other side of the lake and down at the end of the lake was the plain of the Rhone Valley flat between the two ranges of mountains; and up the valley where the mountains cut it off was the Dent du Midi. It was a high snowy mountain and it dominated the valley but it was so far away that it did not make a shadow.

When the sun was bright we ate lunch on the porch but the rest of the time we ate upstairs in a small room with plain wooden walls and a big stove in the corner. We bought books and magazines in the town and a copy of Hoyle and learned many two-handed card games. The small room with the stove was our living-room. There were two comfortable chairs and a table for books and magazines and we played cards on the dining table when it was cleared away. Mr. and Mrs. Guttingen lived downstairs and we would hear them talking sometimes in the evening and they were very happy together too. He had been a headwaiter and she had worked as maid in the same hotel and they had saved their money to buy this place. They had a son who was studying to be a headwaiter. He was at a hotel in Zürich. Downstairs there was a parlor where they sold wine and beer, and sometimes in the evening we would hear carts stop outside on the road and men come up the steps to go in the parlor to drink wine.

There was a box of wood in the hall outside the living room and I kept up the fire from it. But we did not stay up very late. We went to bed in the dark in the big bedroom and when I was undressed I opened the windows and saw the night and the cold stars and the pine trees below the window and then got into bed as fast as I could. It was lovely in bed with the air so cold and clear and the night outside the window. We slept well and if I woke in the night I knew it was from only one cause and I would shift the feather-bed over, very softly so that Catherine would not be wakened and then go back to sleep again, warm and with the new lightness of thin covers. The war seemed as far away as the football games of some one else's college. But I knew from the papers that they were still fighting in the mountains because the snow would not come.

Sometimes we walked down the mountain into Montreux. There was a

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path went down the mountain but it was steep and so usually we took the road and walked down on the wide hard road between fields and then below between the stone walls of the vineyards and on down between the houses of the villages along the way. There were three villages, Chernex, Fontanivant, and the other I forget. Then along the road we passed an old square built stone chateau on a ledge on the side of the mountain side with the terraced fields of vines, each vine tied to a stick to hold it up, the vines dry and brown and the earth ready for the snow and the lake down below flat and gray as steel. The road went down a long grade below the chateau and then turned to the right and went down very steeply and paved with cobbles, into Montreux.

We did not know any one in Montreux. We walked along beside the lake and saw the swans and the many gulls and terns that flew up when you came close and screamed while they looked down at the water. Out on the lake there were flocks of grebes small and dark and leaving trails in the water when they swam. In the town we walked along the main street and looked in the windows of the shops. There were many big hotels that were closed but most of the shops were open and the people were very glad to see us. There was a fine coiffure's place where Catherine went to have her hair done. The woman who ran it was very cheerful and the only person we knew in Montreux. While Catherine was there I went up to a beer place and drank dark Munich beer and read the papers. I read the *Corriere della Sera* and the English and American papers from Paris. All the advertisements were blacked out, supposedly to prevent communication in that way with the enemy. The papers were bad reading. Everything was going very badly everywhere. I sat back in the corner with a heavy mug of dark beer and an opened glazed paper package of pretzels and ate the pretzels for the salty flavor and the good way they made the beer taste and read about disaster. I thought Catherine would come by but she did not come so I hung the papers back on the rack, paid for my beer and went up the street to look for her. The day was cold and dark and wintry and the stone of the houses looked cold. Catherine was still in the hair dresser's shop. The woman was waving her hair. I sat in the little booth and watched. It was exciting to watch and Catherine smiled and talked to me and my voice was a little thick from being excited. The tongs made a pleasant clicking sound and I could see Catherine in three mirrors and it was pleasant and warm in the booth. Then the woman put up Catherine's hair, and Catherine looked in the mirror and changed it a little, taking out and putting in pins; then stood up. "I'm sorry to have taken such a long time."

"Monsieur was very interested. Were you not Monsieur?" the woman smiled.

"Yes," I said.

We went out and up the street. It was cold and wintry and the wind was blowing. "Oh Darling, I love you so," I said.

"Don't we have a fine time?" Catherine said. "Look. Let's go some place and have beer instead of tea. It's very good for young Catherine. It keeps her small."

"Young Catherine," I said. "That loafer."

"She's been very good," Catherine said. "She makes very little trouble. The doctor says beer will be good for me and keep her small."

"If you keep her small enough and she's a boy, maybe he will be a jockey."

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"I suppose if we really have this child we ought to get married," Catherine said. We were in the beer place at the corner table. It was getting dark outside. It was still early but the day was dark and the dusk was coming early.

"Let's get married now," I said.

"No," Catherine said. "It's too embarrassing now. I show too plainly. I won't go before any one and be married in this state."

"I wish we'd gotten married."

"I suppose it would have been better. But when could we darling?"

"I don't know."

"I know one thing. I'm not going to be married in this splendid matronly state."

"You're not matronly."

"Oh yes I am darling. The hair dresser asked me if this was our first. I lied and said no, we had two boys and two girls."

"When will we be married?"

"Any time after I'm thin again. We want to have a splendid wedding with every one thinking what a handsome young couple."

"And you're not worried?"

"Darling why should I be worried? Don't I make you a good wife?"

"You're a lovely wife."

"Then don't be too technical darling. I'll marry you as soon as I'm thin again."

"All right."

"Do you think I ought to drink another beer? The doctor said I was rather narrow in the hips and it's all for the best if we keep young Catherine small."

"What else did he say?" I was worried.

"Nothing. I have a wonderful blood pressure darling. He admired my blood pressure greatly."

"What did he say about you being too narrow in the hips?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. He said I shouldn't ski."

"Quite right."

"He said it was too late to start if I'd never done it before. He said I could ski if I wouldn't fall down."

"He's just a big hearted joker."

"Really he was very nice. We'll have him when the baby comes."

"Did you ask him if you ought to get married?"

"No. I told him we'd been married four years. You see darling if I marry you I'll be an American and any time we're married under American law the child is legitimate."

"Where did you find that out?"

"In the New York *World Almanac* in the library."

"You're a grand girl."

"I'll be very glad to be an American and we'll go to America won't we darling? I want to see Niagara Falls."

"You're a fine girl."

"There's something else I want to see but I can't remember it."

"The stockyards?"

"No. I can't remember it."

"The Woolworth Building?"

"No."

"The grand canyon?"

"No. But I'd like to see that."

"What was it?"

"The Golden Gate! That's what I want to see. Where is the Golden Gate?"

"San Francisco."

"Then let's go there. I want to see San Francisco anyway."

"All right. We'll go there."

"Now let's go up the mountain. Should we? Can we get the M. O. B.?"

"There's a train a little after five."

"Let's get that."

"All right. I'll drink one more beer first."

When we went out to go up the street

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and climb the stairs to the station it was very cold. A cold wind was coming down the Rhone Valley. There were lights in the shop windows and we climbed the steep stone stairway to the upper street, then up another stairs to the station. The electric train was there waiting, all the lights on. There was a dial that showed when it left. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes after five. I looked at the station clock. It was five minutes after. As we got on board I saw the motorman and conductor coming out of the station wine shop. We sat down and opened the window. The train was electrically heated and stuffy but fresh cold air came in through the window.

"Are you tired, Cat?" I asked.

"No. I feel splendid."

"It isn't a long ride."

"I like the ride," she said. "Don't worry about me darling. I feel fine."

Snow did not come until three days before Christmas. We woke one morning and it was snowing. We stayed in bed with the fire roaring in the stove and watched the snow fall. Mrs. Guttingen took away the breakfast trays and put more wood in the stove. It was a big snow storm. She said it had started about midnight. I went to the window and looked out but could not see across the road. It was blowing and snowing wildly. I went back to bed and we lay and talked.

"I wish I could ski," Catherine said. "It's rotten not to be able to ski."

"We'll get a bobsled and come down the road. That's no worse for you than riding in a car."

"Won't it be rough?"

"We can see."

"I hope it won't be too rough."

"After a while we'll take a walk in the snow."

"Before lunch," Catherine said. "So we'll have a good appetite."

"I'm always hungry."

"So am I."

We went out in the snow but it was drifted so that we could not walk far. I went ahead and made a trail down to the station but when we reached there we had gone far enough. The snow was blowing so we could hardly see and we went into the little inn by the station and swept each other off with a broom and sat on a bench and had vermouths.

"It is a big storm," the barmaid said.

"Yes."

"The snow is very late this year."

"Yes."

"Could I eat a chocolate bar?" Catherine asked. "Or is it too close to lunch? I'm always hungry."

"Go on and eat one," I said.

"I'll take one with filberts," Catherine said.

"They are very good," the girl said, "I like them the best."

"I'll have another vermouth," I said.

When we came out to start back up the road our track was filled in by the snow. There were only faint indentations where the holes had been. The snow blew in our faces so we could hardly see. We brushed off and went in to have lunch. Mr. Guttingen served the lunch.

"To-morrow there will be ski-ing," he said. "Do you ski Mr. Henry?"

"No. But I want to learn."

"You will learn very easily. My boy will be here for Christmas and he will teach you."

"That's fine. When does he come?"

"To-morrow night."

When we were sitting by the stove in

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The Catholic Advantage

A PROTESTANT'S HINTS TO PROTESTANTS

BY CHARLES HALL PERRY

A RECENT Protestant writer has called church unity a chimera. The Pope, in his last encyclical, suggests that the lamb may lie down with the lion, if the lamb will lie inside. Both barren of hope. Doubtless it is true that church unity is a chimera. Probably it is more unreal—an *ignis fatuus,* a mirage, something fascinating to chase, which does not exist. Do we want it? Sentimentally—perhaps. Practically—no. The failure of Protestantism is something else than division. It can be an *e pluribus unum* in religion with a full preservation of all its sect rights, if only it has the spiritual vision and the practical gumption.

If there are a lot of us little fellows in business, just eking out a bare existence and avoiding bankruptcy by the shadow of a hair, and there is one competitor, who does more business than all of us put together—why then we are wise if we seek for the secrets of his success. It would be the pettiest kind of meanness to suggest that he was a cheat, that he sought to crush out the smaller dealer, that he built his achievement on grinding and misrepresentation. The very success of his business might imply fairly that there was something sounder in his economics than in ours. The analogy in the business of religion is not far to seek. It is not unity mainly that is wanted. It is efficiency by the use of effective methods. Perhaps the big fellow can teach us little ones something of value.

Relegating unity to a secondary place, let us consider some elements of efficiency as shown by results. Here is a large New England city, founded by the staunchest Puritan forebears, nurtured through many decades under Protestant influences. To-day, it is Roman Catholic in its government, its church going and much of its holdings. Where did they all come from? We know the answer. From every corner of Europe, from home conversion, and greatly from unthwarted fertility. But their origin is not the vital question. What is?

Picture a home-like boarding house, just off the avenue on a side street. It is Sunday morning in the early summer. Breakfast is over and the few super-respectable guests have gathered for a brief chat on the piazza. They are all Protestants; the Roman Catholics of the household are either in the kitchen or doing chamber work. Of the eight on the piazza, no two are of the same religious stamp. A New Thoughter, a Unitarian, a Methodist, a Christian Scientist, a Congregationalist and an Episcopalian with "High" tastes—the other two unidentified, probably Protestant tramps. The question is asked around the circle, "Who's going to church?" An awkward inquiry, to be met with bored silence by six; answered doubtfully by one, the Scientist, "I think I'll go"; disposed of with satisfied superiority by the Anglican Catholic, "I went to mass at seven-thirty, there were

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twelve there, an encouraging number."

"Splendid!" exclaimed a male minority, with his weather-eye open for a way of escape. "Let's all go to meeting and count the empty pews. Then ask why."

Mr. Blank jammed his hat on his head and put for the woods, to worship God there alone. He, too, was a churchless Protestant.

Turn your attention across the street. There, on the corner of the avenue, is a large tract of land, about three acres, enclosed with a trimmed hedge. It is valuable residential property. A winding macadam drive passes through it. Many paths give easy access. Flowerbeds, groups of shrubbery and stately trees adorn and shadow the wide expanses of shaven lawns. On one side, close to the avenue, stands an imposing church. In fact it is a double church—a two-decker—each seating about 1500 people. Near is a big building with many rooms and a large hall—stage and gallery—for social purposes. Two attractive residences are across the driveway; also two commodious schoolhouses of the most modern construction and equipment; garages and several smaller service buildings. It is the plant of an efficient religious business, operating every day and all day. One must contrast a Protestant meeting-house closed and locked against the world except for a few dreary hours a week.

The whole area in the midst of the busy city, the men and women who live there, all give an impression of being set apart to a life of devotion and consecration. The business is more vital than any other enterprise. It has to do with the immortality of mankind. One feels that to them there is an invisible presence, with whom they have relations and intercourse. It is a religion of the cloister, yet quite intimate with the world. Contemplation, discipline, prayer, and communion are evident.

Believe what you may, say what you will, the most dogged Protestant must acknowledge that herein is a tremendous influence upon the community, which his religious economy does not exert. The soul of this holiness is the presence in the sanctuary of the church of the consecrated sacrament. To Catholics the Christ is there, real and abiding—as truly there as ever upon Olivet or Calvary. The doctrine and practice may be abhorrent to a Protestant. But he cannot escape the fact that whatever can make real to man the actual presence of God in this world is of supreme influence. That has been the central motive of every supernatural religion mankind has known. The Protestant God is as dead as ancient history or an intellectual scheme of dogmatics.

On certain days the quietness of the place disappears—on saints' days and especially on Sundays. Automobiles fill the drive and are parked all along the avenue and street. People on foot, people by street cars, people by autos, hundreds, thousands, men, women, and children. A special traffic officer is needed to guide and protect the crowds. We see women with the latest and most expensive styles of dress; elderly women with the shawls and hoods of homelands; men who work in the street; men with marked evidences of prosperity and education. All thronging to the church. The services begin at seven and continue until noon. Mass follows mass, each hour. In the church above, in the church below, alternately. While one is being emptied and filled, the other is engaged in worship. Often, even the

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vestibules crowded, the doors wide open and men and women kneeling on the grass outside. This church will compare favorably in numbers with the aggregate of all the Protestant churches in the city on Sunday morning. Yet it is not the largest of the several Catholic churches. Its parochial bounds, ecclesiastically defined, embrace the most exclusive and aristocratic Protestant and academic neighborhood of the city. All I, a Protestant by birth, training, and conviction, can say, viewing it, is that it is the most important business in the world successfully carried on.

II

The vital question—vital certainly to Protestant Christians—is a fair and open-minded inquiry into the hold which the Roman Catholic Church has upon its people. What is the impelling motive of their faithfulness? What in them or in their church are the efficient antecedents of the religious results obtained? We can ignore the slurring criticisms of bigots.

First, certainly, is the wise adaptation of the church's methods and attractions to the instinctive reflexes of the people to whom it ministers. Adaptation may seem to some to be a strange quality to ascribe to the Catholic Church. To the common estimate the Roman hierarchy is so absolute, so authoritative, that adjustment to human preferences has never been considered possible. A review of the history of Catholicism, a study of its missionary enterprises will reveal a shrewd harmony of its appeal with the character of the time or people. This, too, without sacrificing one iota of its fundamental principles. More than that, the Roman Church understands that beneath and within all racial or civilized differences there persists ineradicably a common religious instinct. Mankind best loves its religion mysterious, supernatural, and beautiful.

The Roman Catholic appeal is to the emotions and the imagination. That has always been the region in human nature where religion has touched. The Christian inheritance, as set forth by the Roman Catholic Church, is structured most essentially into transcendental experiences. It teaches the major gospel events as mysteries. The Immaculate Conception, the Virginal Incarnation, the Divine Sacrifice, the Transubstantiation of the Eucharist, the Miracles of the Saints. These all are supernatural, esoteric revelations, comprehensible only to the faith of the initiated whose response is the emotion of worship.

To the intellect all is inscrutable. Here is the widest divergence between Catholicism and Protestantism. The latter is inherently a religion of rational analysis. Criticism, comparison, and coordination of revelations seek reconciliation with the judgment of human reason. Such interpretation naturally leads to a variety of conclusions— that is sectarianism. The separations persist, not alone to the tenets of organizations, but further to individual constructions. Protestantism has but a whimsical appeal to the emotions and the imagination. It therefore misses the basal religious instinct. Religion, with its worship of God and its sense of personal responsibility, is a feeling after, not a thinking about. The barrenness of Protestantism is in its poverty of supernatural imagination. As a consequence it wins but a half-hearted allegiance. The artificial stimulant of a revival is little

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more than a meaningless and ridiculous galvanic spasm.

This leads to a thought about ritual. For ritual is a symbolism of something which cannot be put as effectually into words. In the one direction it is an object lesson—a kindergarten of invisible, spiritual realities. From the worshipper, it is a physical expression of devotion and adoration. Always it is an appeal to and the response of religious emotion. Quite needless is it to say that the Catholic Church makes large and effective use of ritual. Its influence is tremendous. It ranges from the most holy act of elevating the Host—the transubstantiated Body and Blood of Christ—for adoration, to the simple matters of colors and lights. From the sign of the cross to reverent prostration.

The absence of ritual from Protestant Churches is as much to be expected. It has small place in a purely intellectual religion. Protestantism is prose. Some Episcopalians have fought for a semblance of ritual for years. They have won some, after much controversy and heart-burnings. Too often they omit to teach what it means and it amounts to little more than millinery and æsthetics. The other sects still abhor ritual as popish and Catholic. They even ban the cross and refuse to kneel in prayer. In a comparison of the extreme elaboration of a service by the Catholics and of the cold poverty of a Protestant meeting, one might be led to ask if there were not some wise middle ground. Should not the beauty of holiness be complemented by the holiness of beauty? The entrance to the human soul may as well be through the eye as the ear. Whatever can make the invisible, spiritual verities real to the concept of man, whatever can quicken the imagination of faith and win the emotion of worship should be advantages worth consideration.

III

I am well aware that my free use of the term "Catholic" to denote the Roman Church, and of the word "Protestant" as descriptive of the accumulation of sects will not be pleasing to many of my readers. There are many Episcopalians who crave the name "Catholic" and chafe under the title of "Protestant Episcopal." They adopt the designation of "Anglican-Catholic." That, too, is a protest. But why not "Protestant"? That word stands for the most courageous revolt in ecclesiastical history. The spirit of the word was the animation of the whole public life of the Christ. Was He not a Protestant when He reiterated, "It hath been said—but I say unto you"? When He knotted a whip of cords and drove the money-changers from the Temple? When He defied the high-priest to his face? Protestants may well cease their protestations against the Roman Catholic Church. There is enough sham, bigotry, and infidelity at home. They may with reason protest against the dogmatic unrealities, the rival clannishness and the unworthy, barren worship of God which are making Protestantism a religious failure.

The historic and present-day cohesion of the Roman Catholic Church accounts very largely for unparalleled stability and growth. I do not say unity. It is larger and saner than that. Predilections come from inheritance and environment. They must be reckoned with by even the most autocratic religion. The Catholic Church cannily fits itself to diversities without sacrificing principles. The bias is scarcely seen. The personal Pope is not the bond of cohe-

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sion. It is rather the Pope-idea—a point of contact with God, through which, as by a conduit, the divine emanation sifts down to the humblest worshipper.

Nowhere, in all its branches throughout the world, does there arise a question of radical loyalty. It is one in origin, one in history, one in the inviolable deposit of its authority and faith. That oneness spells loyalty in the heart of every Italian, Irishman, Frenchman or other man, to-day and every day. He is individually one with the sacred, divine Oneness of his Church. You cannot swerve him. He will follow and obey there, though elsewhere he may be an incorrigible.

The Protestant Church is as opposite as possible. It is an agglomerate of rival cliques, separated and enfeebled for no sufficient reasons whatever. Its clusters of meeting-houses, its inconsequent differences, confuse men. Its competitions and duplications result only in extravagance of funds and a waste of energy. What is its faith? Orthodox, heterodox, Nicæan, Quicunque vult, Augsburg, Geneva, Westminster, Thirty-nine Articles, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Calvin, Wesley, Fox—Protestantism is swamped in a confusion of contradictory, unnecessary and misleading dogmatics. In this it shares with Catholicism in perpetuating in the Christian world a mass of theology and eschatology derived from Paul and tradition, which finds no semblance in the words and spirit of Jesus.

As the nation goes back on red-letter days to recall again the principles of its founders, so ought Protestantism to revive the convictions of Wyclif and Luther. It is a curious reversion. These reformers revolted from the Roman Church to give a free religion to the common people. To-day it is that same Roman Church which wins and holds the masses, while the Protestant Church sees the indifferent crowd go by its doors.

Is there a hope of cohesion in Protestantism? Yes, when Protestants believe that it is worth having. When they will buy it at the price of a full surrender of their insignificant differences, their petty prunes and prisms of sectarianism. Could they do that and become wise in ways to appeal to men, who can estimate the influence of a strong, co-operating Protestant Church? What is needed is not so much a unity of organization, as a sacrificial strategy of cohesion. The consolidation of funds, the forgetting of sectarian fads, the simplifying of faith, a belief in the inherent divine childhood of man, a scrapping of about one hundred thousand meeting-houses, and the relegating of about as many half-starved ministers and secretaries to some productive occupations. There is one God and one Christ. Why can there not be a sufficiently unselfish loyalty to have a consistent Church?

Very closely allied to the might of this consonance is the influence of authority. This may seem at variance with the above plea for mutual charity. Protestantism to-day has no single standard in religious teaching or in social behavior. Its varied voices are a fruitless Babel. Agreement is at the soul of authority. We may disagree very radically with the teachings of the Catholic Church, but we must admire the authority of its absolute assertion. The Church speaks, not winningly, with no argument, with no concession to science, reason or social vagaries. Its truths and standards are true, yesterday, to-day, and forever. They are of God.

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The Catholic authority over the morals and worship of its people is equally positive. "This is the way, walk ye in it," is its dictum. If its dogmatics are a finality, so no social principle, once laid down, is subject to revision. Temperance is a virtue; prohibition, a slavery. The over-surging tide of divorce, the loosening of the sacred permanence of Christian marriage, the social economy of birth-control, for all their increasing popularity, gain not one tittle of yielding from the Catholic Church. Divorce is sacrilege; avoidance of conception, a sin; and abortion is murder. The Catholic ministry only is the commissioned and authentic priesthood of the Lord's ordaining. Its sacraments alone are efficient and salutary. It is *the* Church and its authority is absolute.

Right or wrong, as you please, men love to have it so. They are little wise in religious matters; nor have they time or taste to be. It is a great relief to have one's faith and worship settled by those wiser and more divinely guided.

The Protestant Church has very little control of the habits and morals of the community. It has fussed itself so unreasonably over trifles like card-playing, dancing, theatres, smoking, social tippling, and Sunday pleasures, that when it does try to assume a high and mighty air on some real question of faith and morals, men smile and pass on. The variety of its voices, too, crying vague and contradictory scoldings, results only in a confusion of fruitless nagging. A nagging Church has about as much influence as a nagging woman.

Protestantism has no authority because it has no consonance. Even on the vital questions of the Christian religion it has no agreement in itself. Heresy here is orthodoxy there. A custom or habit damnable in one sect is approved by another. If the God of the Presbyterians does not suit you, try the God of the Unitarians. If the Methodists won't allow you to dance and smoke, shift off to the Episcopalians. If the Reverend Mr. Slim does not preach to please you, if his quartette flats, never mind. On the other corner, you will find the Reverend Dr. Broad with his vested boys. If one minister will not marry you to a divorced person, the one next door will.

IV

The Catholic Church has a consummate human shrewdness and foresight. Converts from the world or from other religious bodies are not trusted overmuch. But a complete reliance is placed upon its own breeding. It knows the heredity, the life-long environment, the wise education of its own. If not advocated for moral reasons, this prudent dependence would furnish a sufficient motive for an encouragement of unrestricted child-bearing. Their large families are proverbial. The comparison with the Protestant birth-rate is about three to one.

Modern obstetrics has reduced losses to a minimum. Avoidance may be privately practised, but, if known, it meets only scathing rebuke and utter condemnation from the Church. It is both a depravity and a disloyalty. As an adjunct to the Catholic encouragement of this germane increase is its consistent disapproval of religious mésalliance. Whenever such a marriage is reluctantly sanctioned, it is with the expressed condition that all issue of the union shall be baptized and trained in Catholicism.

How contrasting is the spirit of Protestantism. With them, mixed marriages are of little consequence, unless from in-

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dividual prejudice. Divorce is condemned by some, ignored by others, and by others yet is approved. Birth-control, by one process or another, finds acceptance as a prudent economy or is practised for reasons of personal freedom. Here and there a lone clerical voice is raised in protest, with about as much effect as an individual resistance in a crowd. Divorce and birth-control may be absolutely wrong or reasonably right, the Protestant Church has no uniform dictum. Its competition is for popularity and wedding-fees. Naturally the growth of Protestantism is restricted. The birth-rate scarcely matches the losses by death and the proportion of divorces to marriages is stated as having increased to one in six.

But furthermore, whatever may be the birth-rate, that in no way indicates the accretions to Protestant communions. In Catholicism a new-born child is baptized within a few hours after birth and becomes thereby an integral unit in the Church. A Protestant christening amounts to little more than a social occasion or the pious dedication of the child which he may or may not in later years voluntarily fulfil. Very often he is purposely uninfluenced that his choice in religion may be without bias. At the door of the Church, he encounters the spectres—conviction of sin, experience of religion, conversion and confession of faith. Sometime, in quasi-maturity, a predestinated minority may be converted and admitted to the Church. Consequently, Protestant additions, balked by a low birth-rate, and depending mainly upon artificial religious experiences, become very sporadic.

The admirable prudence of the Catholic Church goes deeper yet. From the very earliest teachable age, the Catholic child is taught, trained, imbued, saturated with the principles, habits, duties, ritual, and glories of his Church. The Church is his home, its services fruitful with daily and eternal blessings. The figures of the friendly saints, the exaltation of the blessed Mother of God, the splendor of ceremonies are of daily influence. He is being cared for, guided, comforted, blessed, and saved. The Credo, ave Marias, Pater nosters, chants, and catechisms become a spontaneous and lasting instinct. Almost immediately and normally he passes to the added grace of confirmation. He has not been converted or adopted. He has simply and naturally come of age in his spiritual home. Confession, absolution, and communion become the regular rule of life.

In the parochial schools, the teachers are garbed in the habit of the Church. Religious instruction blends hourly with secular education. The child is never apart from its influence. In procession he marches to the church. He has his rightful place there. Every Sunday morning one beautiful mass is sung for the children alone. Do we need to wonder at the life-long allegiance of Roman Catholics? Do we need to question why great throngs fill their churches? It is as spontaneous as national fealty. As a Protestant I may have little sympathy with much of their religious views, but it would be contemptible to judge their loyalty with slurring criticism.

Nineteen-twentieths of Protestant children are educated in the public schools. The teaching in these schools is carefully restricted by legislation. They are by compulsion secular. Often certain subjects of acknowledged interest and scientific truth are forbidden. Re-

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ligious education is prohibited. In some schools the Bible cannot be read; in others only with an entire absence of comment.

What then does a Protestant child get for religious instruction and influence? The Sunday School, you say. Yes, the Sunday School. Once a week, those who can be driven or bribed go to Sunday School. If anything in this world is more ineffective, more disheartening than a Protestant Sunday School, I should like to know what it is. The lesson portion is reduced to about twenty minutes. A well-intentioned young miss or man, untrained themselves, seeks to inspire a half-dozen youths with religious zeal. The time is generally taken up with patient discipline or with side discussions of quite extraneous matters. I found my two small boys being taught in a primary class—"Who were Moses' parents"? Answer in concert, "Amram and Jochebed." They have never forgotten it, though, perhaps to this day, they do not know that Jochebed was Amram's aunt.

Of course, that was some years ago. We have gone long distances since then. Let me give one very recent example. A salaried graduate of a Religious Training School was put in charge of the educational work of a prominent city parish. She drew up an elaborate scheme of lessons. I was asked by a young man, the teacher of a number of boys of fourteen or fifteen years, to examine the task laid upon him, one half-hour each week. Six or more fine young chaps, thoroughly balky at going to Sunday School, irregular in attendance. Lesson topics much as follows: The Geography of the Exodus, The Architecture of Solomon's Temple, Lives of the Prophets, Alexander's Life and Conquests, The Influence of Greek Civilization upon Christianity. An effort to make good Protestant Church members out of some keen, husky lads. There is a wide disparity in results between a fragmentary teaching of matters, important in themselves but of no spiritual value, and the effectiveness of steady, unremitting influence daily woven into the very warp and weft of development.

Do not interpret this brief and inadequate analysis of fundamental differences as praise or criticism. It is neither a polemic nor an encomium. There is a big religious business being handled with conspicuous success. And there are over one hundred and fifty other small enterprises, loosely banded in protest, some complacent in self-esteem, and nearly all dickering in beans and fancy work to eke out an existence. Are prejudice and stubborn bigotry greater than consecration to the power and solvency of the Kingdom of God?

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Matinée Idyl

BY PHILIP WOOD

"COME in! . . .

"Yeah, that's me: Eddie Lucas, head-liner single. Pinch-hitter here at the Palace this week; what's more, for Gordon James and Company's act (and if that ain't irony, I'm Swedish!); on for twelve priceless minutes at 3.51 mats and 9.51 nights, and booked solid (E. F. Albee willin'!) through June—which is no mean achievement these days. Hang up your marquee, dump the duds off that chair, and use it. I can talk as I paint the lily.

" 'Somethin' for the press,' eh? Ever try a hot iron? Jokin' aside, though, any scribe that can crash the gate back-stage at this op'ry-house, specially on an openin' Monday, earns his copy—and I don't mean carbon neither. Not only that, but you come in on cue: I happen to have a story; and, the Hari-Kari troupe only now bein' on, I've got an act and a half to go. So drape a towel over the No Smokin' sign (if necessary), and—as Mark Antony said to his friends with the Roman noses—'lend me your ears.' (Lend me anythin' you can spare, for that matter, as right about now I feel like 99 and 44/100 per cent of the hundred neediest cases, not includin' Bacardi.)

"The cause of my gloom bein' this here Gordon James—and Company. You see, I knew them 'when.' That means as far back as a year ago, when they played the four-a-day where I was fillin' in between bookin's. (Our foremost movie star, our highest-priced and highest-hat darlin' of the screen has prob'ly forgotten those prehistoric days—he's that elegant now!) Then it was just plain Gordon and Garden, song-and-dance team; James Gordon—he about-faced his monicker when he hit Hollywood, just to feel foreign, I suppose—and Anna Garden; Jimmie and Ann for short. As such, what's more, they'd been doin' the dinky dumps since Mrs. Whiffen's comin' of age.

"Well, sir, we swam into each other's orbits in Altoona, Pa. I had dropped in at the theatre Monday forenoon for the mail (to say nothin' of the female), and to slip the leader my stuff—fanfare entrance, fake lead-up to song, dead stop sendin' me into my chatter while the boys sneaked out for a beer, and then the noisy finish—when I lamped the pair for the first time. He was crossin' the stage for his tip-off, and I will say for him that he was the second-handsomest bimbo I'd ever laid my orbs on. (Does my mirror betray me? Those eyes!—those nose!—that shapeliest of elbows in captivity!) When I caught her at the stage-door, though, he went out of my thoughts as fast as if he'd been her husband! Sex appeal?—boy, she wrote the original essay on s. a.

"She was readin' a letter, but I didn't let that interrupt me. 'Hello, baby,' says I.

" 'Hello,' she said, lookin' up, kind of as though to give me the benefit of the doubt. But I couldn't of topped that, and I fell out the door. She went on readin', and I went on to breakfast. But I went with what is called a vivid

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picture: hair as dark as the Empire in July; eyes as blue as a Sunday in Philadelphia. Say, she had everythin'! She had the neatest little figure—like Henry Ford's bank-account—and she had the niftiest feet that ever twinkled. She had—but why live in the past? She still has them, and a lot of good they do me!

"However, you must remember that I was in Altoona; and when you're there you have hopes, there bein' little else. I was in Altoona, staggerin' away from the theatre, and wonderin' how soon I could stage a comeback without wakin' up the doorman. For once I blessed the four-a-day: it meant a one-o'clock show. So I dominated a sandwich, massacred all of seven minutes, and got back by twelve-fifteen. I was on-stage before the news-reel!

"Twelve years later (or so it seemed) the show began. The openers were Warren's trained seals: for some reason they didn't take me for mackerel. Hogan and Mascatti were in the two-spot—acrobats: I didn't hear their alley-oops until the following Tuesday. Then a couple of coon comics, and into a sketch; but I wasn't even conscious until followin' a black-out and soft music, a spot suddenly picked out—Ann Garden.

"Ba-bee boy! If it's your impression she's there from what I said before, just listen to me keep quiet now! 'Cause why? 'Cause she was beyond description, that's all. Well, she danced and she sang; but to me her dancing made Pavlowa look like a cripple, and her singin' caused Jeritza to sound like a deaf-mute. I just stood there in the wings of that honkey-tonk—paralyzed. A song, some patter with that profile she was billed with, then a duet in the spot-light; and me waitin' there for time to pass by. Then, before I knew what was up, the finish, and doggoned if she didn't come off right entrance, almost into my arms. It was then that I glimpsed she was cryin'.

" 'What's the matter, baby?' I ast her, after she'd taken her calls. 'Why the water-works?'

"She turned and looked at me: not sore, y' understand, just thinkin'. The orchestra had ta-da-ed Gordon and Garden to their finish, and was switchin' into my fanfare. I had about two deep breaths before goin' out to face the audience—both of 'em—so I made it snappy with 'Tell poppa.' 'Wait'll after,' she pipes, as I started out a whole bar late; 'I may let you know.'

" 'I may let you know' doesn't sound like much to you, I suppose; but to me it was like the message to Garcia. I went out to that thin house an inspired but delirious man. How I ever got through those twelve minutes, far be it from me to explain. But somehow I managed, which wouldn't of happened if I'd known how intently two people were watchin' me from the wings—Ann and her boy friend, y' understand (and if you don't you will). My ga-ga entrance—more truth, for onct, than pottery—got a snicker; and from then on I got steadily funnier and funnier. Five calls: that tells the story; durin' which they was time for Ann and Jimmie to fade. Though I almost beat them home, as, before the Swiss yodelers was on, I was knockin' at dressin'-room number nine.

" 'Where you stoppin', Eddie?' came through a towel, after the vulgar prelims. I told her my hotel's label. 'That's where we are, too. Let's go over together.'

" 'I'm on,' says I, already pullin' a Lindbergh for my own cell, after which I washed up in record time, parkin' my-

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self at the stage-door against the appearance of the queen.

"And it took place soon. Only, to my disappointment, she didn't come single; she was escorted by what is commonly referred to as a young Greek god—well, Greek, anyways. For perhaps the eighty-seventh time that day I resented this here Gordon guy, but not until now had he really annoyed me, partners in acts not always bein' married and sometimes to the extent of bein' mortal enemies. Seein' him friendly, though, made me feel about as cheerful as a Monday-morning audition at the Palace. Wasn't it enough for him, the handsome slob, to sing and dance with her, without . . .?

"But 'We sure liked your turn, Eddie. You sure know your spinach.' Which remarks, comin' even from him, was welcome.

" 'Thanks, Jimmie. Same here.' But if I spoke to him, I was lookin' at her, wonderin' when she was goin' to crack her calm. For how was I to know that the wish was grandfather to the deed?

" 'Ever think of doing a two act?' she pulls, in the softest, sweetest voice you ever heard. 'Seems like you'd be perfect with a partner. Ever think of teaming up with a girl?'

" 'Pretty dames like yourself, Ann,' I says, 'don't grow on every bush!'

" 'That's just the point,' says she. Then: 'You do the explaining, Jimmie.'

"So Jim did.

" 'Here's the lay, Eddie,' he pipes. 'Me and Ann's been playin' this act for three calendars, and we feel the need of a change. Me, I've been on tiptoe for a certain break from the movies, which come through at last the other day. But I didn't want to leave Ann flat, so we been on the lookout for a new partner. Seein' your stuff to-day, we think we've found the right boy. Now how'd you like to switch?'

"How would I like it? Say, don't kid me! How would Charlie Chaplin like to play Hamlet, or how would 'Al' Smith like to be President? I liked it so much—the idea of me and Ann workin' together, with t'other dear charmer as far away as Hollywood—that (never noticin' whether she liked it or not) already I was sayin': 'Sounds good to me. I been playin' single too long. When do they start callin' "Camera!"?'

" 'Next week,' says Jimmie Gordon. 'So you and Ann could get together right away, work up a routine, cancel your bookin', and wire for a route, rehearse this week, and reopen Monday.' He had it glib as an agent's pedigree. 'What's more,' he adds—why?—ast an astrologist!—'I could help you, while makin' my getaway. (Which was a lot o' salaam-i!) What do you say?'

"Well, what *could* a guy say, with Ann Garden standin' there drenchin' him with appealin' looks as moist as a Shriners' banquet? Specially, when he took it for love at first slight, which it wasn't, as time was to tell. So I says, 'I'm on!'—come what would (and did!) from the rasberry chorus at 47th and Broadway when they'd hear what happened to Eddie; and she chirps 'O. K. with me,' which two verdicts constituted the only contract we ever had—or needed.

"(That flash, by the way, ain't for me: it only indicates that the genial Japs, havin' pleased the customers with their tumblin', The Two Dugans—a sister act—please stand by. I still got a fifth of an hour before my public calls me—though I ain't sayin' what they calls me.)

"That, y' understand, was a year ago

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—last spring. Since when, drastic changes may have taken place, makin' history, though who am I to say? Because from that time on my life was to be about as meditative as Gilda Gray when she dopes out a new hip-flip. Jimmie Gordon was to step off toward fame and fortune, and me and Ann was to—but that, like next year's films, remains to be seen.

"Anyways, I didn't let no asparagras grow under my feet. Ten minutes after we'd agreed I had my agent on the wire.

" 'Listen, Sol,' I says, droppin' into the vernacular; 'I want you should cancel my route.'

" 'Cancel!' says he. 'What for?'

" 'For more profit,' I cracks. 'I'm teamin' up with the classiest——'

" 'Aaaah!' sighs he, with audible relief, 'didn't I know you was kiddin'? You impractical joker, you!'

" 'No kiddin', Sol; this is straight. (What I should of said is, 'This is strait-jacket'!) Cancel my time, and get Abe Levy to close Gordon and Garden this week. Gordon's gone movie, and me and Ann are teamin'. Lucas and Garden's the label. You get us a new menu, splittin' with Abe, and in five weeks' time——'

" 'You're crazy!' he rudely said.

" 'In five weeks' time,' I goes on, makin' the effort to control myself and not exactly wastin' my strength, 'the two of you'll be halvin' a big-act salary commission that'll go onward and upward forever. Get this: Lucas and Garden can't fail, what with this and that; what with the cleverest single in the business, and the sweetest baby born. New material now, new scenery whenever you say . . . baby!' But long before that Solomon Sweeney (two guesses as to his nationality) had hung up, in just what mood I was at some loss to know.

"With the best of hopes, however, I went right ahead with my plans. Knowin' how much harder it is to part friendly than with a good scrap, I had elected to take some of the agony out of Gordon and Garden's split by makin' their arrangements for 'em; but little Eddie's helpfulness didn't stop there: I went right into a clinch with me myself and company which resulted in a song-and-dance single of doin' everythin' else. Jimmie's 'help durin' the getaway'—as I might of known, but didn't—was nil, him bein' too busy packin' toothpaste for thought, besides which his brain was abhorred of nature anyways, it bein' a total vacuum cleaner. Ann, too, for reasons yet to make theirselves clear to yours affectionately, was of about as much assistance as a pickled trap-drummer is to a juggler; so the dopin' out of the new routine fell on me—and how! Still, I wasn't like Wilson in '17: they was several ideas that had been rattlin' around in my think-pan for some time, and by Thursday I'd managed to organize nine minutes' worth—neat if not gaudy. Friday, by dint of gettin' up early, I contrived to add seven gags, bringin' the total lapse up to ten-and-a-half; and the lucky break of an extra verse for my openin' ballad brought me south of the fatal thirteen. All of which I rehearsed thoroughly (if largely alone) trustin' to fate (which is another name for the agents) to get me a house for an openin'.

"Which they done, the news breakin' Saturday that we was to plead guilty of openin' with the Monday-noon mat in Shamokin. Then comes the last performance in Altoona, speeded through so's we could grab the ten-forty-seven, and (Jimmie travellin' four minutes

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later) the tearful farewells. Ann was about as happy as a flapper in church. 'Good-by, my Jimmie, and good luck!' she was wishin' him (as though he needed it, after havin' been discovered in the brush, where anybody else could of been Adolph Zukor's valet, yet never be noticed); 'good-by, my Jimmie, good-by!'—with which, as I yanked her onto the train, she pulled a Leslie Carter that would of kept George Pullman hisself awake far into the night, to say nothin' of far into Pennsylvania. Also, picture me havin' a last cigarette in the smoker, as disconsolate as Jack Barrymore at the passin' of Valentino.

"So Jimmie went to Hollywood, while we went to Shamokin. What he did there is history; modesty refrains me from competin' with the muse. Suffice me to remind you that he enjoyed —I'll pass the remark!—the most meteoric rise—and fall!—in the annals of cinema sinners. Two weeks later he was playin' parts; two months, and he was playin' leads. Another two, and he was bein' starred: why, say, he couldn't of had better luck if he'd of been imported. Not only that, but he had a check high as Pola Negri's blood-pressure. But to get back to my story.

"We opened at last. To seventeen privates in the army of unemployed miners, five ushers, and a three-piece orchestra. If they applauded, they done it with their knees: we were a panic, I do not surmise. 'In one word,' the home office must of ast over the wire, 'how are they?'—since I heard the manager say, 'Lousy!' Still, I argued, we was green as yet (Ann was blue, and I was jaundiced with love, and that made a total of green); and I ast for the week as a try-out. It helped; for, in spite of the fact that Ann laid down flat, I was able to push the act up to somethin' at least; and on Friday—with really very little persuasion—the manager wired N. Y. that we were 'lots better.'

"But the changes wasn't easy, and thereby hangs my tale. Ann, still sour on the world, didn't respond, and I started wonderin' if we'd make the grade after all. I tried everythin', but nothin' intrigued the baby. What I'd hoped to do—work up a honeymoon vehicle that would build her up for the real thing—started to look about as near as Mesopotamia (whoever he is), and I commenced gettin' panicky. The new scenery met us in Johnstown, but so did the flood—this time Ann's tears. All in all, she was about as much of a partner as the dame that catches handkerchiefs for the strong man.

"Then, one day, I hits on the brilliant idea of kiddin' her into the thing. And after that, presto!—ideas of mine that had made no dent whatsoever echoes from her like inspirations. For instance, I'd whistle a vamp like 'Me and My Shadow,' ast her for a suggestion, and she'd suggest a shadow-dance. Or I'd get sentimental up to a song-cue, depend on her 'resourcefulness,' and she'd spring my song-idea. All of which I'd praise, sayin', 'Baby, what a brain!' and she'd eat this up like Harry Lauder at a free lunch. It was my fatal mistake (though at the time all I thought I suffered from was a stroke of genius); but, since from then on the old act picked up like a white-wing at a Sunday-school picnic, I was satisfied, and worked the technic solid.

"Then, to cap the climax, Irv Berlin does me the favor of springin' his marriage on the public, and all the papers are plastered with honeymoon headlines. I got a few, parkin' 'em in Ann's

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dressin'-room. That night they worked.

" 'I got an idea,' she says, really believin' it herself.

" 'Yeah?' from me, seemin' about as interested as Eva Tanguay in theosophy, 'what is it?'

" 'Let's stage a honeymoon!'

"Well, believe it or not, for a minute my heart was in my mouth: I thought she meant somethin' else, so inspired did she sound. That, though, was as far from her thoughts as Hamlet is from the Hippodrome. Still, the big idea was sold, and from then on it was easy sailin'. After that the world was mine, so long as I gave her the credit. I was to repent at leisure; it was my funeral.

"But the point is that time passed—small time, big time. The scenery gave us full-stage, and maybe we didn't use it. Then along comes a lay-off break, and I gets Sol Sweeney to book us a split near the big stem, so's we could get the once-over. Result: toodle-oo to the four-a-day, in favor of twelve weeks on the southern two. We was the real McCoy! Merry Christmas in New Orleans, with March blowin' us north for the big time. And April found us headin' west with the road-show over the Orpheum. The head-line act, what's more!

"I mention it in all modesty, 'cause who, after all, am I? But I expect it to show, nevertheless, how good the material was, and what a nifty little bimbo Eddie was, to get away with it all. By this time, furthermore—the act bein' firm at last, and him havin' time to think—Eddie was tellin' hisself such things; and it wasn't long before he makes bold to tell Ann. The time and place bein' between Omaha and Denver, with scenery passin' fast as one-night stands pass a trouper—and as monotonous.

" 'Sittin' pretty, eh, baby?'

" 'Pretty,' she says, lookin' up from one of them movin'-picture magazines she had a weakness for.

" 'Me and you: that was a happy hitch, what I mean.' Silence—like Coney Island in January. 'Ever think,' I quotes a previous confab, 'of teamin' up with some nice boy in the act called life? I should think you'd be perfect with a partner.'

" 'Don't be sill,' says she—which remark somehow seemed enough to postpone the discussion.

"Still, I didn't give up hope. In Denver, in Salt Lake, in Portland, I encores the gag; and in 'Frisco, only more so. Then—a little late, I admit—I tumbles to the fact that she's a picture fan, which I grabs at like a floatin' spar, not to say a sparrin' partner. Because—two films was enough to show me—this here Gordon gazabo—who was burnin' up southern California with his success; who had a heavily mortgaged palace in Beverly Hills, and two payments on a yacht, and a Rolls-Royce chauffeur—had also a preference in leadin' ladies, which was a blonde that gave me strength. This, plus a certain little surprise I happened to have up my sleeve (which was to the effect that, Sol Sweeney bein' then on the coast, I was goin' to drive the prettiest bargain for a Palace showin' that ever you seen), encouraged me to thinkin' that, give me time, and I could cure this frail of all her happy memories.

" 'This Irma,' I cracks to Ann, our last night in Bakersfield, 'this blonde Jimmie concentrates on for his leads. She ain't such a much. She'll never make him as happy, baby, as you'll make me, onct you wake up.'

" 'Will you please shut your face?'

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she inquires, or words to those effects. And, there bein' little or no reply to that, I had to pin my faith on what the next week would bring.

"Boy, it brought plenty. To begin with, there was Gordon James: leave it to him, he was layin' for us proper. He had a box-party for our openin', after which he comes around back. 'Well, I made the grade all right, all right, didn't I?' was his openin' number. 'I came, I saw, I conquered. Illustrious Players want me to sign up for five years this week; but I got other plans. By the way, Ann, let me introduce you and the b. f. to my leadin' lady, Miss Delroy.'

"Maybe Ann was pleased to meet that blonde, but they wasn't much proof: she just nodded, and turned to Jimmie. Me? Well, I hadn't no eyes for any one but Ann, but I did get an impression of a bit of poison-ivy leanin' up against Gordon. Mostly, though, I was noticin' how distant two dames can be.

" 'What plans, Jimmie?' Ann was askin', quietly.

" 'Well, to let you in on a secret,' says he—havin' told nobody, I bet, but the barber and traffic-cops—'I'm in on the ground floor of the best bet in pictures to-day. I'm formin' my own company—to star Miss Delroy.'

"Of course, I was as surprised as Elsie Janis is when she gets an encore; but you could of knocked Ann over with a mallet. 'But do you think that's wise?' she pipes—proof of the originality of her thought—and, to the great joy (I doubt!) of the blonde—'Do you think Miss Delroy is ready?'

" 'Why not?' quoth the blonde, and the battle was on. 'Why not, indeed?' adds Jimmie, and 'Where do you get off questionin' the wisdom of the undertakin'?' And it wasn't long, as you may or may not imagine, before that party was a thing of the past.

"All of which will suggest that we started the week right in L. A. The next day the real fun began; but that night wasn't exactly uneventful, 'cause that night Sol Sweeney paid us a visit which lines up with 'Famous Battles.'

" 'Eddie,' he says, comin' back-stage, 'you got the swellest act on the circuit, and that's a fact. It's wrote perfect, to begin with.'

" 'Thanks, Mr. Sweeney,' says Ann, who was listenin' in on the conference. 'It's a pretty nice vehicle, no?'

" 'It's the best bet in the business,' says he. 'Only what a pity it can't play the Palace!'

"What did he mean, I wonders, proceedin' to inquire along those lines.

" 'Why, Eddie,' says he, 'you ain't got the name for a full-stage act, that's all.'

"Also, what did he mean I didn't have no name? For some reason he seemed out of place—like Clara Bow would be in a old ladies' home. I wasn't clear as to what he was stabbin' at.

" 'Why, Eddie,' he says, soft-like, 'while you got plenty of name for a single, you couldn't carry a big act yet.' I reminded him that I'd carried it over three thousand miles. 'But I mean at the Palace,' says he. Then I hit the roof, tellin' him everythin' but the sex-life of my grandfather—all I had done in other seasons, and what a one-spot I was for the future—but to no good, all I could get out of him bein' vague promises. 'Maybe by season after next,' he was sayin' as I walked out, leavin' Ann.

"To what end I was later to learn.

"The next day the news of Jimmie's indiscretion broke, the papers bein' plastered with big head-lines of 'James

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quits Illustrious.' Before night you knew—or you should of—what had happened to Beverley Hills, the yacht, and the motor. In record time the new company was formed, and in record time—before the end of our second week—it was over, Irma's brother Louie not findin' enough cash lyin' around to interest even a shyster lawyer. Then the rumors flyin' about concernin' what a fat chance James had now to stage a comeback, and by Friday night he might of been seen—was, in fact—discussin' with Ann the possibility of a comeback to vaudeville.

"Hearin' her remark somethin' like 'Jimmie, I'd do it all over again—for you!' I woke up to the fact that it might be wise for me to make a suggestion. 'We might find a place for Jimmie in the act,' says I to Ann.

" 'What do you mean?' asked Ann. 'He'll have his old place, of course.'

" 'Old place?'

" 'Certainly. The place I wrote for him when I doped out the act originally.'

" 'When you wrote the act,' I asks, dumfounded to hear her crackin' an original idea for onct.

" 'To be sure,' says she. 'Haven't you always admitted that I wrote it? Surely, at this late date you aren't questioning . . .'

" 'Oh, no, of course not,' says I, at last seein' the error of my ways. Then, feelin' about as necessary as applause is to a news reel, 'I guess I'd best make an exit,' I adds, with a smile and a bow.

" 'Yes,' she says, 'though I shall always value you as a friend.' At the time I didn't quite know what she meant by that one, but this mornin' I finds out all right, all right.

"Onct a pinch-hitter, always a pinch-hitter, I finds. 'Cause why? 'Cause Gordon James and Company happen to have taken this week off—for their honeymoon! Now, if you'll laugh that one off while I go down and entertain the rabble for twelve minutes, when I get back I'll buy you a soda. If you don't wait, however, my watch winds from left to right; though I should advise you not to take the coat, as it needs a new linin'."

To a Puritan

By Ruth Lambert Jones

Through fear of losing love
You lost it,
The fear of loving
Made you love;
Measure,
Before you would accost Him
The fear
You bear to God Above.

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Washington and Sally Fairfax

BY JOHN CORBIN

THE fact that Washington was deeply in love with the wife of his nearest neighbor and friend was long ignored by biographers and has of late been given a scandalous interpretation. Documents which are now for the first time adduced enable us to construct the story in its decisive outlines, and to show the nature of the "thousand tender passages" of which Washington speaks in a letter to Mrs. George William Fairfax.

IN 1877 two love-letters written by Washington were published for the first time and caused a sensation which, though masked for decades by Victorian proprieties, has steadily increased. They had been discovered among the papers of Mrs. George William Fairfax, born Sally Cary, upon her death in 1811, and had been treasured in awed silence during two generations.

The Fairfaxes were Washington's nearest neighbors until shortly before the Revolution, their house being five miles down the river from Mount Vernon and "in full view" of it. Though George Fairfax was eight years older, the two men had been close friends from the time Washington, aged sixteen, came to live with his brother Lawrence, surveying, electioneering, and fox-hunting together. There is abundant evidence, notably in the diaries, that Mrs. Fairfax and Mrs. Washington were neighborly always, dining and visiting with one another, and were the first to offer sympathy in sorrow and bereavement. The letters were written in 1758, when Washington was engaged to marry Martha Custis. Though they are reticently worded and indeed seem intentionally vague and obscure, they are now generally accepted as showing that he was passionately in love with Mrs. Fairfax.

One of them speaks of "the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate, till I am bid to revive them"—and what follows, as we shall see, is proof enough that these "passages" were not with Martha. In a letter written to Mrs. Fairfax only nineteen months before he died he declared that the "moments . . . which I have enjoyed in your company" were "the happiest in my life." We have here, obviously, something very different from the legend of domestic felicity which the Victorians wove about the lives of George and Martha Washington. Whether it is in the way of scandal depends upon the nature of the "thousand tender passages." That question has obsessed recent biographers—and indeed the words need explanation.

Until times quite recent, the inquiry was beset with peculiar difficulty. Ever since the outset of the Revolution, scandalous reports have been current. So far as they concerned Washington's political conduct, he effectually repudiated them upon retiring from the presidency, but charges of private immorality he disdained. Many of these are said to be con-

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firmed by extant letters in his own hand —which, however, remain perdue. If those letters exist, they are presumably forgeries of eighteenth-century partisanship, the embittered license of which was quite equal to such things. But even if we could prove them forgeries, there was, until of late, little to be gained; for one bit of evidence, of the most damaging, was accepted by the most scrupulous. In a letter from Benjamin Harrison to Washington, intercepted by the British and published in 1775, occurred this passage: "As I was in the pleasing task of writing to you, a little noise occasioned me to turn my head around, and who should appear but pretty little Kate, the washer-woman's daughter over the way, clean, trim and rosy as the morning. I snatched the golden, glorious opportunity, and, but for the cursed antidote of love, Sukey, I had fitted her for my general against his return." Thus we find the forebear of two Presidents busy at the trade of Sir Pandarus of Troy. The letter was part of a flood of British propaganda, the rest of which was soon branded as false. Yet Paul Leicester Ford—who waved aside the two letters to Sally Fairfax, declaring, "The evidence has not been produced"—quoted the Harrison letter as relevant to his portrait of "the true George Washington." Small wonder that those who lick the lips of scandal do likewise.

Fortunately the original of Harrison's letter has been discovered, in the British archives. It does not contain the passage about the washerwoman's daughter, which thus takes its place among the manifold forgeries. Straining at a gnat, the Victorians gulped a camel. Mr. John C. Fitzpatrick has disposed of the whole mass of such scandal in a recent very able article in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. This leaves the testimony of Washington's neighbors and friends unimpaired. Patriots and Tories alike, they were unanimous. Thus Joseph Reed, his favorite aide and intimate friend, described reports of his "immorality of life" as "so nearly bordering frenzy that I can pity the wretches [who circulate them] rather than despise them." The Reverend Jonathan Boucher, who knew Washington well, yet as a Church-of-England Tory abhorred him, admitted that "in his moral character he is regular." In the eighteenth century, the word meant scrupulously exact, precisely correct, perfect. A question remains, however, as to the thousand tender passages. If the answer is possible, it can result only from a closer scrutiny of extant records than has yet been made.

Sally came as bride to Belvoir, the residence of her husband's widowed father, William Fairfax, in December, 1748, at the age of eighteen. Washington's boyish heart was inflammable as his temper, and the consequences were as awkward—at least as seen in his youthful poems and letters. At this time he was over heels in calf love with his "Low Land Beauty," sometimes identified with the future mother of Light-Horse Harry Lee and great-grandmother of Robert E. Lee. Boys do not easily talk of love to boys; yet to "eleviate" his "sorrows" and bury them "in the grave of oblivion," he wrote of this Beauty to a "Dear Friend Robin" and to a "Dear Friend John." The two letters are almost identically sentimental, identically incoherent and ungrammatical; but one of them records a fact of importance, that he was living not at Mount Vernon but at Belvoir. May one be permitted to guess that he bared his bleeding bosom to the young matron—two whole years his senior? It would not have been the first romance to begin in this manner.

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Sally was of the highest type of Virginia womanhood, far as the poles removed from the ladies of the back country in which he had been reared. In her portrait she is slender and lithe, with salient, aristocratic features—cerebral rather than passional. In a society the prevailing diversions of which were fox-hunting and assembly balls, her girlhood had been surrounded by an atmosphere of polite literature and public affairs. What is left of her father's library bespeaks an intelligence as high as it was inclusive. At Belvoir she took part in private theatricals no less portentous than that high tragedy of republican virtue, Addison's "Cato." Slender as is Washington's correspondence with her, it speaks eloquently of her lively social interests, her provocative feminine charm, her womanly circumspection and reserve. The social graces that had been strange to the young man found in her a model and no doubt an inspiration. Very largely he must have owed to Sally Cary Fairfax the delicacy and tact of his mature manner, his high reverence for cultivation of the mind. Thus far no influence could have been better for this unlicked cub of glorious possibilities.

That George and Sally Fairfax lived happily together according to the standards of the time we have every reason to believe. It has been asserted that theirs was a marriage of convenience, and that may be granted. In eighteenth-century Virginia as in Europe, such marriages were the rule. Romantic love arrived much later—with the novels of Scott. Sally was of the most distinguished family and fortune, and George was heir presumptive to the title and the huge estate of the only English nobleman resident in America. That was more than enough. A letter to an English relative in which the bridegroom announces his marriage has been denounced as coldly formal. That may be an error of the romantic point of view. But what shall we say to the following passage, the only personal note in a letter from England during a long and trying absence? "Permit me, Sally, to advise a steady and constant application to those things directed for your welfare, which may afford me the greatest satisfaction upon my arrival."

If the allusion is to Washington, as is not unlikely, it must be said that, so far as the records show, Sally's conduct shines as a model of wifely devotion. Yet there was cause for circumspection. Eloquent testimony as to her feeling for her adorer resides in the fact that she treasured his two passionate letters through fifteen years of intimacy with the couple at Mount Vernon and thirty-eight years of her subsequent life in England. Young George was six feet three, "the finest figure on horseback in America"; he was immersed in great affairs of war and state, and of that dignity and command peculiarly dangerous to fine gentlewomen.

By what degrees he fell in love with her we can only conjecture. We shall find reason to believe that before many years his feeling was suspected by a gossiping countryside, even that he himself made allusion to it. Two cryptic jottings in his boyish diary of 1748—the year Sally came to Belvoir as bride—deserve scrutiny. (See page 405).

Disregarding the flourish of the final *e* in *before,* the first character beyond the bracket is, if anything, an *S.* Whoever "young M: A:" may have been, he was in possession of an adorable something denoted by *w.* And schoolboys have often been known to exercise new Latin and new friendship by calling each other Meus Amicus. *Sally, young Meus*

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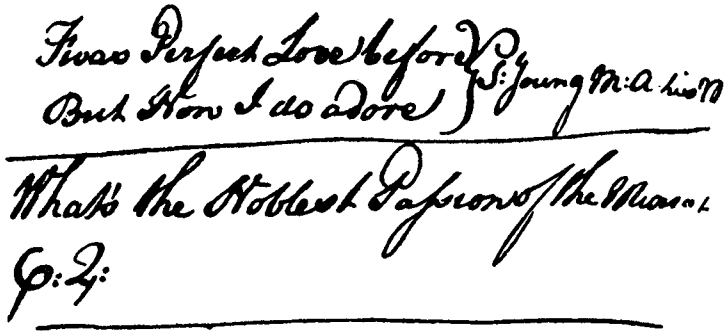
Amicus his wife is at best a conjecture. But there can be no question that something has happened to such love as he had felt for the Lowland Beauty. It has changed to adoration. And the subjoined query shows that he knew clearly the difference, voicing an idealism in love which, as his own letters show, persisted throughout his life.



After four years of propinquity with Sally Fairfax, we find Washington, aged twenty, writing to William Fauntleroy that he purposes "to wait on Miss Betsy in hopes of a revocation of her former cruel sentence." He enclosed a letter to the young lady of which he kept no copy. Much has been said of the versatility of Washington's passions and of the frequency with which the objects of them rebuffed him. It is true that, when very young, he scribbled prose and verse of calf love to several; and he had an eye and a heart for youthful beauty that never grew dim and cold. But this Fauntleroy affair is the only one in which we have evidence of his rejection as a suitor. In the light of his subsequent courting of Martha Custis it cannot even be taken as proof that he was in love. In one situation the familiar adage is disregarded: When an old love can only lead to dishonor, the way of escape lies in a new one. Miss Fauntleroy was of excellent family and a great belle—and the romantic ban upon marriages of convenience was as yet undreamed of. It is possible that she had heard whisperings as to Sally Fairfax, and it is certain that she found another suitor more attractive. In the Washington of twenty, fine ladies were more likely to see huge hands and feet, a recently pock-marked visage and a rustic diffidence, rather than the mingling of self-effacement and the power of command, of heroic patience and constructive intelligence, that later astounded two hemispheres.

Meantime the cub was being licked, and licking himself, into something like maturity. The year after his rejection by Miss Fauntleroy he went on his perilous, epoch-making diplomatic mission into the wilderness, and the diary report of his reception by the French commandant was the sensation of the day in England as in America. At the end of the pamphlet we find: "On the 11th [January, 1754] I got to Belvoir: where I stopped one Day to take necessary Rest." The physical man, surely, could have rested quite as well five miles short of Belvoir, at Mount Vernon. In the following summer, when neighboring colonies failed to send promised reinforcements and he returned from Fort Necessity under a cloud of defeat and misrepresentation, he may well have put up at Belvoir and received the sympathy that

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is said to be kindred to what he felt, though a rather poor relation. A year later, 1755, when the army of his Britannic Majesty, coated in scarlet and glittering, was ambushed and cut to pieces in the far wilderness, the young soldier in colonial blue performed prodigies of valor and command—and this time, as we shall see, he received especial attention from Sally. On such occasions the sternest moralist could scarcely object to a tender passage or two.

There was room for much more than that in the winter of 1757–58, the details of which have not been sufficiently studied. Though he had vast muscular strength and endurance, his constitution was very far from robust. His brother Lawrence had died of consumption; and as early as 1752, in his letter to William Fauntleroy, George excused a tardiness in his attendance upon Miss Betsy on the score of "a violent pleurisie, which has reduced me very low." In the summer of 1757 he contracted a camp dysentery which sorely enfeebled him, yet could not be persuaded to abate his zeal in the service and so brought on "Stitches and violent Pleuritic Pains." By November he was "hardly able to walk" and was prevailed upon, though very reluctantly, to quit his post. His good comrade Captain Stewart foreboded that his illness would "too probably . . . terminate in" what he discreetly called "bad consequences." The word consumption was avoided as we avoid *cancer*. During the winter at Mount Vernon the invalid was sometimes, as his letters show, able to take short journeys; but in March he wrote his commanding officer, Colonel Stanwix, that he had "now too much reason to apprehend an approaching decay, being visited with several symptoms of such a disease."

Throughout this winter Sally Fairfax was in a situation peculiarly conducive to the receiving and expressing of sympathy. In the previous September (1757) old William Fairfax, widowed father of Sally's husband, had died suddenly. In his letters to Washington he appears always as a gentleman of that fine school which is perennially old—a sympathetic observer of the mundane tragicomedy and a warmly human friend. Time and again he sends the young soldier messages from Sally, adequately formal in manner yet suffused with the personal touch, once calling her George Fairfax's beloved dame— "G Fx his beloved Dame." On his death, Sally wrote in the Belvoir album that sorrow never comes single, and that we never rightly value a thing till it is lost—"Un malheur ne vient jamais seul. On n'estime jamais une chose assez avant que nous l'avons perdu." The editor of her little biography says of this: "The curiosity of subsequent generations has always been piqued as to what was the other 'malheur.' " Let us consider a few dates.

Old William Fairfax died on the 3d of September. In letters to Washington, his son, George William, states that he arrived in New York on October 12, 1757, and in London on November 25. When Sally recorded the death of William Fairfax in the Belvoir album, her husband was soon to go on a rough winter voyage, then distinctly perilous—perhaps had already departed—leaving her doubly forlorn.

There was, indeed, a third *malheur*—though not of a kind to record in the Book of Belvoir. Young Washington, racked with pleuritic pains, arrived at Mount Vernon toward the middle of November. Among the collections of the late Wilson Miles Cary is a transcript of a letter to Sally of November 15 which has escaped Washington's biographers

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and editors. He writes that his physicians had forbidden meats and prescribed "jellies and such kinds of foods for a constancy." But he is unable to purchase the materials, hartshorn shavings and such; and, as his "sister is from home"—his brother John's wife—he would not know how to prepare them. So he begs the needful food and the loan of Sally's "Rec't Book." "Please also lend me a bottle or two of Mountain or Canary wine"—which his physician prescribes "mixt with water of Gum Arabic." This pitifully matter-of-fact letter closes thus: "Please make my Compliments acceptable to the young Ladies of your family, and believe me to be, dear Madam—your most Obed't Serv't."

How all this fell in with the absent George's directions as to Sally's welfare we can only guess, but that she held aloof from her friend of ten years during all this dark disconsolate winter is not to be conceived. A life so full of strength and achievement seemed to be ebbing, and a courage not accustomed to flinch was giving way to despair. If there were passages of which the memory was tender, can any one wonder? Somewhere and somehow, as we know, there were, more or less, a thousand of them. Two dates more have biographic implications. By the first week of April the young man had struggled forth to duty at his frontier post, and before summer he was engaged to the amiable young widow whom he married.

If the mind is disposed to linger among the possibilities of that old, unhappy, far-off winter, it may find a hint or two in the glimpses we catch of Sally Fairfax in Washington's letters to her, both before and after it. They are rare and fleeting glimpses, but always she seems equally bent upon hedging about her conduct with strict propriety and interested keenly in the young soldier, now steadily rising to fame. Her evasions seem to have touched him in both his pride and his humility. Shortly after he left Mount Vernon to join Braddock (1755) he wrote in a very formal vein, his purpose being "to engage your corrispondance"—but the letter is marked "never sent." A fortnight later he attempted a different vein, gaily bantering her on the superior social address of a lady in Alexandria who had sent the gourmand Braddock "delicious cake and potted woodcock." This, together with a letter intended to engage the correspondence of Sally's sister-in-law, Sarah Fairfax Carlyle, was to be enclosed in a letter to his brother John, but this "was not sent." Obviously his courage in the matter was intermittent. Three weeks later we come to this revealing document, written at Fort Cumberland, June 7, 1755, on the eve of Braddock's departure for the wilderness.

"Dear Madam:

"When I had the happiness to see you last you expressed an inclination to be informed of my safe arrival in camp with the Charge that was intrusted to my care [a chest of money for the army], but at the same time desired it might be communicated in a letter to somebody of your acquaintance. This I took as a gentle rebuke and a polite manner of forbidding my corrisponding with you; and conceive this opinion is not illy founded when I reflect that I have hitherto found it impracticable to engage one moment of your attention. If I am right in this, I hope you will excuse the present presumption and lay the imputation to elateness at my successful arrival. If, on the contrary, these are fearful apprehensions only, how easy is it to remove my suspicions, enliven my spirits, and

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make me happier than the day is long by honoring me with a corrispondence, which you did once partly promise to do. Please make my compliments to Miss Hannah and to Mr. Bryan [Fairfax], to whom I shall do myself the pleasure of writing so soon as I hear he is returned from Westmoreland."

This was humble enough, but he got no answer. After three weeks, writing from the depths of the wilderness (June 28), he sent a message through his brother at Mount Vernon, in a vein of sardonic pride and resentment, obviously aimed at the forbidding Sally: "You may thank my friends for the letters I have received from them, which, tell them, has not been *one* from *any mortal* since I left Fairfax. . . . It is a specimen of their regard and kindness which I should endeavor to acknowledge and thank them for, was I able and *suffered to write.*" The italics are his own. He would scarcely have written thus if John had not been in his secret. Eleven days later he courted death at Braddock's defeat—with about the same success as he courted Sally's "corrispondance." On his return the young hero proudly refused an invitation to Belvoir and instead invited the Belvoir household to come to his bachelor home. This happened to be impossible for the lack of horses, and old William Fairfax wrote to say so. Sally jotted a postscript, in a hand primly rectangular and otherwise quite individual yet almost as neatly spaced as a copy-book. It is the only note to him that remains.

"Dear Sir After thanking Heaven for your safe return I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night I do assure you nothing but our being satisfied that our company would be dissagreable should prevent us from trying if our legs would not carry us to Mount Virnon this Night, but if you will not come to us to morrow Morning very early we shall be at Mount Virnon"

Lively interest could not blend with an amused sense of the situation more subtly—or be more discreetly expressed. Yet even so she made the note a sort of round robin: subjoined are the signatures of two ladies of her house-party.

When Washington went again into active service Sally still withheld her correspondence and would doubtless have continued to do so except for his engagement to Martha Custis—and for a highly characteristic explosion on his part—the antecedents of which we must trace.

In 1754, a year before Braddock's defeat, Washington had asked for letters from Sally's sister-in-law, Mrs. Carlyle, in the hope of receiving news from Sally. Mrs. Carlyle, conscious of epistolary defects, warned him that she might not be able to "continers" the correspondence with sufficient "Spirret" and let drop a hint, hitherto unnoted, which indicates that his feeling for Sally was as well known to the Fairfax kindred as to John Washington—one of the reasons, no doubt, why Sally was reluctant to write. Mrs. Carlyle points out that "preserving your Country from the Insults of an Enimy" is "A Noblier prospect" than (my italics) *"those pleasing reflections on the hours past,"* which *"ought to be banished out of your thoughts."* Then she hints broadly that he had best marry: "On your return, Who knows but fortune may have, reserved you for Sum unknown She, that may recompense you for all the Tryals past." (June 17, 1754.)

It must have been a thought long familiar to the lonely tortured bachelor of Mount Vernon. A year after Braddock's defeat, when he met the lovely heiress of Philipse Manor on his colorful mission

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to his Commander-in-Chief in Boston, that thought could scarcely have failed to take a form agreeably concrete. He lingered ten days in New York. After his return his New York friend, Joseph Chew, endeavored for over a year to make a match of it. But, though Washington presently went north again, to Philadelphia, he did not make the suggested "flying March" upon New York. Irving, who was nearest of all biographers to this affair, in time and in place, says: "That he was an open admirer of Miss Phillipse is an historical fact; that he sought her hand, but was refused, is traditional, and not very probable."

Not until after the winter of 1757–58 did the idea voiced by Mrs. Carlyle come to fruition. Martha Custis was pretty and amiable and sensible, but uncultivated and eight months his senior. Her first husband had died the previous summer, leaving her with two children and a very large fortune. The romantic story of their courtship, recorded by the magniloquent Custis well on in the nineteenth century from the "tradition" of negro servants, takes on a very different color when two letters which Washington wrote to Sally during his engagement are set beside the following brief note of the same period to Martha.

"July 20, 1758. We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going out to you as another self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend."

That is all. In those stately and reticent days devoted husbands and wives called each other "friend," notably John and Abigail Adams. But the letters of those rock-bound Puritans breathe to the last more of intimacy and of love than this brief farewell of an idealistic and passionate Virginian riding to battle and a possible death. Nor does Martha appear more ardent. She had been advised by her lawyer to "employ a trusty steward"; and, when rallied on her engagement, is said to have explained with a laugh: "I had to have a manager for my estate." There is many a true word spoken in jest. If gossip as to Sally had been at all as busy as it appears to have been, one point of this jest had a feminine barb. On his part Washington is reported to have written in "a letter still extant" but not printed: "You need not tease me about the beautiful widow. *You* know very well whom I love." Every record of his married life bespeaks domestic tenderness and happiness, a loyal and unflagging co-operation in the high art of living—but also bespeaks, though in the highest sense of the word, a marriage of convenience. Knowing what we do of his instinctive wisdom and integrity, we may well believe that, so far as he was in honor bound, he did not conceal or embellish the state of his heart. It was literal truth that their lives were "inseparable"; nor can we doubt that he cherished her always as "another self."

In a very different vein are his two letters of the following September to Sally, the letters which she treasured to her death. By this time George Fairfax had returned from England; but the correspondence was not, as has been said, clandestine. Both letters were carried by common friends and contained messages to others.

The knowledge of his engagement to Mrs. Custis having become public, Sally had written at last—probably to congrat-

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ulate him and certainly to rally him and cast a barb of her own. Some of her allusions require explanation. He was in angry disagreement with his superior officers on the question of which road to take in the new push against Fort Duquesne, and he had made charges against them little short of scandalous. Sally appears to have suggested that, prompted only by a desire to be back with Martha, he was once more to resign. She seems even to have hinted that a heart so versatile might be turned toward one Mrs. Spottswood, the "reigning toast" of his camp. He answers these gibes briefly and dispassionately; but the thought that, in spite of his marrying, she does not "disrelish" correspondence, brings an uprush of joy and happiness—an explosion muffled but of terrific force. His confession of enduring love for her is so carefully veiled from any intrusive eye, so skilfully hedged in by "eloquent silence," that half a century of biographers felt able to ignore it; but once the negro tradition of a romance with Mrs. Custis is laid, it stands forth in titanic vigor. As to the state of Sally's feeling for him —the "one thing above all things"—he seems as much in the dark as we are.

Camp at Fort Cumberland,
12th Sept. 1758.

"Dear Madam,

"Yesterday I was honored with your short but very agreeable favor of the first inst. How joyfully I catch at the happy occasion of renewing a correspondence which I feared was disrelished on your part, I leave to time, that never failing expositor of all things, and to a monitor equally faithful in my own breast, to testify. In silence I now express my joy; silence, which in some cases, I wish the present, speaks more intelligently than the sweetest eloquence.

"If you allow that any honor can be derived from my opposition to our present system of management, you destroy the merit of it entirely in me by attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when—I need not tell you; guess yourself. Should not my own Honor and the country's welfare be the excitement [incitement]? 'Tis true I profess myself a votary of love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case, and further I confess that this lady is known to you. Yes, Madame, as well as she is to one who is too sensible of her charms to deny the Power whose influence he feels and must ever submit to. I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate, till I am bid to revive them. But experience, alas! sadly reminds me how impossible this is, and evinces an opinion which I have long entertained, that there is a Destiny which has control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

"You have drawn me, dear Madame, or rather I have drawn myself, into an honest confession of a simple fact. Misconstrue not my meaning; doubt it not, nor expose it. The world has no business to know the object of my love, declared in this manner to you, when I want to conceal it. One thing above all things in this world I wish to know, and only one person of your acquaintance can solve me that, or guess my meaning. But adieu to this till happier times, if I ever shall see them. . . . I dare believe you are as happy as you say. I wish I was happy also. Mirth, good humor, ease of mind, and—what else?—cannot fail to render you so and consummate your wishes.

"If one agreeable lady could almost wish herself a fine gentleman for the sake of another, I apprehend that many

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fine gentlemen will wish themselves finer e'er Mrs. Spottswood is possesst. She has already become a reigning toast in this camp, and many there are in it who intend (fortune favoring) to make honorable scars speak the fulness of their merit, and be a messenger of their Love to Her. . . . I should be glad to hear of your speedy departure [from the home of her girlhood, Hampton, for Belvoir] as I shall thereby hope for your return before I get down. . . . Be assured that I am, dear Madame, with the most unfeigned regard, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant."

Could any evidence be stronger that, for all the "tender passages," this is his first declaration of love? However closely two desolate hearts had been drawn together in the past winter, honor and loyalty had held sway with both—aided, no doubt, by Sally's audacious fencing. Then Mrs. Custis appeared, widow of less than a year, with a need like his own.

This letter Sally answered at once. Anticipating Victorian biographers, she was obtuse to its veiled implications—or wisely pretended to be so. She seems, however, to have ceased her teasing badinage. His response, dated September 25, is mainly made up of news of the second expedition against Fort Duquesne, yet contains these passages:

"Dear Madam:

"Do we still misunderstand the true meaning of each other's letters? I think it must appear so, though I would feign hope the contrary as I cannot speak plainer without—but I'll say no more and leave you to guess the rest. . . .

"I am extremely glad to find that Mr. Fairfax [Colonel George Fairfax's brother, William Henry] has escap'd the dangers of the siege of Louisburg. . . .

"I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part in Cato, with the company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia, as you must make. . . .

"You ask if I am not tired at the length of your letter. No, Madam, I am not, nor never can be while the lines are an Inch asunder to bring you in haste to the end of the paper. You may be tired of mine by this. Adieu dear Madam, you will possibly hear something of me, or from me, before we shall meet . . ."

Wilson Miles Cary, in his privately printed biography of Sally, admits a question as to the good taste of such highly personal bantering on the part of his kinswoman of long ago, even as to the propriety of Washington's declaration. To a detached outsider it appears that, without full and exact knowledge of her letter, we must give all benefit of the doubt to a woman whose known conduct was so discreet. At the worst, both scruples seem irrelevant—out of scale with an occasion of some magnitude. It was Sally's first duty to take the situation lightly, trusting him to do the same. She could scarcely have foreseen the result—an eruption of forces which, however self-controlled and veiled in the expression, was of the same order as that caused later by St. Clair's defeat. In her second letter she wisely ignored this, treating his declaration as if it had not occurred. The only real question would seem to be whether she was able to keep up the gay pretense and whether he eventually succeeded, as in the few similar crises of which we have record, in suppressing the volcano within.

For the four and a half years preceding Washington's marriage, and for the first year after it, we have no diaries. Yet

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we know that by the summer of the fateful year, George Fairfax, returned from England, had renewed his friendship for Washington. On July 25 he was in Winchester, working for Washington's election as Washington had worked for his in Fairfax County. He writes: "May ... [you] sit down quiet and easy for the future on the banks of the Potomack." Already he has thoughts of moving to England; but Washington's presence at Mount Vernon "will be the greatest inducement to keep me on this side the water." After the election he busied himself superintending renovations which the absent soldier was making on his house, doubtless with a view to his marriage. In his reports of progress he delivers messages from Sally and even delegates to her the answering of one of Washington's letters. That he was altogether in the dark as to Washington's feeling for his wife is scarcely to be believed. That he remained constant in friendly service is a fact equally honorable to all three.

When Washington resumed his diaries in 1760 we find that the two households are in constant intimacy—singly and by couples, calling, dining, spending the night. If further excuse is needed for the explosion to Sally it lies in the fact that the effect of it was to place this intimacy, which he must have foreseen or at least hoped for, on a basis of truth. Doubtless "time, that never failing expositor of all things," was scarcely needed to convince Sally of his love; but to all outward appearances the "Destiny" which honor dictates, and also the needs of daily life and of familiar affection, has overcome rebellious "Human Nature." Frequently the two Georges hunt together. When Washington, returning from a journey, found Martha "broke out with the Meazles," Sally called so soon as she began to mend.

In 1773, after a full dozen years of such living, "poor Patcy Custie Died Suddenly." "Colo. Fairfax and Lady" came for the burial service and "dined here." For three days Washington "continued at home all day" except that on June 22, with other members of his family but not the bereaved Martha, he "Dined at Belvoir." On June 29 Martha dined there with him, but there was no other company. Ten days later the Fairfaxes went to England, never to return. The diary for July 8 says: "At home all day. Colo. Fairfax and Mrs. Fairfax came in the aftern. to take leave of us and returned again." On July 9 we have: "Mrs. Washington and self went to Belvoir to see them take Shipping." After the Revolution he wrote suggesting—in vain—that the Fairfaxes return. From then until after the long, hard years of his presidency, Sally is enveloped in his silence.

Silence was not forgetfulness. In 1798, nineteen months before he died, he wrote her two letters. One of these he signed; the other Martha copied and signed. Her letter expresses "my affectionate regard for you" and says that "not having you as neighbor and companion" is "among my greatest regrets." He was sixty-six, Martha sixty-seven, and Sally sixty-eight. Here is the personal part of the letter he signed:

"My dear Madam—Five and twenty years have nearly passed away, since I have considered myself the permanent resident of this place, or have been in a situation to indulge myself in a familiar intercourse with my friends by letter or otherwise . . . None of [these] events, however, nor all of them together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments,

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the happiest in my life, which I have enjoyed in your company.

"Worn out in a manner by the toils of my past labor, I am again seated under my vine and fig tree. . . . It is a matter of some regret, when I cast my eyes toward Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect, the former inhabitants of it, with whom we lived in such harmony and friendship, no longer reside there, and that the ruins can only be viewed as the memento of former pleasures. Permit me to add, that I have wondered often, your nearest relations being in this country, that you should not prefer spending the evening of your life among them, rather than close the sublunary scene in a foreign country, numerous as your acquaintances may be and sincere as the friendships you may have formed. . . .

"Knowing that Mrs. Washington is about to give an account of the changes, which have happened in the neighborhood and in your own family, I shall not trouble you with a repetition of them."

This collaboration, I think, removes all doubt that Martha knew, had always known, the sad truth in her husband's heart; and it raises her well-nigh to the heroic plane upon which he and Sally Fairfax lived—far above the pink-and-blue "tradition" handed down by servants and welcomed by the Victorians.

Sally did not return. During the years in which Washington had become hero of all the world, she had been a lonely, childless widow and now was tortured by illness. Her husband had died in 1787, too soon to inherit the Fairfax title. His estate was painfully reduced; Belvoir was in ashes. Better remain to Washington as he had known her, as we see her to-day in her crudely quaint portrait, quizzically young and fair, holding aloft in her left hand a white rose—which surely some day will be recognized as what her kinsman calls it, "the white flower of a blameless life."

Eugene Prussing has enthusiastically called this "the finest love-story in the world." His phrase requires definition. The incidents are scarcely of the caliber of tragedy and grand opera as we know them—to the furnishing forth of which such trifling ingredients seem needful as treason, adultery, incest, murder. The pathos and poetic appeal of the story consist precisely in the fact that, instinct with human passion, it runs true and clear, shunning every excess. If we are to understand the soldier Washington, and especially the constitutionalist and President, we must keep it always and firmly in mind. Nowhere else can we see at once and so clearly the depth of his passions and the heights of his self-control, the singleness of his thought and its purity. "Human Nature" is strong but "Destiny" is stronger. And, to the noble heart, time is "the never failing expositor of all things." It is not an elaborate philosophy; yet it is comprehensive, and in all the varied crises of his life it served him well—served us well, his children. In one sense he was, as the Victorians would have it, a man of marble. His soul was a Grecian urn, foster-child of silence and slow time. This much at least can be said of his love-story, that in all biography it is the most humanly warm and decent and wise—the most civilized.

[In the November number will appear "Washington and American Union" by Mr. Corbin.]

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The Professor Looks at Barbara

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE historic meeting between Barbara, infant daughter of Nancy and Nicholas Folger, and Bruce Fishback, professor of psychology at Rutherford College, took place in the Fishback library in Jerico. Only the immediate families of the contracting parties were present.

"And this," announced Nicholas, who presented his offspring as if she were an armful of roses, "is your niece. Say how-do to Uncle Bruce, sweetheart."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, sweetheart," said Professor Fishback, formally and seriously extending his hand. Barbara did not put her hand into his but into her own mouth, so Uncle Bruce solemnly shook hands with her foot. There was something about his high, arched eyebrows which gave him a look of permanent amazement. He was only thirty-five, but his hair-line was beating a hasty retreat, leaving behind it a long and narrow face. He stared at Barbara through his spectacles as if she were the most striking phenomenon yet observed by this trained observer. Likewise Barbara gazed gravely at her uncle with her big, inquiring blue eyes. It was clear that these two creatures whom fate had thrown together were greatly surprised at each other.

As Professor Fishback studied the young visitor he made mental notes aloud.

"Nothing much in the way of a face. I dare say it is comely enough in its immature way, but it has no rugged lines of character. The hair might be ornamental if there were more of it, but the eyes are quite overdone. Garish and sensational and not at all convincing. How old is your descendant, Nancy?"

"Nearly two. I hope she won't be a nuisance to you, Bruce. Maybe we shouldn't have brought her East with us, but we thought Nick's relations ought to see her. My brother's fiancée, Dolly Lamport, was crazy to have us leave the baby with her."

The professor now looked at his own hand and seemed surprised to find that it was full of foot. He dropped this appendage and said: "She must have been" —a highly ambiguous remark.

"The very idea!" Thus Nicholas's sister, Judith, round, smiling, and hearty, rescued the situation from its peril. "If you'd left her at home, we'd never have forgiven you." She snatched Barbara to her ample bosom and poured words of endearment into the nearest pink little ear. It developed that the baby was a precious and a sweetums, an adorable golden-head, a blue-eyed angel, and the only thing wrong with her was that she had a naughty uncle.

Warmed by this tribute, Nicholas spoke of his daughter's social triumphs on the long trip East. Barbara had broken a number of hearts, a couple of Mr. Pullman's company dishes, and many of the rules and regulations of the railroad. Total strangers on station platforms had made entertaining faces beneath her window; conductors, porters, cooks, and passengers had been her abject slaves.

"Though she paid no fare, presumably." The naughty uncle shook his head

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over the low intelligence of the travelling public.

Up to the time the meeting adjourned, Barbara and Professor Fishback had never ceased staring at each other. Obviously there was something between them, though of what nature only time could tell. Certainly no look of pleasure had lighted either the fat round face or the long narrow one.

"Doesn't Bruce ever laugh, Nick?" Thus Nancy in the privacy of the guest quarters where they were removing the stains of travel from themselves and descendant. Although they had been married five years, she had never before met Nick's Eastern relatives and was appropriately nervous. A thousand miles of assorted scenery lay between Evergreen and Jerico, and neither the struggling young lawyer nor the professor in a small college had riches to lavish upon railroad companies. Now the fortunate troubles of a client had given Nicholas business in Boston and made this trip self-supporting.

"Aw, nix, sweetheart!" He here addressed not his wife but his daughter, who was trying to get at the objects of art on the dressing-table. "Well, it's a question for the jury. There is one theory that he is laughing all the time inside but never lets his face know about it. Sis had never even seen him smile the last time I asked her."

"Judith is lovely, of course, but Bruce doesn't make me feel entirely welcome. He didn't even kiss me, though I'm practically his sister."

"Just shyness, I guess."

"And he studies Babsy as if she were some queer kind of bug. Do you suppose Bruce doesn't like our baby?"

"He must," replied Nicholas, an ardent if prejudiced witness. "All the world loves Barbara— No, no, don't be like that!" The world's little sweetheart had upset a sewing-basket. When the pestered parents had picked up all the contents, the pleasure-loving young thing wanted to repeat the operation and cried when restrained. To sedate old Jerico dozing in the mellow light of the afternoon sun of a day in early September, Barbara's howl—so it seemed to Nancy—was as if somebody had exploded a bomb in church.

"Judith must lock up everything loose," said Nicholas.

Nancy looked out upon the lovely elm-shaded streets, the charming old colonial houses, and the campus of Rutherford College, where Bruce taught the young idea to shoot psychology during the open season.

"It's the loveliest town I ever saw," she said. "Dear, I want you to promise me something. Don't go to Boston until I feel a little bit at home. I'm kind of scared."

"I'll stick around a few days," said her comforting big husband, "and protect you from wild professors of psychology."

"And Aunt Abigail Folger."

"Oh, she's not so terrible." Nancy detected a false note here.

At dinner she told her brother-in-law that she was sorry she had brought such a loud baby into this quiet town. Professor Fishback resumed his study of his niece, who was making delightful noises with her spoon and saying: "Galoo, galoo."

"It will be interesting and instructive," he said, "to see how this conservative New England community reacts to that rough Western type of baby. I hope you will let her take a walk with me now and again."

"Certainly, if you like. I'm sure she'll be safe in this town, even with a professor."

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"Oh, *she'll* be safe," Bruce solemnly replied. "And as for the town, it is old enough to look after itself. I will not protect it from her. It's not my town anyway; it's Aunt Abigail's."

"Bruce," Nancy confessed, "I'm afraid of Aunt Abigail."

He looked at his sister-in-law with interest. It was almost as if he had really observed her for the first time. To Nancy's surprise he arose from his chair and ceremonially kissed her.

"Welcome to our family. This makes you truly one of us. We are all afraid of Aunt Abigail."

"Bruce is scared to set foot in her house," laughed Judith.

"We don't hit it off at all. I invariably put my worst foot foremost in her presence. She never really forgave Judith for marrying into a family she did not know."

"How helpful you are!" Nancy exclaimed.

Bruce took this under advisement.

"I see your point, of course. I dare say you will get on capitally with her, unless—" Here his eyes again rested upon Barbarous Barbara, who was working on an idea of putting her elbow into her milk-mug. "I suggest a strong bodyguard to protect Aunt Abigail's antiques from your offspring. There is scarcely anything in her house that doesn't belong in a museum."

He now spoke strongly on the subject of Aunt Abigail Folger. She was a sort of dictatress of this helpless community. She dominated little Jerico as if she were a cathedral. When she went out in her carriage to take the air, the populace looked upon her with awe. Aunt Abigail lived in a house marked "1746," and ignorant freshmen were told that this was the year of the ancient maiden's birth.

"No, my relations with Aunt Abigail are not ardent. There is no public scandal, but she never comes into our humble home and I seldom go there. It is a charming old house full of lovely things, but one has one's pride. After all, I *am* a full professor. I gravely suspect that the name of Bruce Fishback does not occur in the old lady's will."

"How you talk!" exclaimed Judith.

"The human young," observed Bruce in the same lugubrious tone, "spreads liquid food over its countenance. Perhaps it absorbs nourishment like the amœba."

"Let mother wipe your mouth, precious," said Nancy.

"Blah, blah," Barbara replied.

"What is a full professor, exactly?" Nancy asked her husband that night in their room.

"The head of a department. Bruce seems to be pretty high-hat about being one at his age, but, of course, it's a small college. Maybe he's just kidding. I don't know."

"He's perfectly killing about Babsy. You'd think it was the first baby he ever laid eyes on."

"The poor fish never had a child of his own."

The proud parents now visited the alcove, where the world's leading baby slept with her doll, her golden hair, and her priceless collection of dimples. She was a beautiful sight for all the full professors in Jerico.

"Aunt Abigail will love her, won't she, old Nick?"

"Absolutely. And maybe——"

"Sh—. Don't be mercenary, dear."

At breakfast the scientist announced another discovery.

"Precious and I took a walk in the back yard this morning. I was impressed by her attitude toward Nature."

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"Is that so?" asked the fatuous father.

"She regards Nature," said the earnest truth-seeker, "as something to insert into the mouth. She wished to taste the three great kingdoms—vegetable, animal, and mineral—but I would not permit that."

"All babies are like that." Nancy wanted it understood that she was not the ancestor of a defective. "Especially while they are getting their teeth."

"If she is a typical specimen, she can help me in my study of behaviorism."

"I'm afraid," said Nancy, "I don't know what that is."

Bruce delivered a free lecture on the new theory of psychology which was based upon the observation of other people's conduct instead of introspection. The behaviorists had made exhaustive research into the responses of infants, because babies begin as pure animal and gradually acquire habits, emotions, and faint intelligence. Professor Fishback's observation of the student body of Rutherford had led him to doubt that the human young ever acquired much intelligence.

"The study of infantile reactions has been carried on in hospitals and laboratories. What I want to do while you are here is to observe the effect of this—embryonic woman—upon human beings. That is a neglected field. I might work up a provocative monograph during the remainder of the vacation. I want to use Barbara as a psychological reagent."

"Well"—Nancy was playing for time—"that's a pretty long name for such a short baby."

"It's all right, dear," said unscientific Judith. "Bruce means he wants to run around town in the flivver and show off his beautiful niece."

"I'm afraid she'll be a worry to you."

"I'm losing my hair, anyhow," replied the painful pedagogue. "A little sooner or later—what does it matter?"

Presently he announced that he had to go down-town on some errands and was prepared to take the exhibit along. He declined Nicholas's offer to go with them.

"The presence of a father would vitiate the experiment. People never speak frankly to a parent."

"Besides," laughed Judith, "Nick would get all the glory."

At noontime the professor freely shared his observations with his household. His first discovery was somewhat less than cosmic.

"An infant," he declared, "has an irresistible attraction for young females."

"I should need a professor to tell me the girls are dippy about Barbara!" exclaimed Nancy.

Undaunted, the researcher proceeded.

"They quite swarmed about us and desired to hold the child. I could easily have rented her out to holders for five cents each—a temptation, when one considers the niggardly pay society gives educators. Instead, I weakly allowed these chits to clamber into the car. I believe there were seven of us all told when we ran afoul of the law."

"Bruce, don't tell me you were arrested again!" cried Judith.

"In the confusion I ran past a red light and was apprehended by Officer Callihan. But the baby smiled at him, so he relented and let me off with a warning. Those violent blue eyes seemed to appeal to his crude tastes."

"So you got your poor old uncle out of trouble, sweetheart," exclaimed Nick.

"Both in and out, to be accurate. She caused me to break the law and then corrupted the constabulary. Dunbar of History was low-spirited about that when told. He says this baby sows seeds

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of anarchy and saps at the foundations of society."

"Where did you see Professor Dunbar?"

"Your daughter is putting apple sauce on you, Nicholas," said the able observer. "What is the significance of that?"

But Judith returned to the attack.

"I'll bet you took that baby to the Faculty Club."

"My dear, there is nothing in the rules about babies, pro or con. To be sure, no ladies are allowed, so I introduced Barbara as my nephew. That was a needless precaution, for her conduct was far from ladylike."

The deep student now revealed another great truth.

"Men turn comedian when they meet a baby. Ham Jackman, the doorman, quite won her with his black-face act. Professor Dunbar at once made a funny face—unnecessarily, I felt, for Nature had already done that for him. But the poorest comedy work of all was done by President Harlow. Rutherford's president is a gifted and scholarly man, but he was never intended for vaudeville work. He jounced her up and down and cried 'Whoops.' She held tight, I regret to report, to his venerable beard and shrieked with delight. In short, Barbara and President Harlow made what the undergraduates call 'whoopee.'"

"Whoopee, whoopee," echoed the infant, whose father regarded that as the world's wittiest remark.

It presently developed that the behaviorist had learned about women from Barbara.

"Ladies do not run to comics, but they lose all knowledge of grammar. They drop their 'g's' in a distressing way and turn adjectives into nouns. I spoke briefly to Mrs. Alton Wetherby on Elm Street. She is a cultivated woman and the wife of a full professor, yet she repeatedly referred to my companion as a cunnin', a precious, and an adorable. It was quite depressing."

"You can study ladies again this afternoon," said Judith. "We are all going in state to call upon Aunt Abigail."

"That ought to be rather amusing," said Bruce lugubriously.

But after all Bruce did not suffer the ordeal by Aunt Abigail. He avoided this by the academic device of going somewhere and forgetting to come back.

"Professors are not *really* absent-minded," he confided to his brother-in-law later. "They merely use this reputation to escape things they do not wish to do. Keep this secret locked in your breast, Nicholas."

Nervous Nancy found the operation even more painful than expected. She had counted heavily upon her irresistible infant to see her through, but Barbara proved a broken reed. The baby was washed and polished like a new motor-car and arrayed as one presented at court, but how she acted was simply terrible. Perhaps the flapperette found Aunt Abigail austere after her giddy morning among the face-making and whoopee-making professors. At any rate she turned her lovely face away from her great-aunt and wished to start at once upon her work of breaking the Folger heirlooms. When restrained, the mad maiden staged a violent scene, howling and squirming and kicking her adoring father. The empress in black and lace sat behind her exquisite tea-service and was cold to Barbara's performance; like Queen Victoria, she was "not amused."

"Nicholas was such a *good* baby," she declared.

By inference, it was the crude Western element in the child's composition which made her act that way.

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"You must call again while you are here," commanded the great lady as they arose to go. This was courtesy but not cordiality, and Nancy knew that she had failed to make good with the head of the house of Folger.

"Babsy did not sell herself to-day," Nicholas admitted at the evening meal.

"In fact," said Nancy ruefully, "she gave herself away."

"Barbara is the kind of person," announced the helpful character analyst, "who can go into any difficult situation and make it more so."

The baby looked at the source of these fascinating noises and said with surprising distinctness:

"Fishy."

The psychologist seemed wounded and Nicholas almost perished of the jest, but Judith spoiled the fun as follows:

"Oh, you taught her to say that! Aren't you ashamed? It's what the students call him behind his back."

At the end of another lovely September day Bruce made further charges against his niece on evidence collected in a second seeing-Jerico tour. "She brings out the lowest side of everybody's nature."

It developed that Barbara had bestowed her heart temporarily upon a youth named "Jiggers." This scandal was deplored by a lad called "Batty," and one word led to another. "Jiggers and Batty were soon holding fisticuffs on this subject, so I had to remove her from the painful scene. She was enjoying it far too heartily."

The editor of the Jerico *Bugle* made as if to put her into the press and print her, the barber affected to cut off her ears, and Pike of Physics wanted to take her to the laboratory for a simple experiment with galvanic batteries, to see whether a baby was a good conductor. Barbara uncovered the brute in mankind. An artist named Illington thought she ought to be painted, and the superintendent of the campus thought she ought to be spanked.

"What was the matter with Soupy?" asked Judith.

"I believe he caught her in the act of pulling up one of his precious old elm-trees."

Of these grave charges, only one impressed the defendant's poor old bobbed-haired mother.

"What," asked Nancy, "did that artist *say* about Babsy?"

On the following day Barbara fractured the New England Sabbath and practically ruined the infant class with her Bohemian ways. On Monday Nicholas deserted his little family and went off through a pouring rain to Boston. The entire household rode along to the station, and it took four able-bodied adults to prevent the terrible infant from tearing a poster from the wall.

"Come back as soon as possible," said the dismal psychologist. "There is no telling when we may need a lawyer."

The next day was fair and Barbara's lady friends decided upon a motor and shopping trip to the neighboring city of Chichester. It was assumed that the professor would not go along, as he was far less able than Judith in driving through traffic and he was a mournful figure in any store.

"You may leave the baby with me, Nancy, if you wish," he said innocently. "A trip like that is overstimulating to a youngster."

"She'd be a nuisance to you, Bruce, trying to eat Nature and everything."

"I know, but one needs discipline to harden one's character."

Nancy hesitated, but succumbed to this temptation. Barbara was a trial in

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the marts of trade, owing to a weakness for shop-lifting. So after an early lunch Uncle Bruce and niece were parked in the library that the ladies might escape without a painful scene. The professor had a book and Barbara a doll, and Nancy taking her farewell peek at this peaceful pair suspected that both characters were about to take a nap.

The professor had closed his eyes but not his ears, and when the chatter of the Fishback flivver faded away, a startling change came over him. Springing to his feet he cried:

"Come on, precious, this is no time for idleness. We have work to do. We have peaceful homes to wreck. We have seeds of anarchy to sow and foundations of society to sap."

"Galoo, galoo, galoo," said babbling Babsy.

"We'll leave the dolly here." Bruce gently detached it from the baby's hand, but Barbara made it clear that they would do nothing of the sort.

"I'll show you who's running this affair," said Bruce severely. "We'll take the doll along."

Bruce took his straw hat and his exhibit and they started slowly down the front walk. Barbara was simply but becomingly garbed in pink rompers no longer quite immaculate. Nancy might have said that those were the correct garments of a baby who was not going any place, but she looked all right to Bruce. He himself was in golf knickers, his usual vacation garb. Barbara held her doll in one hand and her funny uncle in the other and seemed happy.

"She is easily satisfied," said Bruce. "All she wants is her own way about everything."

He said this first to himself and then to Genewich, full professor of English, who was passing the front gate.

The English professor showed no talent as an entertainer and meant little in Barbara's life, so he told his friend an unpalatable truth.

"Fishback, people are gossiping about your infatuation for this infant. It is no sign of intelligence to regard a closely related baby as a remarkable character. Even a psychologist ought to *almost* know that."

"Come, Barbara," said Bruce coldly, "this is no place for us. Anybody who would split an infinitive in the presence of an innocent young girl cannot be tolerated by refined society. Even an English professor ought to *almost* know that."

The Busy B's soon found it necessary to put down another uprising. This was Auerbach, head of the Zoology Department, who may also have heard of Fishy's new weakness. This full professor squinted at Barbara through thick-lensed glasses.

"A baby iss nodding to make sooch a fuss aboud," he said. "A baby is chust a biochemical organism."

Bruce's face grew even longer than usual.

"Auerbach, you will answer for that to her father." Over his shoulder he added: "He is a lawyer."

Presently Barbara's short legs got tired and she demanded to be carried. When Bruce picked her up, it pleased her lively fancy to pull off his hat and throw it to the ground. She repeated this at intervals with shrieks of girlish glee, and Bruce wearied of the sport long before she did.

"Why on earth," he thought, "did I choose *this* baby to love, honor, and obey?"

"Galoo, galoo!" cried Barbara—but not to Fishy. Bruce gradually became aware that his girl friend was gurgling over his shoulder at something which

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made a rattling noise. He turned around, and thus Cotilla, the amateur wash-deliverer, came into his troubled life.

At first he did not know her name or occupation; the details came out after their acquaintance had ripened a little. She was a small colored girl notably unstylish in dress and not ornamental in any way. She had an express-wagon and an inferiority complex. Caught in the act of grimacing at Barbara, she sobered and looked scared, but the mischief had already been done. A spiritual affinity had sprung up between Babsy and the African maid. They could not keep their eyes off of each other.

Bruce now observed the conveyance. It was a four-wheeled pleasure-wagon such as children affect, but its body was a wooden box. No false pride had concealed the origin of this; it was plainly marked "Sunshine Sausage." The psychologist was intrigued by this vehicle as the small black person was intrigued by Barbara. He had a baby and she had a wagon. Why not effect a merger and combine the best features of both?

Inquiry showed that the child's remarkable name was Cotilla and that she was not in the sausage business, but delivered laundry for her mother in a non-professional way. Happily she had already done this good deed to-day and was homeward bound.

"Let's put the baby in your wagon," he suggested. When this was done, Barbara beamed and Cotilla was pleased from ear to ear.

The dark girl soon began to recover from her awe of the long-faced man and said conversationally:

"I usta have a goat."

"Your past, Cotilla, does not concern me. Shall I pamper your baser self with some candy?"

Bruce got his idea from the window of Mrs. Kreiger's little neighborhood store. Cotilla rubbed her left knee with her right foot in an embarrassed way but mentioned lollypops.

"You stay with Barbara and I'll see."

He went inside and asked Mrs. Kreiger whether she had any nice pure lollypops recently published. It seemed that she had them in all the primary colors and they were three for a nickel. Nancy had not said anything about lollypops, pro or con, and anyway she was in Chichester twenty miles away. So he bought three, one for Barbara, one for Cotilla, and one to carry as a spare.

Both blonde and brunette enjoyed these heartily and several innocent bypassers enjoyed the sight. Presently the big-hearted baby was giving free licks to a dog named Snip—at least he was so addressed by a boy named Binky. At least *he* was so addressed by Cotilla, who said in part:

"Binky, take that dirty dog away from that baby."

"Stop, Snip," said Binky. Snip miraculously stopped. The alleged Binky did not seem to be over eight years old, and Bruce marvelled that the boy's face could have got so soiled in that time.

"Is Snip voracious, Binky?"

"Nope; bloodhound."

Bruce examined the animal again. If he was not a bloodhound, at least he was nothing else one could put a name to.

"Does he bite?"

"He's the worst biter in town," boasted Binky.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish, for Barbara and Snip had already become infatuated with each other.

"He won't bite if I say 'Stop, Snip.'" Binky now changed the subject. "Wha's that stick astickin' outa your pocket, p'fess'r?"

Inevitably, Binky got the spare lolly-

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pop and was taken along to protect the baby from Jerico's worst biter. But as soon as he began to pamper his grosser self with a yellow lollypop the office-holder neglected his duties as a Snip-stopper and became a brass band. He marched at the head of the parade, beat the September air with his confectionery, and intoned: "Boom, boom, boom." Something of the carnival spirit likewise seized Cotilla, who shed another inhibition and said: "Whee!"

Snip danced attendance upon the blond vamp and barked with sheer joy. Barbara cried, "Galoo! galoo!" her bewitching rosebud mouth surrounded by dimples, liquid lollypop, and mud from Snip. Everybody seemed happy but Bruce. Witnesses to Professor Fishback's conduct all agreed that the loose psychologist went through the whole affair as one performing a painful duty to the cause of eternal truth.

The infinitive-splitter and the libellous zoologist testified to that fact. So also did the Reverend Keith Chatfield, who seemed shocked that a Folger should be going about in such low society and a sausage-box. So also did Officer Callihan, who was peevish at the way this parade snarled up traffic. He let it be known that Rutherford College caused him nothing but suffering. "If it ain't the students, it's the dippy profs," complained this captious cop. "You youngones git outa this!" Three hopeful lads who believed that Professor Fishback was going to be arrested faded from the picture.

Further evidence of Bruce's chronic solemnity came from all the ladies who washed Barbara that afternoon. The combination of lollypop, muddy streets, and loving dog were bad for her complexion. Cotilla did wipe the angelic countenance once or twice, but she was a fairly sticky child herself. It seemed to Bruce that all his retinue was rapidly returning to the good brown earth from which we all sprang. This was also noticed by Mrs. Assistant Chemistry Professor Hegglemeyer, better known to some as "that awful woman." It was commonly said that Hegglemeyer had married beneath him. Bruce had no sympathy with this snobbish view; it was not as if the man were a full professor.

"Well, Professor Fishback, if you ain't a sketch!" was how she greeted him at her own front gate. "Oo, the cunnin' itta t'ing!" She touched the cunnin' itta face, looked at her finger, and said: "Tch, tch, tch.

"I'd love to take the baby in and wash his face, professor."

"The name is Barbara Folger, Mrs. Hegglemeyer. I don't know whether she'll go."

But Barbara submitted peacefully. Bruce held her lollypop and waited with his varicolored retainers on the steps while the deed was performed. The woman had been misjudged, he decided. Evidently a heart of gold beat beneath her crude exterior. Mrs. Assistant Chemistry Professor Hegglemeyer soon returned the freshly laundered baby.

"I just adore her golden hair!"

"It's all right if the color is natural," said gloomy Bruce.

"Is that nice, professor? I ask you."

He retreated in bad order, reflecting upon the mean trick his subconscious had played. He had heard but forgotten a witticism to the effect that Mrs. Hegglemeyer owed her blond hair as well as her husband to the science of chemistry. His remark seemed lacking in tact.

Barbara greeted her playmates with galoos and was soon her sweet, filthy self again. The ingenious little scientist found some method of oiling herself

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from the wagon-hubs. Seven maids with seven mops could not have kept her clean to-day, and the next lady who said "Tch! tch!" at her was Mrs. Dederick, whose husband was a physician and president of the board of health. Mrs. Doctor Dederick cleansed Babsy in the interest of the public safety.

The psychologist rediscovered an ancient truth.

"The female of the species is more sanitary than the male."

So when he saw the wife of Alton Wetherby sitting on her veranda he went in and frankly asked her to wash his discolored niece.

"Oh, the precious!" cried Mrs. Full Professor Wetherby.

Doctor Harlow, the supreme authority in Jerico (with one reservation), deposed and said that the misbehaviorist cracked no smile when he came to the administration building on the campus. It had been Bruce's thought that he would take his colorful niece into the executive office for a few minutes of whoopee, but Barbara howled with grief when lifted from her wagon. Either she hated to be separated from her charming low companions or she feared that she was about to be washed again. So he put her back and climbed the single flight of stairs with a hazy idea that Doctor Harlow, if present, might come out in the yard and play. On the contrary, he found his president wearing a severe face.

"It has been brought to my attention, Professor Fishback, that you and your—ah—young relative have been on something of a toot this afternoon. What is your version of this?"

Bruce elucidated his psychological toot.

"We academic fellows are prone to bookishness. We should be more humanistic, go direct to life for our knowledge." He explained how he had been going direct to Jerico all afternoon and had learned much about human beings and professors.

"Perhaps it is well," said the venerable president, "that college is not in session. Considering the way this child has corrupted members of the faculty, I hate to think what she would do to the impressionable minds of youth." He looked out the window as if thoughtfully considering this scandal. "I observe a young colored person with a small wagon labelled 'Sunshine Sausage' but containing your niece."

One could explain this phenomenon without getting up to look.

"That would be Cotilla, Barbara's—so to speak—personal maid. Cotilla used to have a goat but is now trying to lead a better life."

"She is not succeeding, Professor Fishback. Cotilla is making what is vulgarly known as a snoot."

"At whom," asked Bruce rising, "is she making this deplorable snoot?"

"In fact," said President Harlow, "a lot of reprehensible things are going on out there."

Such was indeed the case. In one direction a keen observer could see a man, a boy, and a dog, all running. These violent characters were Soupy, Binky, and Snip, but they were so complicated one could not tell who was chasing whom. Along an elm-shaded walk came a purposeful and powerful colored woman, like an angry Amazon, like a laundress seeking her lost Cotilla. On the driveway before the steps were handsome horses held by a stricken coachman named Jeremiah, and near the open carriage, stonily regarding the deplorable snootmaker, stood the awful dictator, the czarina of all the Jericos, Aunt Abigail Folger.

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All visible humans, with one slight exception, seemed seeped in gloom, like persons translated from the Scandinavian. The slight exception was Barbara Folger, alias Babsy, alias Precious, alias Psychological Reagent, alias Biochemical Organism, alias Sunshine Sausage—a bobbed-haired bandit who had left finger-prints on many of Jerico's best people. She sat in her chariot and beamed upon her ancient relative with a smile compounded of dimples, turquoise eyes, dried tears, wagon-grease, syrup, and real estate, and held out to her great aunt in one fat, filthy little hand the pathetic remnants of a noble lollypop.

For the first time in recorded history, Bruce Fishback laughed.

"I know how to handle Aunt Abigail," he told the astonished president. "I'll ask her to wash my girl friend."

When Judith and Nancy returned from Chichester, they found themselves without visible husband and daughter.

"Bruce has taken the baby out for a little walk," was Judith's theory.

"I'm glad she had this quiet afternoon at home," said Nancy. "So much better than being along with us. I declare I'm used up myself."

Judith declared the same, and both used-up ladies rested a while on the veranda before undertaking the evening meal. Therefore they had a good view of a carriage coming up the street. Judith identified this quaint vehicle.

"That's Aunt Abi—my goodness! He's stopping here!"

"He" was Jeremiah, the correct coachman, who bore a verbal message.

"Miss Folger's compliments to Mrs. Fishback and would she and Mrs. Folger join her at dinner? Professor Fishback is already there."

Judith's eyes opened with astonishment but she made no unladylike noises.

"Is the baby with him?" asked nervous Nancy.

"The infant is *there*." Jeremiah had a distasteful duty to perform. "I am to say would Mrs. Folger kindly bring garments for the infant as she has at the present moment no clothes."

"But why?" Even an absent-minded professor would not take the baby out naked.

"Miss Folger caused the garments to be"—Jeremiah took a fresh grip on his courage—"burned."

"Mercy!" cried Nancy. "Was she exposed to some disease?"

"I can't say as to that, madam. She was found in the company of some quite disreputable persons."

At the earliest possible moment the apprehensive ladies presented themselves at the pre-Revolutionary door. They found Bruce alone among the antiques and all the news he gave out was:

"Aunt Abigail is waiting for you up in her room."

When they entered the royal bedchamber, they found their venerable relative personally rubbing the pink and dimpled little malefactor with a large bath-towel. In her maternal anxiety, Nancy forgot to be afraid of the great lady.

"Is she all right? Aunt Abigail?"

The despot of Jerico handed down the following decree:

"My dear Nancy, that is the most adorable baby I ever saw in all my life!" Barbara gurgled, "Blah, blah, blah," and kicked the delighted old lady in the ear. "And I never would have found it out except for Bruce."

"What'd *he* do?" Judith wanted to know.

Aunt Abigail told all she knew from personal observation and hearsay, including three telephone-calls from

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shocked citizens, a minister, a doctor's wife, and Mrs. Somebody-or-other, whose husband taught chemistry in the college.

"Bruce has always been rather uppity with me," she concluded, "but he turned to me when he needed help. I sent those dreadful colored people packing and brought this precious lamb home for a good bath." She kissed a dimple on the precious lamb's knee.

To the nervous behaviorist wandering among the museum pieces came presently the subdued sound of feminine laughter. He felt distinctly relieved, as one who has just heard that the operation was a success. His wife was the first to join him there.

"I don't understand this, Bruce," said Judith. "You drag the fine old name of Folger through the mud and get the baby in a dreadful state and Aunt Abigail forgives you everything and simply worships Barbara. She is now hinting about changes in her will. I shouldn't be surprised if she divides her estate between you two precious rascals. It's too deep for me."

"The trouble with you is, my dear," said the haughty psychologist, "that you do not understand women."

The next word was spoken not by Judith but by Barbara. Humanity's little sweetheart, renovated and decorated, came toddling into the drawing-room, a symphony in blue, holding fast to the hands of her mother and her great-aunt. Instantly she shook herself free from these helpful ladies, stretched out chubby arms toward her disreputable boy friend, and cried:

"Fishy!"

Many Mansions

By Arthur Guiterman

Vast is my Father's house and glorious are
  Its many mansions, citadels of light,
Enchanted moon and redly flaming star
  Whether beheld or still beyond our sight
They gem infinitude. Well named were they
  By dreaming bards of some wild desert clan,
Nihal, Giansar, Betelgeuse, Er Rai,
  Gomeisa, Fomalhaut, Aldebaran
And Talitha the Maiden. Isles of rest,
  Inns of Eternity, they house the soul
Upon its pilgrimage, that splendid quest
  Wherein from world to world and goal to goal
We, too, shall tread, as myriads have trod,
These stepping-stones on the long road to God.

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An African Savage's Own Story

A SAVAGE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

How would you act if suddenly transported from ordinary life to the tribal life of savages in unvisited jungles? How successfully would you adapt yourself to tribal customs and native laws? How would you look upon native ways? What blunders would you make? What part would you play in native wars? Here is the opposite, a story of an African savage suddenly cast into the whirlpool of civilization, untrained in ordinary ways of making a living, alternately befriended and cheated, and finally drawn into the vortex of the World War. Between the lines, although unintended, is a comment on our civilization savage enough for a Dean Swift. The narrative is as stark in its frank revelations as a story of the confessional, and is sufficiently picaresque to satisfy a Defoe.

Earlier articles in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (March, April, May, June, and July) told how Ibn LoBagola, as a boy, wandered from his native village in the Ondo Bush south of the Niger in western Africa, made his way to the Gulf of Guinea, and thence, through accidental kidnapping, to Scotland. Four years later he returned to savagery, married several wives, and resumed wild life. Unable now, after his European experiences, to adjust himself to barbaric customs, he went back to civilization, and there, too, found himself utterly out of place. He returned to Africa, but no longer could he be a happy partaker of savage life. He had become a pathetic figure, a man without a country.

This article begins with Ibn LoBagola's return to Europe after an unsuccessful attempt to resume native life.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

BACK in Scotland I was alone, as I have always been, with no real friend, and held under suspicion by all who knew me. My own brother at home had resented my approach. The very boys that I was born amongst had not taken kindly to my advancement. Now, in Scotland, in the land of my adoption, thousands of miles from my own native Bush, I was still held in that kind of scorn that befits an outcast.

My good old master died, but before he died he said to me: "I have seen to it that you will be taken care of, but my advice to you is, go, go away back tae your ain country; we have enough people in Scotland; your country needs you, my boy."

Later on, taking the small inheritance he had left me, I went from Glasgow to London, and from London to Liverpool. There a woman who owned a travelling cinematograph show induced me to go with her to attract people to see her show. I thought that would be fine sport, so I went along. Her people taught me how to dance, and then they dressed me up in a white suit, and made me dance on a platform outside the show. By travelling in this way I saw many towns in England.

I soon tired of that life, perhaps be-

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cause I did not earn anything. I do not recall ever having received any money for my work, but I did get my "eats." I slept in a wagon, much as gypsies do. I abandoned the show in a small town in Worcestershire.

One Sunday afternoon, while standing on the platform of a railway station, I saw a train crowded with cheering men and women who were waving good-by to their friends, who stood weeping on the platform. A boy I was with told me that the people on the train were all off for America. I think he said they were going to "One of our colonies."

That was the first time that I had ever heard of a great new land where men went to establish new homes. I wondered why my young master had not taken me to it, since he had taken me to almost every other place worth while.

The boy told me that in this new country most of the people were outlaws. He said that every one walked around with guns, and with revolvers on their hips. The picture that he drew was far different from anything I had seen in England or anywhere else. "America," he said, "is a wild country." I asked him why all those people should go there if it were such a wild land. He replied: "To civilize the people there." That thrilled me, and I was eager at once to go and see that land, and help civilize the people. You may laugh, but that is the reason why I came to America.

I had no one to dictate my going and my coming, and I did have some money left, so within a week I secured my passage to the "outlaw country." I embarked on the steamship *Haverford,* at Liverpool, in 1909, bound for Philadelphia, in savage America.

Arrived in the new world, I wandered about, after having been released by the dock authorities, and at last found a room in a cheap place in a poor section of the city, where my landlord at once became my keeper. Needless to say, my money soon went. When I wanted to buy anything, my landlord did the buying for me, "to protect me from being robbed," as he put it. His idea was for me to look spic and span. Whenever I bought a suit of clothes, through him, he bought one also, with my money, which he held "for safe keeping."

My money soon went, and I had no means to get any more. My landlord tried to induce me to write to Scotland to ask for funds, but that I would not do. I had no money, and I did not know how to work.

One day I was out walking with my landlord, and we both stopped to look at a sign board in front of a dime museum. At once I remembered how I had delighted the crowds in front of the travelling show in England, so I told my landlord, and he took me inside and led me to the head man, and told him I had just come out of the Bush of Africa.

Now in my home in the Bush we have a medicine made from the sap of the Paw-paw tree, and its name in my vernacular is *throy-on.* It is used for healing wounds and cuts, and acts somewhat like a "New-Skin" solution. I had often used it, and I used it especially on the occasion of my ordeal, when I was tested by fire. At that time I managed, through the help of one of my father's women, to smear my whole body with this stuff before the ordeal. The medicine has a milky appearance. I am not certain that it was the action of the medicine that did it, but I know that when an oily torch was applied to my

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fingers, arms, and legs, the fire did not hurt me. That, according to our way of thinking, was proof that I was telling the truth.

So now I remembered that I could burn my fingers without feeling any effect, and I told that to the museum man. Of course he wanted to see me touch fire and not get burned, so I did it in front of him, and he was delighted.

They planned to dress me up in skins and feathers, and have me dance a native dance, which is very difficult to do without a tom-tom. They told me to talk a little about my native land. Now I knew nothing specific about my own home; that is, I did not know latitude and longitude, and I could not talk concisely about any particular thing. However, I made up a little talk, with the help of the museum man, about missionaries in my country. I was told to tell people to keep their money, and not to send it to Africa for missionaries. I was told to say that I came from Dahomey, a land that every one knew about, and not to talk about my real home, because people would not believe me if I talked about a place they had never heard of.

One day a theatrical agent saw me at the museum, and he thought that I would make a good feature for a theatre, so he put me in a first-class motion-picture theatre. Needless to say, my native dancing was quite a novelty, but my talk about the missionaries made me notable at the time. To tell the truth, I had no idea what I was saying, and what its importance was, for up to that time I had never seen a missionary, but I did just as I was instructed, and played to the gallery.

From that time on, I was called upon by many managers to play at their theatres, and I was quite a success. All the money I earned, about thirty-five dollars a week, I gave to my keeper, who was supposed to put it away for me. He surely did put it away. He allowed me to keep three dollars a week, but I was contented.

During my stay in Philadelphia I had the honor of meeting several learned gentlemen, who asked me to give information about the social organization of the people of Dahomey, where I was supposed to come from. Well, I supplied them with what I really knew about Dahomey, but I was not certain whether what I said was accurate or not, because there is as much difference between Dahomey and my country as there is between a flea and an elephant. At that time I was not asked about my own people. Therefore I talked as I had talked to the common audiences that I had been appearing before. When the learned men asked me questions about the Dahomey language I told them what I knew, and added anything else that I could think of. I thought the men wished entertainment. Never once did it dawn upon me to talk about my own people, and their customs.

A long time later I was invited to speak in the Department of Anthropology, at Exeter College, Oxford, on *Fetichism*. I have specific information on that subject, and needless to say, I made a hit. The professor who had invited me to speak was delighted, and so was every one else. I had been asked to talk about something that I knew about.

In 1910, through the kindness of certain gentlemen of The Mercantile Club in Philadelphia, I sailed second class on the *Celtic,* bound again for my own country. After many hard experiences, I arrived in Lagos, the Capital of Southern Nigeria, in Africa, with very little money. I slept in a hotel the first night,

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but I had no money to pay for staying longer. A merchant was very sympathetic, and tried to help me, and he secured me a place in the native district of Olowobowo. I soon met several distinguished native people, including one of Nigeria's best physicians. When it was learned that I could sing a Scotch song and one or two English songs, my company was requested by many of the native nobility of Lagos, to entertain their friends. I received a guinea for every entertainment.

I tried to obtain work with the Government Railway, but my knowledge of mathematics was not good enough for a job in the accounting department, where there was a vacancy. I did get a job working on motors at the Government Ship Yard, because I said that I knew something about motors, for I had worked in the repair shop of the Humber Motor Factory in Coventry, but the job "panned out" because I really knew next to nothing about the work.

Really I was a problem. People tried to help me by placing me where they thought I would fit, but no good came from their efforts. I was a round peg in a square hole. It has been that way during my whole life. The only thing that I am able to do successfully is to entertain the public.

So I learned new songs, and through the goodness of the native physician, gave one or two public entertainments in Lagos. Tickets for my first entertainment were sold to all the Europeans, and a high Nigerian official was the presiding officer. The affair was a tremendous success. Of course I was assisted in the entertainment by other natives who knew how to sing, and who could give vaudeville sketches, but I was the "star."

My experiences in Lagos were not thrilling, outside of being flogged publicly when I was on a trip in Northern Nigeria. I was flogged because I refused to prostrate myself before a white man. Natives, in my own home, prostrate themselves before me, for there I am a man of distinction, having my father's own name, and having taken women to wife. How could any sane person expect me to prostrate myself before him, unless he were my superior in rank, age, knowledge, blood, and experience! I wore clothes the same as the white man did. My own Master, or my young master, who was at that time an officer in His Majesty's Over Seas Forces, would never have exacted prostration. No, I did not prostrate myself, and I was flogged in public.

An entertainment was duly advertised again in Lagos, and tickets were sold. That was in May, 1912. Lagos, like the rest of the world at that time, was shocked by the calamity to the *S. S. Titanic*. My concert was scheduled for an evening after the arrival of news of that tragic affair, but I had to go through with it because all the tickets had been sold and we did not wish to disappoint the public. Some men had come a long way to hear the concert.

Just after the show I was taken ill, and carried to my compound, sick with malarial fever. The doctors said that if I did not leave immediately I should die, so my passage was arranged, and I was carried on board the *S. S. Falaba,* bound for Liverpool, England.

I lay between life and death until the steamer had passed the Canary Islands, but I managed to walk off the steamer at Liverpool. The good Nigerian doctor and his wife had given me five pounds when I left Lagos, and a mercantile firm had given me thirty-five pounds. That, with money I had earned by my con-

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certs, made quite a little sum with which to land in England.

I soon learned that England has no place in her industries for a black man. After months of hap-hazard wanderings in London, I decided to go back to America, where I had made a success on the vaudeville stage. I thought the same opportunity would offer again. I had brought from Africa many little things that would stand me in good stead in stage work. I had brought with me a lot of native wearing apparel, such as a kaftan, aba, fez, sandals, and a host of other paraphernalia.

I arrived in New York in 1912, on the *S. S. St. Paul,* of the American Line. That was the first time I ever saw New York City. On my previous trip I had visited Philadelphia, many small towns in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and a lot of little places in Maryland, but I had never seen the largest city in America until this trip. Truly I was flabbergasted.

I donned the kaftan, the fez, and the sandals, the moment I had passed the immigration inspectors. Then I strolled out into the streets, dressed in that manner. You can imagine the commotion I caused. For a while crowds of people followed me. I did not mind having people stare at me, because I had become used to that the first time I had come into civilization.

I got as far as the neighborhood of Fortieth Street, and there I stopped. I secured a lodging in the boarding-house of a black man in that locality. My room was like a clothes closet. I sat down on the cot bed, and cried like a baby. What I cried for I am not sure, but I believe I was lonesome. In a great city like New York I did not know a soul. I was far away from any one whom I knew. My Master was gone. Who knew where my young master was then? My Mistress was dead. I was truly alone. I wandered about aimlessly, without any prospects.

Finally my money all went, and I could not get work in any of the theatres. I became hungry one day and asked the owner of the boarding-house for something to eat. He laughed, and said, "Hard times in New York will make a monkey eat red pepper." That was quite a joke to him, but I could not see humor in it. However, I managed to beg something.

At last I made myself known to a college professor, who became interested in me. Through his kindness I managed to earn enough to keep from starving altogether. I gave him much information about my country and its customs.

Some other very different men became acquainted with me, and thought that I might give a good novelty act on the vaudeville stage, giving a native dance in native costume, and then a fire dance, then making a quick change into Scotch kilts, and singing Scotch songs. I had practised putting fire on my body so often since the time when I had been engaged at the dime museum in Philadelphia, that I began to believe that I was really and truly a fire-proof man. Because of wide publicity I secured engagements on the vaudeville stage. My picture appeared in a motion-picture weekly, and I was heralded far and wide as "The Fire-Proof Man." It seemed as if my star were in the ascendancy.

But good things in my life have never had long duration. Even with all the experiences that I had had, I was still ignorant of the proper use of money, and I did not realize its value. Then, too, my early life had been a life with no restraints. Because of that, and of various influences that came to bear upon me, and because no one taught me the prop-

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er use of things, I ran rampant. I had already suffered much for my folly, and now I was to suffer more. I had long since become a disciple of modern thought, and therefore I never shunned anything that attracted me. I was a savage running wild in civilization. Naturally that led me into a terrible mess. The circumstances are such that I do not wish even to mention them, other than to say that I was arrested more than once.

Since I was a small boy I have never been able to make up good excuses, especially lying ones. I always admit the truth when I am confronted with an accusation that is really true. Of course, through having had many hard knocks, I have learned to be reluctant to admit anything. But I was different at that time, and my frankness often made me looked upon with suspicion. People called me "A Suave Duck" and "A Slick Customer."

Still, I am as natural as any man ever created. I could no more help doing the foolish and the bad things that I did than a person can help drinking water. I do not mean that I think I was in any way right, but what teaching had I had to lead me to do otherwise?

People in these western countries wait until a deed has been done before they give instruction, and then instruction comes usually as a sort of revenge; that is, it claps the wrong-doer into prison, thereby arousing all the bitterest opposition that the sinner can muster. If, when I first did wrong, I had been taken aside, and had been told that I was wrong, good would have accrued. Instead, I was put into prison, and left to my own thoughts.

I sincerely believe that all cases of wrong-doing should be treated individually, and not as they are usually treated. The aim should be to eliminate law-violations by striking at the causes, and not so much at the individual or the act. If I had been treated in such a manner in the beginning, the authorities would have found out the real cause of my actions, and thereby would have made me a useful member of the community.

It is true that you cannot let a rat live, but I am convinced that if you could tell the rat why he is not permitted to live, you would soon add another domesticated animal to the household. That applies to human beings. We should be able to say of a man who has abdicated his throne of manhood that he is a different man, and not a criminal.

For a time no one wanted me. The theatres would not engage me. Finally I settled down in a small town in northern New York. There I found a job in a barber-shop as boot-black. The barber himself was a tolerant man, and he pitied my plight, although he did not understand me. He taught me how to clean shoes, and to clean his shop. I made a living, and managed to put a little money into the bank.

Good things for me do not last long. At that time America entered the World War, and drafted all her available citizens. I was duly registered but was exempted from service because I was a foreigner. A young barber working in the barber-shop annoyed me by saying that we "foreigners" come over to this country, make a living, and then are all "slackers." I did not like to be talked to in that manner, so I left the barber-shop and volunteered my services "For the Allied Cause," whatever that was, for I was sure that I did not know. I met many others, too, who did not know. I thought it my duty not to question why, but to serve, and so I joined.

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At that time there was a recruiting service in New York for the purpose of recruiting British subjects to the British colors. The service also made it part of its programme to recruit certain Jews, who were exempt from the American Army, for the British Army then fighting in Palestine. Here was my chance, and I seized it. I became associated with the Zionist organization, and served as a talker to recruit men. After I had talked all over New York City, I signed the necessary papers and applied for examination by the doctors in preparation to be sent to Canada to embark for England and the Near East. One of the doctors, after he had examined me thoroughly, said, "There's a man who will go to Hell and back, with that body."

I was duly passed, and at last I boarded a train at Grand Central Station, in a crowd where there was much of handshaking, tears, promises, and kisses, bound for Windsor, Canada.

On the same train were some West Indian negroes who had recruited in the British Army for service with a British West Indies regiment. One of these negro recruits was taken off the train, sick, before we reached our destination, and he died in a hospital, of Spanish influenza, without revealing his identity. Somebody said: "That must be LoBagola." When I was in Canada I saw clippings from New York daily papers, saying, "LoBagola is dead. He died on his way to Canada." "LoBagola is dead!" It was very terrible, and also very amusing.

As has always been my good fortune, I made friends. The first thing that was done for me by my officer was to elevate me from the rank of private to that of corporal.

We left Halifax, bound for some port in England, we did not know where, nor did we even know the name of the transport we were travelling on. My officer elevated me again from corporal to quartermaster-sergeant, for the trip over.

After nine weeks of rigid training we embarked on a steamer at Liverpool, for Port Said, Egypt. Arrived there, we were separated and put into three battalions for active service in Palestine. I was assigned to the 38th Royal Fusiliers, then stationed at a place called Rafa, and afterward at Bir Salem, Palestine. Of course I lost my rank as quartermaster-sergeant and reverted to the ranks as private. That was to be expected, for all ranks made for sailing were taken away upon reaching battalion.

After some time I was sent to the combined Base Depot at Kantara, Egypt. There the colonel at the Base elevated me to the rank of orderly sergeant. I served under that colonel, at the Base Depot, several months. The combined Base Depot at Kantara, was where all troops coming from England, and all casualties from the hospitals, had to come before reporting to their battalions. I visited the base hospital every day, and gave the patients papers and periodicals. My colonel was delighted by my actions, and openly praised me. He did for me what is not customary in the British Army: he wrote for me a personal letter of commendation, and actually put the Base stamp upon it, testifying to my good character while under his command.

Finally I, too, was sent to England for demobilization. The moment I landed I applied to the War Office to be repatriated to Palestine, a request that was granted immediately. My reason for wishing to return to Palestine was that when I had been in Jerusalem, on a long leave of absence, I had had an appointment to teach at the Frere's College. My

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teaching method was so pleasing to the Head of the College that when the time came for me to leave, he was sorry and said that if I should ever return to Jerusalem he would be pleased to appoint me again. So I was eager to return and to teach in that school.

On arrival in Jerusalem again I returned to the College, and taught there for some time. I also taught private pupils in English and made my living secure. Still, I felt lost. I had no one to run to. I had no real friend. Finally I left Palestine and went down to Egypt, where I gained an appointment to teach English in a Coptic school.

In Egypt I mixed freely with Egyptian *effendis* or notables, and acquired many of their habits, both good and bad. Since it was a novelty to see a black man teaching English my every move was noticeable. Native Egyptian teachers merely laughed at me. I resigned my post and went to Cairo where I remained a long time. When I saw that I could do no good for myself or for any one else by staying there, I took a steamer and, ultimately, went back to my own native land.

When I arrived once more in my own country I honestly hoped that I should die before I could ever leave there again. Now I met new opposition among my own people. I could talk excellent English, and I had the appearance of a well-educated man. I had done a lot of travelling, and my experiences out of my own country had been every bit as harrowing as they had been in it. I knew white men too well, and that was against me in Africa. Where should I go for peace and comfort? I had no one in Scotland. I did not know where my young master was. I had no training in any special field of labor. My life was a problem, and it still is. Nobody wanted me, not even my own people in Africa. I decided to return to America.

I went to London, and there a gentleman contributed fare for me to sail for America. In order not to use all the money for fare I took a ship that carried cattle from the island of Jersey, and I helped look after the cattle. I arrived in America safely, after a rough voyage of nineteen days, and was again admitted to this "golden shore." I was lost for a little while, but I soon found my way to Harlem. I was much wiser this trip than before, and therefore no one robbed me.

I gave a few lectures, and obtained jobs and lost them. In my lodgings in New York I was a wretched man. I did not have a single friend. The black people rightly said: "When you were on your feet you ignored us; now that you are in need, you fly to us; we do not wish to have anything to do with you." No white person would befriend me. I was left to drift. In fact, I was worse off than I had ever been before. I went for days without food, and I was put out of my little room because I could not pay the rent.

One day, in despair, I strolled by the door of a school. The thought came to me to go inside and ask the Principal to pay me to give a lecture; certainly there would be no harm in trying. That led to my becoming a writer.

What is to be the sequel of my story? Again I am, for a time, fortunate, but something may happen to dispel my dream. Perhaps, after all, I am especially happy in good fortune because I have so much bad fortune. "The brilliancy of the diamond is best seen on velvet that is black."

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Three Blue Doves

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

Meg Tiehl loosened her baby's fingers from the neck of her knitted cotton shirt. She sat up in bed and blinked at the light that came through the window of her tar-paper house. Her two little boys lay sprawled beside her in the bed. They had kicked off the blanket. She got out of bed and stood in the strip of sunlight while she dressed. It was going to be hot again, but it was early enough that the sun felt good.

She kindled a fire in the little two-lid stove. She knelt down and blew at the open grate until the kindling flamed up well, and then added the coal, very carefully, a piece at a time. She filled the dented aluminum oatmeal kettle from the water pail and set it on the stove. When the water was hot she took the round oatmeal box from the shelf above the window and emptied it into the kettle. Then she went to the bed and waked the boys.

"Get up," she said. "You got to pump the water for me, and go for the clothes. Don't get on the baby. He's asleep."

While the boys were dressing she put three oatmeal bowls on the table. The bowls were new. She had bought them the day before. Each one had two blue birds on it, and a gold rim around the edge. The boys liked them.

"Don't you burn that oatmeal box, Mom," said Pete, her smaller boy. "We need it, don't we, Bill?"

"Ya," said Bill, crawling out from under the bed where he had gone for his overalls. "We need it."

Meg didn't sit down at the table with the boys while they ate. She stood by the stove with her bowl in her hand. The fire wasn't doing well. She had to watch it. She couldn't be kindling a fire twice in one morning.

She watched the boys through the window while she washed the three bowls and the spoons. Bill was really doing all the pumping. Pete just jumped up and down with the pump handle. When the boiler was full she went out to help them carry it in. They were little fellows to carry even one end of the boiler. Bill grinned up at her, and Pete put his tongue between his teeth and puffed terribly. Strong! Her boys were strong and broad-shouldered like their dad. She must not let them overdo it, though.

"Leave go," she said when they reached the door, and grasped both handles, and swung the boiler up on the stove.

"Get the wagon and go for the clothes. Stay on the walks with that wagon 'cause that wheel ain't strong."

After the boys had gone she took the hoe from where it stood in the corner with the mop and the broom, and went out to hoe in her strip of a garden until the baby should wake. It would be almost an hour before the boys would get back with the clothes.

The sun was hot on her back as she hoed. It was going to be very hot before the day was over. Now and then she straightened up to look toward the house and listen. Her baby might cry when he woke. At last she grew anxious about him, and leaned her hoe against the clothes-line post, and went in.

The baby was sitting up in the mid-

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dle of the bed, his mouth moist and red, his eyes very wide and blue. When he saw her he smiled and put up his arms. She fixed the fire, and sat down on the bed and gave him her breast. She sat quietly while he nursed, looking out the little window. Once she lifted her hand to brush a fly from his temple.

When the baby had finished feeding she wrapped him in the blanket from the bed, and set him in a soap-box just outside the door, and went back to her hoeing.

Three blue pigeons flew down and walked about near her. The baby squealed his pleasure when he saw them, and cried a little when they flew away.

The water was hot when the boys came with the washing. She washed outside because it was cooler. From her place by the tubs she could watch the baby and the little boys at their play.

The boys were making a farm. They modelled the fences and the roads of mud. They set out rows of weeds for fruit-trees. The barn was a pasteboard box. They had found a shingle for the roof. The oatmeal box made a splendid silo. There was to be a lake, a wide blue lake, a little way beyond the barn. The bed for it was already dug and plastered with mud. She had promised them that they should have the blue rinse water for the lake when she was ready to empty the tubs. The suds water made good mud.

A woman with a purple sunshade came by with her little boy.

"What you kids doing?" the little boy called.

Meg's two little boys got to their feet, rubbing their muddy hands on their overalls. Their faces were red with happiness.

"Making a farm," they yelled back.

The little boy's mother grabbed his arm and shook him. When he roared she slapped him on the mouth and said: "Shut up! You can't play with those kids, and you know it."

Before the noon whistle blew Meg had finished the washing. She let the boys have the tub of blue rinse water and stood by to watch them fill the lake. It was a lovely lake, blue as sky in the middle and foamy about the edges. She brought the boys their baked potatoes and bread and let them eat it beside the lake.

She hung out the clothes, and sat down on the step to nurse the baby while they dried. She let the boys go to look along the tracks for railroad spikes. The spikes made good horses. Their heads were like horses' heads. Most of them were bent so that their backs were like horses' backs. Some were long and rusty-brown. They were the bay horses. Pete had two good bay teams. Some were black, and some, the new spikes, were gray. Bill was looking for a mate for the one big gray spike he had found. They were little fellows to play along the tracks by themselves. She shouted warnings after them.

By the time the clothes were dry she had the irons hot and ready. The baby had fallen asleep with his head and one arm hanging over the edge of the box, like a limp rag doll. She put the clothes on the bed, and went back to get him. There was a welt on his wrist where something had bitten him. He sighed deeply when she lifted him, but he did not cry. "Good babe," said Meg, and laid her sweat-damp cheek against him. He opened his eyes when she laid him on the bed, blinked twice, rolled over on his side, and slept.

Meg spread a scorched blanket on the table and began to iron. It was so hot that she felt sick. She took off her dress,

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and ironed in her cotton shirt and her underskirt.

She was ironing the last piece when the boys came in. Their hands were red from the rusty spikes. Their faces were smeared with sweat and rust. She took down the towel from its place behind the door and dipped it in the wash-pan.

"Come here and get washed up," she said. "You got to take the clothes home now. It's almost supper-time."

"Mom," said Bill, as he was washing his hands, "I found a mate for Prince. He ain't quite as big but he is grayer. We walked a mile, I guess, and we couldn't find any gray spikes, so we pried one up out of the rail, and we put a bay spike in its place, Mom. We pounded it in with a rock."

"That's nice," said Meg. "Now get along. The clothes are ready. Mind you, keep out of the ruts with that wheel. I'll fix it with wire to-morrow."

The baby was awake. She talked to him while she fixed the supper. She took the baby on her hip, and went out to get some lettuce and radishes. The sun had set. It was cooler outdoors.

When she stooped to put the baby back on the bed a pain shot across her shoulder. Her neck ached, and her back. The boys must be tired. Such little fellows to walk so far, and pull a wagon full of clothes too. She had cooked rice for supper. The boys would like rice in the bluebird bowls.

She heard the rattle of the little wagon. The boys were talking proudly, excitedly. Some other boys were with them, bigger boys. She went to the doorway to listen. One of the big boys was talking in a loud voice. "You kids call that a farm? What's that big hole, a pig wallow?"

"It's a lake," said Bill, "but it's almost dry. To-morrow we're going to have a river and a bridge and a dam. Mom's let us use all the rinse water."

"What's them spikes for?" asked the other boy.

"They're horses," said Pete. "We found them down along the tracks."

"You found 'em down along the tracks, did you?" said the bigger boy, and spat against the side of the cardboard barn. "You never found them spikes down along the tracks."

"We did," said Bill. "We walked a mile, and picked 'em up along the tracks."

"No, you never," said the other boy. "There ain't that many spikes along the tracks. There ain't any new ones like that. You stole 'em. You dug 'em up out of the rails, you dirty little thieves. We seen you."

"And we're going to smash your old barn and fences," said the other boy.

Meg ran outside. "Get out!" she screamed. "You leave their things alone. Get out!"

The bigger boy stamped quickly upon the roof of the barn and ran. The other dodged beneath Meg's clutching hands and followed, shrieking with laughter. They halted when they reached the street lamp and yelled:

"Washer woman in a shirt,
Old washer woman in a shirt,
And an old green skirt!
Nothing on but a shirt
And an old green skirt!"

Meg ran back into the shack with her hands over her breast. The boys followed her in.

"Don't you cry," she said. "We got porridge for supper. See!"

Bill sat looking at his bowl, too unhappy to eat, but Pete pushed his sleeve across his eyes between bites, and ate all of his porridge.

After the boys were in bed Meg sat

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awhile in the doorway with the baby across her knees. It was cool now.

After the baby was asleep she went inside and laid him on the bed. Bill's long, brown legs were uncovered. She let him lie that way. It was cooler.

She took down a flat white box from the shelf above the window. She put it beside the lamp on the table, opened it, and took out a writing-tablet and a short blue pencil. She bent above the paper and began to write.

She wrote:

"Lover: It is night now, and our little ones are in the bed. I have been sitting on the door-step with the baby. It is still now, and cool. This morning in the garden three blue doves came down and walked around. I thought of you, and hoped that birds fly down where you are, too.

"The peas are all in bloom.

"I love you.

MEG."

She took an envelope from the box and addressed it carefully to

William Tiehl,
Federal Prison,
Leavenworth, Kans.

Then she latched the screen and blew out the light. She undressed in the darkness and lay down beside her children.

Wisdom

BY LAWRENCE PENNINGTON

LONG before the white man disturbed the peace and beauty of the hills in his hunt for gold, the earth had slipped away from the face of the rock, leaving it standing tall and white, with a little platform at its base. Two pines, one at either side of the slide, stood as sentinels. Quaking-asps, birch, and thorn-apples grew in a thick tangle to the edge of the little platform, and the rock towered some hundred or more feet above them. A short distance below, an old wagon-road, no longer used, fought a losing fight against the strangling undergrowth.

One hot afternoon in early August my brother and I came riding up this road. He was four years my senior, and I had to quirt my endurance as well as my steed to keep up with him. Our horses were stout laths, with heavy cord for bridles. Suddenly my brother tripped over a creeping vine and fell headlong. He was up almost as soon as he touched the ground, and turned to pick up his lath horse. He had broken it in two pieces as he fell. Quickly he kneeled beside the part that had been the head and, with caressing fingers, was stroking an imaginary mane. "Poor ol' Danger! Good ol' hoss! So the redskin's arrow got yu—broke your leg! You've carried me many a mile, my beauty, and now our trails divide. The misery in your eyes sure hurts my heart." My exact little memory picked out a certain passage in a recent story in *Golden Days,* but I had learned discretion. My brother drew his wooden "six-gun" from his pocket, put it to Danger's

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head, uttered a loud "Bang!" and rose quickly to his feet.

"Well, pard"—he turned to me—"we'll be movin' on. Guess your cayuse'll have to carry double fur a little way. 'Tain't far from here."

He took the reins of my horse, and I, standing straddle of the lath behind him, put my arms around his waist, and we rode double till we came within sight of the sentinel pines, beside the big bare-faced rock. Dismounting, he carefully dropped the reins over the hoss's head, and we left the road and started through the brush up the hill.

"Better let me go ahead," Andrew said, "an' I'll keep my eye peeled fur Injuns—there may be some around here yet." So, with elaborate precaution, much noise, and many peerings to right and left, we reached the level place at the foot of the rock.

Andrew put his hands on his hips and surveyed the place with much satisfaction. "Well," he said, "what do you think of it, pard?" I swaggered my best swagger and replied that "I thought it was fine." "Yes," my brother nodded, "it's fine; we'll build the cabin here. What'll we name her?" The only name which came to my mind was that of a saloon on the edge of town, which had a sign across the board walk reading, as you left town, "Last Chance," and as you came into town, "First Chance." In a burst of inspiration I exclaimed: "Let's call her the 'Last Chance.'" He gave me a look of hurt disappointment. "Why, you little fool, that's the name of a saloon! That's no name for a robber's cabin. We'll call her 'The Death Pact'!" I assented, a little bewildered, but quite heartily. I didn't quite see what "The Death Pact" signified, and I had a vague suspicion that my brother didn't either, but I kept my suspicion to myself. That evening before we went to bed he wrote the name on a slate and showed it to me with much pride. When I saw it was not spelled p-a-c-k-e-d, even my vague understanding vanished.

"The Death Pact" was finished—a thing of joy and secrecy to our hearts. I was waiting for Andrew in our small back yard, with its high stone wall to hold in check the greedy hill, when he came out of the wood-shed with a shiny five-gallon kerosene-can. Such cans had a screw cap in one corner of the square top, but on this can the screw had been jammed and wouldn't come off, so an irregular, jagged opening had been cut in the opposite corner. My brother held this opening toward my nose. "Smell," he said. I sniffed deeply. He watched me closely with his bright brown eyes, his finely shaped head cocked on one side. "Smell anything?" he asked. I shook my head. "She ought to be clean," he said, eying the can thoughtfully; "I washed her out with hot water and lots of soap an' then turned the hose in her. I guess she's all right. Come on, we'll take her to the cabin."

We stopped on the old road a short way from our turn off, where a little moss-lined spring bubbled up from the earth. By means of a tin cup and the exercise of much patience he filled the kerosene-can with water. Putting a stout stick through the handle on the head of the can, we each grasped an end and started for the cabin. As we could not keep step on the uneven ground, we jiggled the water out of the opening every few steps. I tried to puzzle out in my mind why we were carrying all this water up to the cabin, but could arrive at no answer. I didn't ask Andrew, because I suspected he didn't

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know either, and I never asked him questions which I thought he could not answer. At last we reached the level spot before the cabin and rested our burden. "Wait a minute," Andrew said; "I'll go in and fix a place to set her."

I stood quietly contemplating the kerosene-can and wondering how much water we had jiggled out. I decided to find out by sticking my finger in. My finger wouldn't reach the water, and as I started to withdraw it the flesh caught on the jagged rim of the hole. Just then Andrew emerged from the cabin. He came quickly to where I bent over the can. "What's you doin'?" he asked. "I —I—tryin' to get my finger out," I stuttered lamely. "What ja put it in for?" "I —I—just tu se how much we spilled."

"Rats!" he exclaimed, and taking my hand none too gently, he wiggled it around, and at last drew out the offending finger—with blood dripping from the tip. He drew back and looked at me in scorn. "Holy Cats!" he snorted—and his eyes narrowed and little lights danced in the small brown pools —"Holy Cats! Ain't that fine! We lug that water all the way up this hill and then you have to go an' bleed in it!"

"But—but," I whimpered, "robbers ain't afraid a blood."

"No, acourse they ain't," was his withering retort, "but they don't drink it—ninny." Sniffling, and with tears running down my cheeks, I wrapped a dirty handkerchief about my finger, and was leaning against the side of the cabin while my brother poured out the pink-colored water. There was no sound except the gurgle of the water and my sniffling.

Without looking at me, Andrew spoke in a very different tone: "Say, pard, did that bullet nick yu bad?" I tried to rise nobly to that chivalrous challenge. "No—she's just a scratch." My voice was a compound of sniffle and bravado.

"Guess I better look at her," he said, coming to me without glancing at my tear-stained face. With a wondrous gentleness he took my grimy hand and unwound the blood-stained handkerchief. He examined the little cut carefully, then shook his head. "That ain't just a scratch, pard; she sure dug yu—deep. The next time I meet Alkali Ike he'll pay fur this. No two-legged coyote barks my pard an' gets away with it. I'll fix this up."

He went to the foot of the rock and pulled away some of the soft fine moss and soaked it in the water still dribbling from the ill-fated can. Placing this carefully about my finger, he bound it on with my handkerchief.

"Now you sit right here and rest yourself, pard. I'll go down to the spring an' get a little fresh water in that can. We don't need her full noway." He looked at me thoughtfully. "You must be kinda weak from losin' so much blood." Then he smiled and added: "You're a brave pard; I'm proud of you."

My cup was full.

I was seated on the steps of the home of a friend of mine on the other side of town. Several boys had gathered to discuss a baseball game. It was the middle of the afternoon. Two boys passing on the opposite side of the street glanced over, saw me, and stopped. They held a brief consultation and then joined us. They didn't return our greetings, but eyed me in a curious way. Finally the larger of the two, in a puzzled sort of hushed voice, said to me: "Jimmy, ain't yu heard nothin'?" "Ya, I heard lots," I replied, "but I ain't tellin' all."

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"No," he interrupted in his serious way; "I mean ain't you heard nothin' 'bout —Andrew?" I looked at him a moment closely, then the smile left my face. I was on my feet with my hand grasping his arm. "What ja—mean—'bout Andrew?" He pulled away from me, and his eyes shifted uneasily. "Well—well —I heard that the boys he was huntin' with was standin' in a line shootin' at a target. After they shot, Andrew he started to see who hit the mark, but one of the guns didn't go off an' the boy was tryin' to see what was the matter of it —an'—just as Andrew was in fronta him, the gun went off an'—an'—hit Andrew."

With a little smothered cry I was gone. . . .

That night as the moon climbed over the hill opposite our home they carried his limp, lifeless form up the stairs.

Three weeks later I was standing one morning in our bay window looking across the gulch to the hills. My mother came and stood beside me. I loved those quiet moments—just being with her. She broke the spell. "Jimmy—do you fully realize what—what has happened?"

Questions like myriad hot sparks shot up through my mind, but I shut my lips to a thin, red line. Looking into her troubled, sorrow-softened face, I lied like a gentleman: "Yes, ma'am." Her hand caressed my head for a moment as she said: "You're an odd little boy, Jimmy. I wish I might see the inside of your mind."

That afternoon I turned off the old road taking the path to the cabin. In a vague way I knew I had come to find out why there was something so tight inside me, that ached in a dull, persistent way.

I stopped in front of the cabin door and took off my cap. I looked about for a comfortable place to sit, and chose the spot where I had rested after "losin' so much blood." First I opened the cabin door, and looked inside—long and thoughtfully—but I did not enter. Then, leaving the door open, I sat down. Memories! Questions! Thoughts! —Quiet. . . . I sat there for two hours. When I rose, that "something so tight" had loosened; the dull ache was gone. I closed and fastened the door of "The Death Pact," turned and went quickly down the hill, and never went back to the cabin again.

The shadows were gathering as my father and I ascended the stairs from down-town on our way home for supper. The hand-rail separated us, and I was a few steps in the lead. A quick, nervous little man came behind us on my side of the stairs. He spoke as he passed, but my father merely glanced at him, turned his eyes away, and did not reply. The little man caught up with me, took my swinging hand and squeezed it. When he had passed on, a silver dollar nestled in my palm. I looked back quickly at my father but said nothing. The little man was the father of the boy whose gun had been accidentally discharged that August afternoon.

We reached the top of the stairs and turned toward home. The little man had gone the other way—the street was empty. We passed one house, and had come to a vacant place where a railing guarded the edge of the walk and the hill broke sharply away below.

I glanced at the dollar still in my hand, and my father saw me. He stopped and his eyes questioned mine. "Did he give you something?" he asked in a low voice. I did not answer, but held out my open hand, displaying the coin.

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Slowly he reached forward and took the silver piece from me. Quickly, as though it burned his fingers, he hurled it from him down the hill. I heard it cut the leaves, strike a tree, clink against a stone!

My father stood grasping the guard-rail with both hands, staring into the twilight. Suddenly a hissing whisper cut from his lips—urged from his heart by a sorrow he had not yet learned to accept—"Blood-money!" And breathing quickly, he repeated it: "Blood-money!"

I stood wide-eyed and unafraid, watching him. My heart tried to justify his action—my mind refused his whisper.

After a moment he shook himself and took a step toward home. Then with a gesture of recollection he turned toward me, and we went on together.

Half-way home he looked down at me with one of his rare, sweet smiles: "Jimmy, I've just remembered something. I've owed you this for quite a little while." Drawing his hand from his pocket, he gave me a silver dollar.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Of all the new books I have seen this year, the most important and the one that most clearly appears to be of permanent value is the fifth volume of David Alec Wilson's monumental Life of Carlyle, which bears the title "Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten," and has for its frontispiece a fine portrait of Voltaire—whom many people believe to be the Real Hero of "Frederick the Great." This is the younger Voltaire, rejoicing in the plenitude of his powers, his expression serenely confident; years later his face took on that chronic acid smile, a kind of diabolical annotation on the margin of the book of life. There are smiles and smiles; the Laughing Cavalier's is a danger signal; Mona Lisa's is a peepshow of the Garden of Happiness with the grill-gate locked and the key hid; Voltaire's seems to say, "You will go on guessing, but there is nothing to guess. The final solution of all the elaborate philosophical mountains of conjecture and surmise is Zero."

Mr. Wilson believes in Thomas Carlyle and in all his works. This is his own comment on Carlyle's History of Frederick:

> "It is like a movie-picture of eighteenth-century life, and may be called the best epic in the world, if epic be taken in its widest meaning of a history of events. It is as vivid as Homer and as wise as Tacitus, and while it is as readable as Voltaire's histories, it is as accurate as anything written in any language. Its characters seem as transparent to the reader as those of Shakespeare's plays."

In short, he likes the book.

Thomas Carlyle is not read nowadays so much as he used to be. David Alec

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Wilson has bet his shirt on Carlyle's ability to come back; he has bet his whole life and fortune on this proposition, and the publishers have increased the bet by a large sum. I hope they are both right; but whether they are or not, this biography is worth buying and reading, for it is in a way a literary history of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Wilson was born at Glasgow in 1869. From 1883 to 1912 he was in the Indian Service; he was called to the Bar in 1890 and was a Judge from 1898 to 1912. He was educated in Glasgow and in London. He says, "Nothing to add to the above barren facts, except that I refused professional promotion and retired as soon as I could, to do the Life of Carlyle." In the preface to the First Volume, we learn that he began this vast work for his own amusement. "I collected for pleasure whatever could be known about Carlyle. . . . My trade was official work in Burma, where Europeans die sooner than at home, and I could not begin to write a 'Life' till after retirement. In the house of Prof. C. E. Norton, near Boston, in 1895, when he urged me to write at once, I had to answer: 'If I live to 1920 or so, a "Life" of Carlyle by me is sure to be written. If not, then Providence, whom it concerns, must find some other to do it.' 'What is done in 1920 cannot possibly concern me—nothing will interest me then,' he answered gravely."

Well, if Providence will give him one more year, we shall have the work complete, for only one more volume is to come. The first, "Carlyle till Marriage," 442 pages, appeared in 1923: the second, "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution,'" 434 pages, in 1924: the third, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," 421 pages, in 1925: the fourth, "Carlyle at his Zenith," 507 pages, in 1927: the present volume, "Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten," 604 pages, in 1929. The next, sixth, last, will be called "Carlyle in Old Age."

Wilson's photograph shows a man equal to almost anything: energy in the brow and eyes, determination in the inflexible jaw.

Let me urge lovers of English literature to buy these books *now*. I have read every word of the five tomes, and have not yet found a dull page. Carlyle's personality is worth a close acquaintance; and Mr. Wilson has brought us into the room with him. We know him as well, as, thanks to Boswell, we know Johnson.

Furthermore we sit at the Chelsea tea-table with Tennyson, Browning, Mill, Emerson, Brookfield, Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others. Carlyle and Woolner went to hear Dickens read; during the ten minutes interval, Dickens took his two guests to an inner room, where they had brandy and water. Carlyle raised his glass and said, "Charlie, you carry a whole company of actors under your own hat."

Some of Carlyle's comments. Of Scott: "Wattie turned the history of his country into an opera." After saying that Washington was a great man, he added: "I do not rate him very highly, however; certainly not to compare with Franklin." Of King Henry VIII: "I've always esteemed Henry to be a much maligned man. When I look into that broad yeoman-built face and see those brave blue eyes of his, as they are seen in the Holbein portrait, I must conclude that an honest soul resided within his sturdy body."

One of the best things he said was about tobacco, and it ought to comfort many who have by their doctors been forbidden to smoke. He complained of dyspepsia, and a friend suggested that perhaps excessive smoking did not help

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him any. "Yes, and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very miserable; so I took to it again, and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than to go without."

He attended a large dinner party where among the guests were the leading lawyers and statesmen of the day, and happening to mention the battle of Cheshme in 1770, he was horrified to discover that not a single one of "these distinguished persons had ever heard of it." Well, I never heard of it either, and what is more, I don't want to. My feelings were definitely expressed by my friend Colonel Nod Osborn, the accomplished journalist. A Yale student had endeavored to find out something about Shays's Rebellion. He asked a number of professors, who knew nothing about it: then he went to Colonel Osborn with the same question, and received the reply, "I know no more of it than your professors, and in addition, I don't care a damn."

To Samuel Longfellow, who made a mild plea for universal suffrage, Carlyle said with a smile, "Then in Jerusalem you would have given Jesus and Judas the same vote?"

He stopped shaving, and his wife told Thackeray's daughters, "All the time he has saved by ceasing to shave, he spends wandering about the house, bemoaning what's amiss in the universe." When Colonel Davidson, Tennyson, and Carlyle were discussing the contemporary Crimean War, Tennyson said, "The world is looking for the coming man." Davidson said, "The coming Man has already come, and they crucified Him." Carlyle said emphatically, "I quite agree with you."

Innumerable good stories are in this as in the other volumes. The Annandale farmer fell on his knees and was praying for a dry hay time, when it suddenly began pouring. He immediately rose to his feet and exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, this is too ridiculous!"

Sulzer said to Frederick, "Men are by nature *good*." To which the king replied, "Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Rasse."

Thanks are due to E. J. Trechmann for translating into English, with introduction and notes, "The Diary of Montaigne's Journey to Italy in 1580 and 1581." This is an attractive, well-printed volume of some 300 pages. *Verbum sap,* for those who know the Essays will devour this; and those who don't, ought to.

Montaigne died some time ago, and as Izaak Walton remarked of another, "Alas, that he is dead!" My favorite *living* humorist is P. G. Wodehouse. Of all persons now adding to the gaiety of nations, he is the best. It is real humor, unalloyed by any "purpose." And he is an accomplished novelist, invariably telling a good story, with an ingenious plot and living characters. His latest work is "Fish Preferred," in which we enter a land of pure delight.

Those who enjoyed "The Lunatic at Large," with its sequels, by J. S. Clouston, will find the latest book in that series, "The Lunatic in Love," equal to its predecessors.

The only possible excuse for a detective story is that it shall be continuously interesting; hence I condemn "Bowery Murder" and "Death at Four Corners." They are both ingenious and both dull. The prolific J. S. Fletcher also succeeded at last in writing a tedious novel—"Old Lattimer's Legacy," which I like least of all his four thousand books.

Genuine hair-raising thrillers are "The Five Flamboys," by Francis Beeding,

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which opens with a knife in the back of the neck; "Footsteps in the Night," by G. Fraser-Simson, which keeps you at it; "The Alchemy Murder," by P. Oldfield; and the ever reliable E. D. Biggers has given us one of his best in "The Black Camel," which will particularly appeal to those who have been in Honolulu, and will particularly interest those who have not.

Meanwhile that amazingly entertaining story, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has just been reissued, edited by E. Venables. The volume also includes Bunyan's Autobiography, "Grace Abounding." This is the fourth or fifth new edition of the Pilgrim in the last two years. It should be remembered that Bunyan was one of the very few literary artists capable of writing a sequel fully as good as the original book.

The two portly volumes, "Memories and Reflections," by the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith (H. H. Asquith) caught this reader in the first chapter and held him captive till the last page. Asquith was a first-rate specimen of a class more common in England than in America—the Scholar in politics. Taking high honors at Balliol, he was a cultivated gentleman, a Liberal leader, and for a long time Prime Minister. If it had not been for the war, he might have gone down in history as one of England's most successful Prime Ministers; but the war was too much for him. He was not a pacifist like Lord Morley and John Burns; he had no conscientious scruples, no more than Grey. He never forgave Lloyd George for taking the Premiership away from him, actually doing the thing that Lincoln said could not be done—swapping horses to advantage while crossing the river. Rough days demand rough men. In civilized times, Asquith made an excellent Prime Minister; but when a nation relapses into barbarism, as every nation does in war, then the situation calls for a more aggressive and brutal leader, like Lloyd George, Lord Fisher, or Winston Churchill. The moment Lloyd George took hold, and called for a "knockout," things began to move.

But this very lack of uncompromising, driving force made Asquith a more interesting man to know. A one-track mind may please its owner, but it is neither attractive nor interesting to others. Hamlet was more interesting than Talbot, and in 1914–18 Asquith might almost have said with the Dane,

> "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

Apart from the book's great value as a contribution to history by one who helped make it, and as a revelation of the mind of a noble gentleman, it abounds in diverting anecdotes.

> "Elizabeth told us of an American girl, who spoke scoffingly of the Ten Commandments: 'They don't tell you what you ought to do, and only put ideas into your head.' "

> "Northcliffe, who is somewhere in the Pacific, is said to have telegraphed the King that he was about to join the Roman Catholic Church. The King's alleged reply was, I thought, excellent: 'Well, well—I can't help it.' "

And with the one exception of Charlie Towne's incomparable story of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I can't remember any more diverting typographical error than Asquith's note of a revivalist rally.

> "The meeting then broke up, but a large crow remained on the platform and sang lustily Rock of Ages for two hours." (crow for crowd).

Asquith's comments on literature are invariably interesting; and the following one particularly so to me, for my

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favorite Shakespeare sonnet has always been the one mentioned here.

"In a casual moment I took up a volume of sonnets, and came haphazard on Shakespeare's 'No longer mourn for me when I am dead.' There are only two trisyllables in the whole sonnet, and by far the largest number of words are monosyllables: and what a wonderful effect!"

He quotes a series of infelicitous remarks on American literature by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

"There is a characteristic example of Hughes's instinctive sympathies in his preface to the first English edition of Lowell's 'Biglow Papers.' 'In Lowell,' he says, 'the American mind has for the first time flowered out into thoroughly original genius.' He passes in review the earlier achievements of the 'American mind'; the 'airy grace' of Washington Irving; the 'original power which will perhaps be better appreciated at a later day' of Fenimore Cooper; the 'dramatic power' of Mr. Hawthorne, 'mixed with a certain morbidness and bad taste which debar him from ever attaining to the first rank'; the 'originality' of Mr. Emerson, 'coupled with a singular metallic style,' producing one of the 'best counterfeits of genius that has been seen for many a day.' But for real genius he asserts with emphasis that the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone.

"Writing, I hope, with becoming diffidence, and remembering with thankful admiration the great contributions with which gifted American writers—Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Henry and William James, Edith Wharton (to name only a few)—have, since 1880, enriched the literature of the English-speaking world, I am by no means sure that the supremacy of Lowell's masterpiece has yet been successfully assailed."

While I should not for a moment consider Lowell as an equal of Emerson or Hawthorne, it is certain that those Americans who have forgotten the Biglow papers do not rate them sufficiently high.

The Asquith volumes have an excellent index, but they are far too heavy to hold comfortably. I shall keep up the campaign for light books until I die or until the publishers have mercy. Winston Churchill's volumes are a model of the art of publishing.

The Blue Ribbon lectures in English Literature, for an invitation to deliver them is the highest compliment to a man of letters, are on the Clark Foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge. The six lectures were given in May, 1928, by the accomplished Frenchman, André Maurois; the subject, "Aspects of Biography." M. Maurois delivered the addresses in English; in preparing them for book form he rewrote them in French, and they have been translated by Sydney Castle Roberts. They are easy reading, and contain interesting suggestions. It is a good book, but of all the works by this genial writer I prefer his novel, "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble."

In these iconoclastic days it was certain that the reputation of no writer would be safe from the nibbling teeth of depreciation. But I confess I was rather surprised to hear that Professor Garrod, of Oxford, had attacked Jane Austen. He will not admit she was a "great" writer; it seems that her competence and ethical standards irritate him. What is the best comment to make on such a confession? In the language of King George, "Well, well—I can't help it."

The professor, however, is not any happier in his faint praise than in his blame. He reluctantly says she was probably kind to children. Now to all readers of Jane Austen, one of the most impressive of her dislikes was to see children made much of in company; or to hear them talked about, or their bright sayings quoted by fond mothers. She felt very strongly there was nothing in

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worse taste than to allow children to interrupt good conversation among men and women, or to have them brought into the room to be admired.

The poet, critic, parodist, essayist, J. C. Squire, editor of the London *Mercury,* appeared in New Haven a few weeks ago, and we had good talk about current literature in Great Britain and in America. He is a warm admirer of Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth." Mr. Squire is the sole editor, manager, proprietor of *The Mercury,* which is the only monthly magazine I know of exclusively devoted to literature and the fine arts. It was founded for that purpose and has never swerved.

The American magazine editor, Perriton Maxwell, resigns from *The Theatre Magazine* to become editor-publisher of a "new illustrated monthly publication of unique character, de luxe quality and national interest and circulation," the first number of which will appear this autumn.

If any one imagines that Shakespeare on the stage has lost his popularity, this editorial from the New York *Sun* will be reassuring.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMAN

"During the last week more interesting incidents seemed to have happened on other Broadways, to use Ward Morehouse's phrase, than here in New York. A statistician has ascertained that during the last year there were 1,886 performances of Shakespearean plays in German on 149 stages in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and German-speaking districts of other countries. Comedies came first in popularity, with tragedies second and the historical dramas lagging far behind. 'Twelfth Night' won first place with 273 performances. Then came 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' with 159, 'The Merchant of Venice' with 153, 'The Taming of the Shrew' with 117 and 'As You Like It' with ninety-one performances. Of the tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet' had 116 performances and 'Hamlet' was played ninety times.

"Speaking of 'Hamlet,' it was the late A. B. Walkley who pointed out that Polonius is a colossal bore. Walkley wrote this in an essay on 'Enchanting Bores.' 'Shakespeare's bores,' he added, 'are notoriously among his best things.' On his list of Shakespeare's bores Walkley put Dogberry and Verges, Shallow and Slender, Silence, Launcelot Gobbo, the ghost of Hamlet's father, Prospero, when he was not reciting 'gorgeous poetry,' and even Falstaff, sometimes, when he is acted on the stage."

The distinguished American novelist and Shakespearean scholar, Charles D. Stewart, of Hartford, Wisconsin, gives me a valuable explanation of one of the most famous puzzles in Shakespeare, the word *ducdame.*

"Professor W. H. Wilcox of Muskingum College, Ohio, wants to know whether that line of poetry, or song,

'Come hither, come hither, come hither!'

should not be interpreted as imitating a bird's call. Most certainly it should. The first stanza begins—

'Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;'

"This now puts me 'up against it' as the one who will have to produce the proof. I shall do so by explaining the significance of that totally unconquered and famous crux—

'Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;'

This you will recognize as the refrain of the song that Jaques sings just after Amiens has sung the one with 'the sweet bird's throat' in it.

"The point that Shakespeare is driving at here, in all these lines, is a point of character as well as of the true nature of

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poetry. As we know, Jaques is a critic, a cynic, a mere intellectual dilettante. He has trifled with life on all its sides and has ended in a cult of world-weariness and superior sophistication. He makes an amusing contrast to these other folk in the play, with their new, fresh appreciation of life interpreted in terms of romance and poetry here in the greenwood.

"But the point about Jaques, aside from the fact that he is a thinker with no great amount of thought, is that there is not a trace of poetry in his nature. He tries to make up for the lack of it by an artificial sort of sentimental and sweetly melancholic thinking. He would fain be a thinker. But as for poetic feeling and insight, he is completely described for us in that line that says he is 'compact of jars.' (Act II, scene 7.) That is, he is all made up of disharmony, jarring discord, a complete lack of the poetic sense.

"Now, when Amiens sings that greenwood song, with its refrain so bird-like in its music, Jaques burlesques it with another, as follows:

> 'If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease
> A stubborn will to please
> Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he,
> And if he will come to me.'

"And so we have that great Shakespearean crux, upon which so much brain has been spent—What is the meaning of ducdame?

"It has the same meaning as 'come hither,' but from a different standpoint. Any one who has been present when a jackass threw his head over the fence and called to his mate across the river—as I have heard many an Ohio Jack call across that same Muskingum at Zanesville—knows what a lusty jackass sounds like. It sounds like an old dry, wooden pump with the sucker out of order—it is harsh, mechanical, cacophonic. It is the opposite of the bird-like, and reminds one of unsinging, sudden and pumping sounds such as Shakespeare has put in the song of the jackass—ducdame, ducdame, ducdame. As in the first song the mention of the bird leads to the refrain 'come hither, come hither, come hither,' so in the second song, the mention of the ass leads to the asinine refrain. The significance of it all is twofold. Shakespeare is illustrating the poetic or lyrical as compared with the cacophonic; and again it is a study in character in which this man, 'compact of jars,' is impervious to the arts of song."

Everybody is taking in these days the sun cure, "breast and back as either should be." But did you know that the Sun will also cure *pianos* in the very last phase of decay and ruin? In our Michigan summer home, we have an upright of good manufacture, bought in 1892. Having neglected it for some fifteen years and leaving it in a house closed for nine months every year, in a room with a temperature far below freezing point, and being unable to get any response out of more than half the keys, I was thinking of transforming it into a writing desk, where it would send out notes of a different kind. But lo! there appears upon the scene Mr. Hey of Bad Axe—the county town. He said "she is not dead but sleepeth." And I laughed him to scorn. He deftly removed her entrails, took them into the garden and exposed them for several hours to the healing rays of the sun. He then tuned the instrument, and we have one of the best pianos in America. It is in perfect tune

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and keeps its pitch. Its tones are resonant and mellow. The Sun is a miracle-worker. To think that it could create a soul under those ribs of death—that I should hear again that familiar melodious voice, after it had been silent fifteen years. "Certain bells, now mute, can jingle," said Browning.

From Miss Elizabeth Needham, of Santa Fé, N. M.:

"Have you seen the advertisement of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in the 'National Geographic'? I was puzzled at first by its familiarity to me; then I hunted up Kenneth Grahame's 'Dream Days,' and read the end of 'The Twenty-first of October,' where Selina 'drifted into that quaint inconsequent country where you may meet your own pet hero strolling down the road, and commit what hair-brained oddities you like, and everybody understands and appreciates.'

"Truly, advertising is a quaint inconsequent country where you may meet your own pet author disguised as 'copy' for a hotel!"

From Miss Ophelia B. McLemore, of Memphis, Tenn.:

AN ASTER FROM TENNESSEE

"This is my story—one that stays with me these 20 years: A missionary to China gave a stirring address to an audience in a church in the middle section of Tennessee. As we were leaving, a goodly soul filled and fired with the message we had just heard, caught my arm and pressed her face close to mine, saying in hushed tones, 'O, I wish all our young people could hear this. I just told my little Charles that I had rather he would go to *China as to* do anything on earth.' From that moment that woman became to me a China aster. I nominate this expression 'I rather do this *as to* do that,' which seems indigenous to certain sections of Tennessee, as the most formidable candidate for the most Ignoble Prize. It just gets my goat every time I hear it. And those who use it have always a superior air.

"P. S. Can't something be done with persons who habitually use 'suspicioned' as a verb? My pain is great when I hear 'I suspicioned something was wrong.' "

One of my correspondents nominated the phrase "First Lady of the Land," which draws a response from Miss Blanche Wappat, of Pittsburgh:

"Let's keep it. We have all too little left from America's Age of Innocence. 'First lady of the land'—Can't we see all the pageant of hoop skirts, bustles, 'waterfalls,' dignified bewhiskered presidents, leg-o-mutton sleeves, magnificent receptions in gas-lighted rooms —all the pageant of the sentimental seventies, the self-conscious eighties, the mauve nineties? Why should we discard a title that makes us remember all those dear decades when a lady was a lady and an uncovered ankle was anathema? Of course it's sentimental. But it has quiet dignity and truth also. Let's keep it, for awhile anyway. Maybe a better title will be found by the new generation of newspaper men! *'Mistress of the White House'* suggested by your Connecticut correspondent, sounds vaguely scandalous."

A new word is suggested by Robert J. Summers of Buffalo:

"Recently I was asked to supply the verb to describe the optical effect of rear vision automobile mirrors which you will recall make objects appear smaller. On the spur of the moment I suggested 'microfy.' The Century & Webster's give 'minify,' but as this term has no optical associations similar to magnify, I suggest 'microfy' as the better word. I am conscious that a certain illegitimacy attaches itself to this verbal infant by reason of the canon 'gainst the union of its linguistic parents. I feel sure, however, that no lingering shreds of Puritanical squeamishness will prevent you becoming its literary Godfather, if otherwise you are convinced that despite its parentage it has any gapfilling quality."

Mr. C. H. Benjamin of Altadena, Calif., calls our attention to an *agronomist,* one who "can make ten words grow where one grew before." The American Society of Agronomy receives extended notice in an interesting article in *Science* for May 17.

Mrs. William S. Case, of Hartford,

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points (not with pride) to a huge advertisement in that fair city:

HARTFORD'S CATHEDRAL OF FEMININE FOOTWEAR

The Honorable B. G. Lowrey, formerly Member of Congress from Mississippi, and also President of Blue Mountain College in that State, is calling the attention of Northern philanthropists and to all who are interested in education, to the dire need of the small colleges of the South. The small college does work that cannot be done elsewhere, because it furnishes education to young men and women in the same locality, who otherwise would grow up without it, for they are not able to go to a distant university. Besides Blue Mountain, which needs all the help it can get, there is at Greeneville, Tenn., a college founded in the eighteenth century, with a fine history and tradition, Tusculum. Rich men who are eager to help American boys and girls might with advantage look into the conditions and standards of the small colleges of the South.

What are the seven wonders of the city of New York? A questionnaire was recently sent out and I learn from the New York *Herald Tribune* the result of the poll thus far. Votes came in with the Wonders in this order:

Water supply system
Woolworth Building
Subway System
Metropolitan Museum of Art
Brooklyn Bridge
Skyline
Grand Central Station
Statue of Liberty
Medical Centre
Cathedral of St. John the Divine

If we imagine that another wonder of New York, Chicago, and other cities might be the number of successful hold-ups, we should remember that recently in Rumania an entire railroad was stolen! I don't mean in the transfer of shares, I mean literally. Tracks, rolling stock, and signals were carried off piecemeal, until the entire system had disappeared. So said a dispatch from Bucharest.

One of my former pupils, Stuart R. Strong, of Portland, Oregon, informs me that a story I told him many years ago is a myth.

"I remember your telling a very interesting story about the large salary paid to one of the Pullman girls, when she was young, for the naming of the different Pullman cars. The story always made a big impression on me and I have told it many times, but now, I am sorry to say, tho an excellent story, it is not true.

"Perhaps I should not be so cruel in depriving you of the joy of telling the story, but I met Mrs. Lowden yesterday and asked her if it were true that she had named the Pullman cars when she was a young woman. She laughed and said that that story had a wide circulation and that she had been interviewed on it even recently, but as a matter of fact, she had never named a single Pullman car and had never received a cent for that purpose.

"She added that she felt she could name them better than a great many of them had been named, and also added that she had received letters from hundreds of women offering to do the work for half the salary she received.

"I hope it does not disappoint you that I should burst this bubble, but I know you always stand for the truth."

Many Scribnerians are certain to spend part of the coming autumn, or winter, or spring, in Italy; hence this letter on Asolo from Miss Ellen Vinton, of Washington, D. C., ought to be helpful:

"Last May, in Florence, I determined to go to Asolo. The Blue Book mentioned a bus from Castel-Franco. There I could see the Georgione Madonna. The bus, a local affair, unknown to either the American Express

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Company or Cook, proved to be all one could ask. Not so picturesque as a horse chaise, but much cooler on a very warm morning. About ten o'clock, on Sunday, we left the beautiful old square of Castel-Franco and drove through the lovely wooded country. We climbed the hill and drove to the square at Asolo, under the tower of 'Kate, the Queen.' Here we met a man who had been in America as a workman. He directed us to a charming inn, the Alto Terre, on the Via Robert Browning. My host, who spoke excellent English, took us to a loggia on the top floor, looking over Paduan Plain on one hand and off to the Alps on the other. Here surrounded by flowers and vines, we rested and read 'Pippa Passes.' After luncheon, we went for a drive through the beautiful old town, saw Duse's grave, the silk mills and the villa of Barrett Browning."

FANO CLUB

Professor and Mrs. Percy Smith, of Yale, devoted to mathematics and music, to facts and ideas, to accuracy and beauty, write from Fano, "Crossed the Rubicon yesterday, en route to Fano. Saw your Guardian Angel this morning." After ten years in Italy, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Maynard finally qualify, as brands plucked from the burning; they live in the Eternal City. A poetical quartette from Flemington, N. J., from Jersey City, and from Wayne, Pa., write:

"There once was a party of Four,
Who said, 'We all should adore
Famed Fano to view,
And THE Angel, too—
Sure, Heaven can hold nothing more.' "

They wrote this after seeing the picture. Their names: Mrs. Kate P. Ware, Mrs. Katrina Ware Case, Mrs. Alvoni R. Allen, Miss Anna Nevins.

It will be remembered that Professor and Mrs. Henry A. Perkins, of Trinity College, Hartford, being the only Americans who have ever seen the Scandinavian town of Fanø, have at last fulfilled their dream. They write not from Fanø this time, but from Fano:

"The President and founders of the Fanø Club to the President and Founder of the Fano Club, Greetings: *Sono en fine veramente Fano—senza blague!*—and I like it very much. The Peruginos in the church Santa Maria Nuova are exquisite—especially the Madonna and Saints. Also I like the Giovanni Santi. I shall have to admit that Fano beats Fanø in works of art and architectural charm. Poor Fanø has had no Phelps or Browning to sing its praises. However there are those that love it, sandy though it be! (How is that for a mixed quotation?)"

My harmless remark that the bitter shafts of cynical disdain shot by the late Ambrose Bierce might fittingly be called Bierce-Arrows, draws from George S. Fowler (*advt*) the comment that such and all similar passages in this column be named

SQUIBNERS

For example, said he, you might say that those bitter criticisms are called Bierce-Arrows because they put light on the offenders.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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English Sculpture and Alfred Gilbert

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE earlier figures salient in English sculpture are of foreign origin. History most appreciatively takes account of the Italian Torrigiano, making the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, or it pauses upon the facile eighteenth century Frenchman Roubillac, disciple of Coustou, pouring forth an amazing profusion of statues and "bustos" which, if not precisely great, have at all events high merit. The raciest things in this field are the purely decorative carvings, the full-blown flowers and fruits, of Grinling Gibbons—and he was born in Holland. The court and aristocracy long looked abroad for carvers in stone and wood, workers in bronze and lead, just as in painting they looked to a Holbein, a Rubens, a Van Dyck. And for some reason, too obscure to encourage speculation, it was in painting —or in architecture—rather than in sculpture, that the artistic genius of the country was destined to excel. Plastic art was to rear up no native portent like Wren or like Hogarth to match the major practitioners of the Continent. This is to be said of the old historic epochs and it is to be said almost as decisively of those generations which we call modern. Almost but not quite.

Alfred Stevens, an "eminent Victorian," was a sculptor of great powers. I have seen both of his masterpieces in London, the famous mantel at Dorchester House and the monument to Wellington at St. Paul's. The sustaining figures in the former have a Michael Angelesque strength and distinction, conceived with something of the largeness and boldness of the Italian master and quite untouched by the rhetorical exaggeration into which emulation of him so often passes. They are naturally and spontaneously modelled in the grand style and they are enveloped in a beautiful simplicity. The Wellington deserves more generous treatment than it has received in St. Paul's, where its mass and its details alike require more space and better illumination. Handicapped as it is, it nevertheless leaves the impression of an artist who saw his problem at once sculpturally and architecturally, in both directions having the vision of a designer. His range embraced refinement of line and a certain noble impressiveness in form. One would hardly surmise that he had, as a matter of fact, spent some time under Thorwaldsen, his art is so much more vitalized, it is so much more "of the centre." The fame of Stevens is British rather than world-wide. European criticism has no such cult for him as has been developed by English writers. Dying at fifty-seven, as far back as 1875, he never made the international stir made by, say, Rodin. Yet though they are poles apart in respect to style, the Englishman opposing an almost classic reserve to the Frenchman's fluid impressionism, Stevens is at bottom, I think, possessed of quite as much original force as his rival across the Channel. He was, to sum up, a truly creative type. He left no direct successors, no followers to re-

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new the breadth and character of his legend. The accomplishments of men like Boehm, the Anglo-French Lanteri, Onslow Ford and so on, adroit, likable artists, have left no lasting mark. But one English sculptor was to arise, born in 1854 and coming to manhood just as Stevens passed from the scene, who was to do something to repair the gap then created, establishing a totally different yet brilliant tradition. This was Alfred Gilbert, happily still active, who, unlike Stevens in so many ways, was like him in being a spiritual descendant of the Renaissance.

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A romantic interest attaches to his career, owing to the circumstance that in its later years he became what might fairly be called a man of mystery. In 1900 Gilbert was on the crest of the wave, successful, possessed of a house of his own building, the sculptor of the elaborate memorial to the Duke of Clarence at Windsor, a commission in itself significant of his conspicuous place in the professional world. But he had never been a business man and at the very moment in which prosperity seemed most to smile upon him he was being chivvied by a flock of creditors. His solicitor advised him to seek "the protection of the court" but the ensuing legal proceedings seem only to have increased the confusion of his affairs. He "reduced himself to penury in his eagerness that no one should suffer any loss whatever," and after giving a farewell supper to a few of his friends and breaking up with a mallet several of his works he went into exile at Bruges. He stayed there for more than twenty-five years. It was in that period that the mystery grew. Never given to explanations, he made no comment on the flood of gossip that followed his departure, much of it disparaging, but withdrew into a puzzling silence. Alfred Gilbert, for a little lifetime, was invested with the rather morbid glamour of an inexplicable absentee. Then, in 1926, with the suddenness of the turning of a chapter in a novel, he came home under the happiest conditions. King George summoned him to Windsor, to round out the Clarence tomb in the Albert Memorial Chapel with five figures left unfinished in 1900. Having completed this task he is at work in a studio in Kensington Palace upon the memorial to the late Queen Alexandra which is to be placed upon a site adjacent to Marlborough House. In his old age the sculptor is reestablished, full of honors, in the world of London, and to mark the event a luxuriously made quarto has been published, a biography by Isabel McAllister, explaining at last the incidents and the temperamental ways of an artist who, as I have said, has never explained. The triumphal note on which the book closes, after the long gray retirement in Bruges, is surely one of the most picturesque things in the annals of modern art. Gilbert suffered during the German occupation of Belgium. Sometimes he would walk in the fields looking for a turnip with which to satisfy his hunger. Yet even then there were friends who remembered him. Once a messenger came bearing funds from Sargent and others and in a footnote to the chapter recording this episode Miss McAllister says: "The King of Spain early in the war sent word to the Kaiser that he would hold him responsible for the life and safety of Alfred Gilbert."

To tell the truth, he had plenty of good fortune from the beginning. He was born into a musical and widely cultured family and careful education fertilized his natural taste and æsthetic apti-

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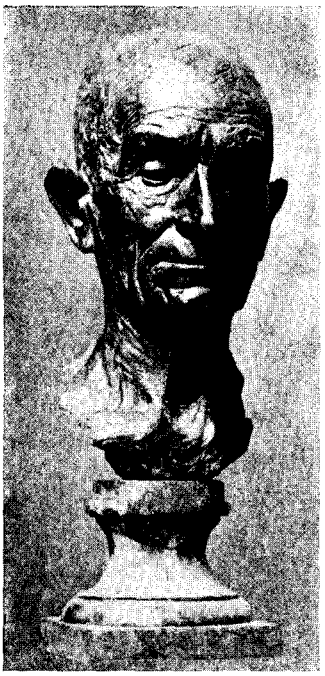

Head of an Old Man.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

Woman Teaching Child.

From the marble by Alfred Gilbert.

Perseus Arming.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

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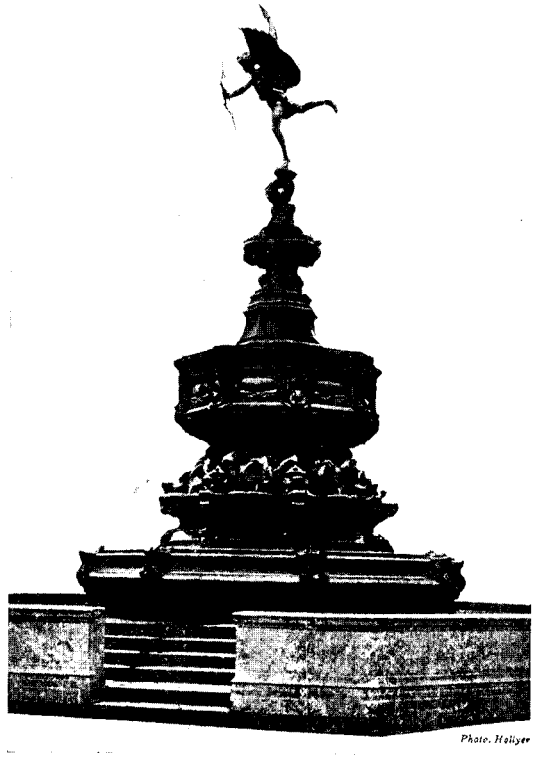

The Eros Fountain.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

Sir Richard Owen.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

G. F. Watts.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

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Icarus.

From the bronze by Alfred Gilbert.

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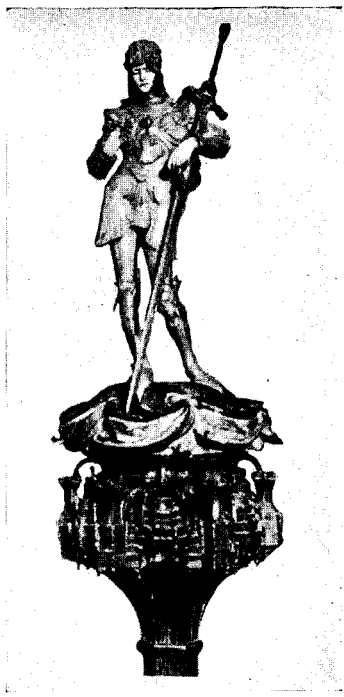
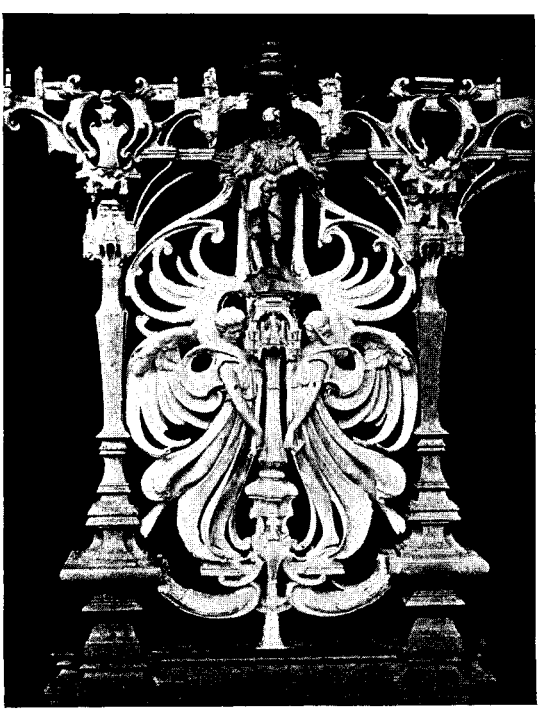
Rosewater Dish and Ewer.

From the work in silver by Alfred Gilbert.



St. George and the Dragon.

From the finial in aluminium and ivory on the Royal pew in Sandringham church by Alfred Gilbert.



Panel on the Duke of Clarence Memorial.

From the working model by Alfred Gilbert.

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tude. Sculptural ambitions and readiness woke in him early, so that he began to model images out of clay from the ditches near Aldenham School. Though he nearly deviated into medicine he promptly enough made the right decision and was enrolled amongst the students at the Royal Academy. He was there for a year and then we hear of him as an apprentice to Boehm, "the Queen's sculptor." At the age of twenty-one he married and went to Paris, entering the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, under Cavelier. He had the usual struggles of the impecunious young artist but seems to have managed somehow, taking pupils in Latin and Greek, among other things, and by 1878 was able to go to Italy. The classical influences in Rome left him cold. Miss McAllister thus touches upon the later inspiration that took him captive:

> It was not until he had seen the Colleoni in Venice, the greatest of Donatello's works in Padua, and other masters in Florence, that he realized that he had found his "Golden Milestone" in the Fathers of the Renaissance. He says: "I was struck by the absolute independence and freedom of thought and truthful representation of the ideas they possessed. Without being merely photographic, they were yet so true to nature that they revealed to me what I then understood as 'style,' but which I have since learnt to regard as the expression of an artist's individuality. . . ." His "Perseus Arming" was the direct outcome of this visit to Florence. . . . "Perseus Arming" was sent to the Salon and the artist thus speaks of its reception: "Now comes the astonishing thing about this figure. It was accepted and obtained for me honorable mention. This gave me encouragement to continue the task I had set myself, to go on writing my history by symbol."

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The foregoing lines are justly revealing, up to a certain point. He followed with sensitive feeling the naturalism of Donatello and that allusion to "writing my history by symbol" points to the thoughtful, imaginative drift of his art. He has always had something to say. He has always been the interpreter of nature rather than her mere copyist. On the other hand, the Italian master he most vividly recalls is not Donatello but Cellini. He is intensely the polished craftsman, whose genius is for the exquisite rather than for the monumental, at home with the elegant statuette and the ceremonial chain of silver-gilt and enamel, a jeweller as well as a sculptor. The Cellini in him sometimes wakes a momentary dubiety. Take, for example, the celebrated fountain which he was commissioned to erect, back in the nineties, when a memorial to the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury was wanted for the middle of Piccadilly Circus. This lovely scheme of ornate jets and basins, a flying Eros atop, has in it a suggestion of the sumptuous table ornament, like Benvenuto's salt cellar at Vienna. I said as much to Whistler as we stood looking at it one summer's night long ago. "Perhaps," he replied. "But consider. There is no water running in it. For some reason or other the authorities won't supply it. You would see the thing in a very different light if it were veiled by all the flashing streams that Gilbert intended." Whistler put his finger on the key to his friend's art, its full-rounded unity of form, color, light, and I had almost said movement, with the watery element in the Eros composition in mind.

If you look at some of Gilbert's busts, like the "Sir Richard Owen," the "Sir George Grove," the "Francis Montagu Holl" or the early "Head of an Old Man" you think of him as the faithful realist, like Donatello keeping his eye on the object. If you look at his statues, from the simple "Perseus Arming" to

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the almost florid "Queen Victoria" at Winchester, you see that the realist is reinforced by the symbolist and decorator, that in the rich development of ornamental motives he is a mediævalist as well as a son of the Renaissance, a Cellini with a streak of the Primitive in him. The delicately wrought panels which screen the onyx sarcophagus of the Duke of Clarence disclose this passion of Gilbert's for minute detail—shrewdly adjusted to the effect of the whole. He has brought color, too, into some of his schemes and is a great connoisseur of the possibilities latent in this or that material. His memorial to Randolph Caldecott, in the crypt of St. Paul's, sets a figure of aluminium and flesh color patina in a niche of onyx. He is a daring as well as a skilful artificer.

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With his skill and ingenuity there goes a great charm. That is why he seems to me, as I have indicated above, a sculptor restoring in a measure the gap left by Alfred Stevens. He hasn't that artist's gift for scale nor his grave simplicity. He is, instead, a man of lyrical fancy, working out his romantic conceptions with a touch as light as it is gracious. His *metier* is for a picturesqueness that might almost be called dainty rather than for the heroic, massy design. And he has, to support the beguiling fabrics of his imagining, a technic—by itself commanding warm admiration—that is remarkably sure, remarkably well-poised and finished. It is, too, the technic of the artist pure and simple. Man of symbolism though he has been, his work has never taken the merely "literary" direction so often characteristic of British art. Contact with the Royal Academy has not subdued him to the anecdotic cast of Burlington House thought. There are some odd distinctions provoked by the light that Miss McAllister sheds on his friendships. Those have embraced some of the most Victorian types of his time. Leighton, in his way of the *grand seigneur,* was cordial to him in the early Italian period, giving him the commission that resulted in his delightful "Icarus." Gilbert never forgot it and in any case he admired Leighton's art. But admiration, affection, could not bring him, artistically speaking, under the influence of the numerous painters and sculptors of more or less academic type with whom he was wont to foregather. If he had ties with figures that have long since lost their appeal he had ties also with artists of what I may call a more durable calibre, artists such as Whistler and Sargent. It is interesting to learn that the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" had no differences of opinion with Gilbert and it is perhaps worth while to cite a few lines from the latter's tribute to his staunch friend:

> Small of stature, he was a giant of courage. Daring in his opinions, he was courageous in their defence. His inborn wit, sharpened by his knowledge of men and things, developed through circumstances into an absolute gift for humorous satire. . . . In using musical terms as titles to his pictures he was not guilty of affectation, but chose them because he felt the affinity existing between music and his own ideals in painting. He once said, "Why should I be taken to task for my homage to the beautiful by borrowing expressions indicative of the daintiness I aspire to in my art?" Then, after a pause, as though to unburden himself of another thought, "The ignorance and intolerance of some folk is amazing; those pedlars of trifles are forever screeching, like the parrots they are, words they have heard in connection with painting as if they understood their application, and yet they begrudge me the use of terms culled from a similar source. If 'tone values,' 'high' and 'low,' 'keys,' 'relative tones,' 'dominant notes' —be used and permitted in the family of

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Autolycus, why should the higher terms denoting sentiment be ruled out for one of his elected? All true artists should consider themselves as such."

Gilbert's biography is not infrequently tinctured by the personalities of his time. He knew many of his most distinguished contemporaries, not only painters and sculptors but stage folk like Irving and Toole or poets like Swinburne and Browning, and amusing glimpses of them diversify Miss McAllister's narrative. There is, for example, this droll memory of Swinburne, who, leaving the Arts Club one evening, could not find his hat: "He always flew into a rage very easily, and on this occasion did a mad act. He quickly collected all the hats he could find, threw them on the floor, *and danced on them!*" In the singularity which this suggests there is a hint of Gilbert himself, though there is in his record no trace of any fantasticality like that astonishing dance of the poet's.

It is the singularity of an artist who cannot but hew to his own line. At the outset, as a youth, he may have unconsciously followed in Boehm's footsteps, but that influence soon passed. It is noticeable that he remained unmoved by the rise of Rodin. Indeed, from certain passages in his biography, I would infer that he had no love at all for the Frenchman's style. Looking about in the English school for some strain analogous to that which he brings to the surface I find it, possibly, in the temper of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood but even there the kinship is evanescent. No, his individuality is incontestable. All through his career, in his years of resplendent success, in his Bruges retirement, in his present period, he remains unmistakably himself, both as a man and as an artist.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 385 of this number.)

the little room after lunch looking out the window at the snow coming down Catherine said, "Wouldn't you like to go on a trip somewhere by yourself darling and be with men and ski?"

"No. Why should I?"

"I should think sometimes you would want to see other people beside me."

"Do you want to see other people?"

"No."

"Neither do I."

"I know. But you're different. I'm having a child and that makes me contented not to do anything. I know I'm awfully stupid now and I think you ought to get away so you won't be tired of me."

"Do you want me to go away?"

"No. I want you to stay."

"That's what I'm going to do."

"Come over here," she said. "I want to feel the bump on your head. It's a big bump." She ran her finger over it. "Darling would you like to grow a beard?"

"Would you like me to?"

"It might be fun. I'd like to see you with a beard."

"All right. I'll grow one. I'll start now this minute. It's a good idea. It will give me something to do."

"Are you worried because you haven't anything to do?"

"No. I like it. I have a fine life. Don't you?"

"I have a lovely life. But I was afraid because I'm big now that maybe I was a bore to you."

"Oh Cat. You don't know how crazy I am about you."

"This way?"

"Just the way you are. I have a fine time. Don't we have a good life?"

"I do, but I thought maybe you were restless."

"No. Sometimes I wonder about the front and about people I know but I don't worry. I don't think about anything much."

"Who do you wonder about?"

"About Rinaldi and the priest and lots of people I know. But I don't think about them much."

"Look at it snow now."

"I'd rather look at you."

"Darling why don't you let your hair grow?"

"How grow?"

"Just grow a little longer."

"It's long enough now."

"No let it grow a little longer and I could cut mine and we'd be just alike only one of us blonde and one of us dark."

"I wouldn't let you cut yours."

"It would be fun. I'm tired of it. It's an awful nuisance in the bed at night."

"I like it."

"Wouldn't you like it short?"

"I might. I like it the way it is."

"It might be nice short. Then we'd both be alike. Oh darling I want you so much I want to be you too."

"You are. We're the same one."

"I know it. At night we are."

"The nights are grand."

"I want us to be all mixed up. I don't want you to go away. I just said that. You go if you want to. But hurry right back. Why darling I don't live at all when I'm not with you."

"I won't ever go away," I said. "I'm no good when you're not there. I haven't any life at all any more."

"I want you to have a life. I want you to have a fine life. But we'll have it together won't we?"

"And now do you want me to stop growing my beard or let it go on?"

"Go on. Grow it. It will be exciting. Maybe it will be done for New Year's."

"Now do you want to play chess?"

"I'd rather play with you."

"No. Let's play chess."

"And afterward we'll play?"

"Yes."

"All right."

I got out the chess board and arranged the pieces. It was still snowing hard outside.

One time in the night I woke up and knew that Catherine was awake too. The moon was shining in the window and made shadows on the bed from the bars on the window panes.

"Are you awake sweetheart?"

"Yes. Can't you sleep?"

"I just woke up thinking about how I was

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nearly crazy when I first met you. Do you remember?"

"You were just a little crazy."

"I'm never that way any more. I'm grand now. You say grand so sweetly. Say grand."

"Grand."

"Oh you're sweet. And I'm not crazy now. I'm just very very very happy."

"Go on to sleep," I said.

"All right. Let's go to sleep at exactly the same moment."

"All right."

But we did not. I was awake for quite a long time thinking about things and watching Catherine sleeping, the moonlight on her face. Then I went to sleep, too.

XXXIX

By the middle of January I had a beard and the winter had settled into bright cold days and hard cold nights. We could walk on the roads again. The snow was packed hard and smooth by the hay sleds and wood sledges and the logs that were hauled down the mountain. The snow lay over all the country down almost to Montreux. The mountains on the other side of the lake were all white and the plain of the Rhone Valley was covered. We took long walks on the other side of the mountain to the Bains D'Alliez. Catherine wore hobnailed boots and a cape and carried a stick with a sharp steel point. She did not look big with the cape and we would not walk too fast but stopped and sat on logs by the roadside to rest when she was tired.

There was an inn in the trees at the Bains D'Alliez where the wood cutters stopped to drink, and we sat inside warmed by the stove and drank hot red wine with spices and lemon in it. They called it *glüwein* and it was a good thing to warm you and to celebrate with. The inn was dark and smoky inside and afterward when you went out the cold air came sharply into your lungs and numbed the edge of your nose as you inhaled. We looked back at the inn with light coming from the windows and the woodcutters' horses stamping and jerking their heads outside to keep warm. There was frost on the hairs of their muzzles and their breathing made plumes of frost in the air. Going up the road toward home the road was smooth and slippery for a while and the ice orange from the horses until the wood hauling track turned off. Then the road was clean packed snow and led through the woods, and twice coming home in the evening, we saw foxes.

It was a fine country and every time that we went out it was fun.

"You have a splendid beard now," Catherine said. "It lookes just like the woodcutters'. Did you see the man with the tiny gold earrings?"

"He's a chamois hunter," I said. "They wear them because they say it makes them hear better."

"Really? I don't believe it. I think they wear them to show they are chamois hunters. Are there chamois near here?"

"Yes, beyond the Dent du Jaman."

"It was fun seeing the fox."

"When he sleeps he wraps that tail around him to keep warm."

"It must be a lovely feeling."

"I always wanted to have a tail like that. Wouldn't it be fun if we had brushes like a fox?"

"It might be very difficult dressing."

"We'd have clothes made, or live in a country where it wouldn't make any difference."

"We live in a country where nothing makes any difference. Isn't it grand how we never see any one? You don't want to see people do you darling?"

"No."

"Should we sit here just a minute? I'm a little bit tired."

We sat close together on the logs. Ahead the road went down through the forest.

"She won't come between us will she? The little brat."

"No. We won't let her."

"How are we for money?"

"We have plenty. They honored the last sight draft."

"Won't your family try and get hold of you now they know you're in Switzerland?"

"Probably. I'll write them something."

"Haven't you written them?"

"No. Only the sight draft."

"Thank God I'm not your family."

"I'll send them a cable."

"Don't you care anything about them?"

"I did, but we quarrelled so much it wore itself out."

"I think I'd like them. I'd probably like them very much."

"Let's not talk about them or I'll start to worry about them." After a while I said, "Let's go on if you're rested."

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"I'm rested."

We went on down the road. It was dark now and the snow squeaked under our boots. The night was dry and cold and very clear.

"I love your beard," Catherine said. "It's a great success. It looks so stiff and fierce and it's very soft and a great pleasure."

"Do you like it better than without?"

"I think so. You know Darling I'm not going to cut my hair now until after young Catherine's born. I look too big and matronly now. But after she's born and I'm thin again I'm going to cut it and then I'll be a fine new and different girl for you. We'll go together and get it cut, or I'll go alone and come and surprise you."

I did not say anything.

"You won't say I can't, will you?"

"No. I think it would be exciting."

"Oh you're so sweet. And maybe I'd look lovely darling and be so thin and exciting to you and you'll fall in love with me all over again."

"Hell," I said, "I love you enough now. What do you want to do? Ruin me?"

"Yes. I want to ruin you."

"Good," I said, "that's what I want too."

XL

We had a fine life. We lived through the months of January and February and the winter was very fine and we were very happy. There had been short thaws when the wind blew warm and the snow softened and the air felt like Spring, but always the clear hard cold had come again and the winter had returned. In March came the first break in the winter. In the night it started raining. It rained on all morning and turned the snow to slush and made the mountain side dismal. There were clouds over the lake and over the valley. It was raining high up the mountain. Catherine wore heavy overshoes and I wore Mr. Guttingen's rubber boots and we walked to the station under an umbrella, through the slush and the running water that was washing the ice of the roads bare, to stop at the pub before lunch for a vermouth. Outside we could hear the rain.

"Do you think we ought to move into town?"

"What do you think?" Catherine asked.

"If the winter is over and the rain keeps up it won't be fun up here. How long is it before young Catherine?"

"About a month. Perhaps a little more."

"We might go down and stay in Montreux."

"Why don't we go to Lausanne? That's where the hospital is."

"All right. But I thought maybe that was too big a town."

"We can be as much alone in a bigger town and Lausanne might be nice."

"When should we go?"

"I don't care. Whenever you want darling. I don't want to leave here if you don't want."

"Let's see how the weather turns out."

It rained for three days. The snow was all gone now on the mountain side below the station. The road was a torrent of muddy snow water. It was too wet and slushy to go out. On the morning of the third day of rain we decided to go down into town.

"That is all right, Mr. Henry," Guttingen said. "You do not have to give me any notice. I did not think you would want to stay now the bad weather is come."

"We have to be near the hospital anyway on account of Madame," I said.

"I understand," he said. "Will you come back some time and stay with the little one?"

"Yes if you would have room."

"In the Spring when it is nice you could come and enjoy it. We could put the little one and the nurse in the big room that is closed now and you and Madame could have your same room looking out over the lake."

"I'll write about coming," I said. We packed and left on the train that went down after lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Guttingen came down to the station with us and he hauled our baggage down on a sled through the slush. They stood beside the station in the rain waving good-by.

"They were very sweet," Catherine said.

"They were fine to us."

We took the train to Lausanne from Montreux. Looking out the window toward where we had lived you could not see the mountains for the clouds. The train stopped in Vevey, then went on, passing the lake on one side and on the other the wet brown fields and the bare woods and the wet houses. We came into Lausanne and went into a medium sized hotel to stay. It was still raining as we drove through the streets and into the carriage entrance of the hotel. The concierge with brass keys on his lapels, the elevator, the carpets on the floors, and the white wash bowls with shining fixtures and brass bed and the big

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comfortable bedroom all seemed very great luxury after the Guttingen's. The windows of the room looked out on a wet garden with a wall topped by an iron fence. Across the street, which sloped steeply, was another hotel with a similar wall and garden. I looked out at the rain falling in the fountain of the garden.

Catherine turned on all the lights and commenced unpacking. I ordered a whiskey and soda and lay on the bed and read the papers I had bought at the station. It was March 1918 and the German offensive had started in France. I drank the whiskey and soda and read while Catherine unpacked and moved around the room.

"You know what I have to get Darling," she said.

"What?"

"Baby clothes. There aren't many people reach my time without baby things."

"You can buy them."

"I know. That's what I'll do to-morrow. I'll find out what is necessary."

"You ought to know. You were a nurse."

"But so few of the soldiers had babies in the hospitals."

"I did."

She hit me with the pillow and spilled the whiskey and soda.

"I'll order you another," she said. "I'm sorry I spilled it."

"There wasn't much left. Come on over to the bed."

"No. I have to try and make this room look like something."

"Like what?"

"Like our home."

"Hang out the Allied flags."

"Oh shut up."

"Say it again."

"Shut up."

"You say it so cautiously," I said. "As though you didn't want to offend any one."

"I don't."

"Then come over to the bed."

"All right." She came and sat on the bed. "I know I'm no fun for you darling. I'm like a big flour barrel."

"No you're not. You're beautiful and you're sweet."

"I'm just something very ungainly that you've married."

"No you're not. You're more beautiful all the time."

"But I will be thin again darling."

"You're thin now."

"You've been drinking."

"Just whiskey and soda."

"There's another one coming," she said. "And then should we order dinner up here?"

"That will be good."

"Then we won't go out, will we? We'll just stay in to-night."

"And play," I said.

"I'll drink some wine," Catherine said. "It won't hurt me. Maybe we can get some of our old white Capri."

"I know we can," I said. "They'll have Italian wines at a hotel this size."

The waiter knocked at the door. He brought the whiskey in a glass with ice and beside the glass on a tray a small bottle of soda.

"Thank you," I said. "Put it down there. Will you please have dinner for two brought up here and two bottles of dry white Capri in ice."

"Do you wish to commence your dinner with soup?"

"Do you want soup, Cat?"

"Please."

"Bring soup for one."

"Thank you sir." He went out and shut the door. I went back to the papers and poured the soda slowly over the ice into the whiskey. I would have to tell them not to put ice in the whiskey. Let them bring the ice separately. That way you could tell how much whiskey there was and it would not suddenly be too thin from the soda. I would get a bottle of whiskey and have them bring ice and soda. That was the sensible way. Good whiskey was very pleasant. It was one of the pleasant parts of life.

"What are you thinking Darling?"

"About whiskey."

"What about whiskey?"

"About how nice it is."

Catherine made a face. "All right," she said.

We stayed at that hotel three weeks. It was not bad; the dining-room was usually empty and very often we ate in our room at night. We walked in the town and took the cogwheel railway down to Ouchy and walked beside the lake. The weather became quite warm and it was like spring. We wished we were back in the mountains but the spring weather lasted only a few days and then the cold rawness of the breaking up of winter came again.

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Catherine bought the things she needed for the baby up in the town. I went to a gymnasium in the arcade to box for exercise. I usually went up there in the morning while Catherine stayed late in bed. On the days of false spring it was very nice, after boxing and taking a shower, to walk along the streets smelling the spring in the air and stop at a café to sit and watch the people and read the paper and drink a vermouth; then go down to the hotel and have lunch with Catherine. The professor at the boxing gymnasium wore mustaches and was very precise and jerky and went all to pieces if you started after him. But it was pleasant in the gym. There was good air and light and I worked quite hard, skipping rope, shadow boxing, doing abdominal exercises lying on the floor in a patch of sunlight that came through the open window and occasionally scaring the professor when we boxed. I could not shadow box in front of the narrow long mirror at first because it looked so strange to see a man with a beard boxing. But finally I just thought it was funny. I wanted to take off the beard as soon as I started boxing but Catherine did not want me to.

Sometimes Catherine and I went for rides out in the country in a carriage. It was nice to ride when the days were pleasant and we found two good places where we could ride out to eat. Catherine could not walk very far now and I loved to ride out along the country roads with her. When there was a good day we had a splendid time and we never had a bad time. We knew the baby was very close now and it gave us both a feeling as though something were hurrying us and we could not lose any time together.

XLI

One morning I awoke about three o'clock hearing Catherine stirring in the bed.

"Are you all right Cat?"

"I've been having some pains, darling."

"Regularly?"

"No, not very."

"If you have them at all regularly we'll go to the hospital."

I was very sleepy and went back to sleep. A little while later I woke again.

"Maybe you'd better call up the doctor," Catherine said. "I think maybe this is it."

I went to the phone and called the doctor. "How often are the pains coming?" he asked.

"How often are they coming, Cat?"

"I should think every quarter of an hour."

"You should go to the hospital then," the doctor said. "I will dress and go there right away myself."

I hung up and called the garage near the station to send up a taxi. No one answered the phone for a long time. Then I finally got a man who promised to send up a taxi at once. Catherine was dressing. Her bag was all packed with the things she would need at the hospital and the baby things. Outside in the hall I rang for the elevator. There was no answer. I went down stairs. There was no one downstairs except the night watchman. I brought the elevator up myself, put Catherine's bag in it, she stepped in and we went down. The night watchman opened the door for us and we sat outside on the stone slabs beside the stairs down to the driveway and waited for the taxi. The night was clear and the stars were out. Catherine was very excited.

"I'm so glad it's started," she said. "Now in a little while it will be all over."

"You're a good brave girl."

"I'm not afraid. I wish the taxi would come, though."

We heard it coming up the street and saw its headlights. It turned into the driveway and I helped Catherine in and the driver put the bag up in front.

"Drive to the hospital," I said.

We went out of the driveway and started up the hill.

At the hospital we went in and I carried the bag. There was a woman at the desk who wrote down Catherine's name, age, address, relatives, and religion in a book. She said she had no religion and the woman drew a line in the space after that word. She gave her name as Catherine Henry.

"I will take you up to your room," she said. We went up in an elevator. The woman stopped it and we stepped out and followed her down a hall. Catherine held tight to my arm.

"This is the room," the woman said. "Will you please undress and get into bed? Here is a nightgown for you to wear."

"I have a nightgown," Catherine said.

"It is better for you to wear this nightgown," the woman said.

I went outside and sat on a chair in the hallway.

"You can come in now," the woman said from the doorway. Catherine was lying in the

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narrow bed wearing a plain, square-cut nightgown that looked as though it were made of rough sheeting. She smiled at me.

"I'm having fine pains now," she said. The woman was holding her wrist and timing the pains with a watch.

"That was a big one," Catherine said. I saw it on her face.

"Where's the doctor?" I asked the woman.

"He's lying down sleeping. He will be here when he is needed."

"I must do something for Madame now," the nurse said. "Would you please step out again?"

I went out in the hall. It was a bare hall with two windows and closed doors all down the corridor. It smelled of hospital. I sat on the chair and looked at the floor and prayed for Catherine.

"You can come in," the nurse said. I went in.

"Hello darling," Catherine said.

"How is it?"

"They are coming quite often now." Her face drew up. Then she smiled.

"That was a real one. Do you want to put your hand on my back again nurse?"

"If it helps you," the nurse said.

"You go away, darling," Catherine said. "Go out and get something to eat. I may do this for a long time the nurse says."

"The first labor is usually protracted," the nurse said.

"Please go out and get something to eat," Catherine said. "I'm fine, really."

"I'll stay a while," I said.

The pains came quite regularly, then slackened off. Catherine was very excited. When the pains were bad she called them good ones. When they started to fall off she was disappointed and ashamed.

"You go out, darling," she said. "I think you are just making me self-conscious." Her face tied up. "There. That was better. I so want to be a good wife and have this child without any foolishness. Please go and get some breakfast, darling, and then come back. I won't miss you. Nurse is splendid to me."

"You have plenty of time for breakfast," the nurse said.

"I'll go then. Good-by sweet."

"Good-by," Catherine said, "and have a fine breakfast for me too."

"Where can I get breakfast?" I asked the nurse.

"There's a café down the street at the square," she said. "It should be open now."

Outside it was getting light. I walked down the empty street to the café. There was a light in the window. I went in and stood at the zinc bar and an old man served me a glass of white wine and a brioche. The brioche was yesterday's. I dipped it in the wine and then drank a glass of coffee.

"What do you do at this hour?" the old man asked.

"My wife is in labor at the hospital."

"So. I wish you good luck."

"Give me another glass of wine."

He poured it from the bottle slopping it over a little so some ran down on the zinc. I drank this glass, paid and went out. Outside along the street were the refuse cans from the houses waiting for the collector. A dog was nosing at one of the cans.

"What do you want?" I asked and looked in the can to see if there was anything I could pull out for him; there was nothing on top but coffee-grounds, dust, and some dead flowers.

"There isn't anything, dog," I said. The dog crossed the street. I went up the stairs in the hospital to the floor Catherine was on and down the hall to her room. I knocked on the door. There was no answer. I opened the door; the room was empty, except for Catherine's bag on a chair and her dressing-gown hanging on a hook on the wall. I went out and down the hall looking for somebody. I found a nurse.

"Where is Madame Henry?"

"A lady has just gone to the delivery-room."

"Where is it?"

"I will show you."

She took me down to the end of the hall. The door of the room was partly open. I could see Catherine lying on a table, covered by a sheet. The nurse was on one side and the doctor stood on the other side of the table beside some cylinders. The doctor held a rubber mask attached to a tube in one hand.

"I will give you a gown and you can go in," the nurse said. "Come in here, please."

She put a white gown on me and pinned it at the neck in back with a safety pin.

"Now you can go in," she said. I went into the room.

"Hello, darling," Catherine said in a strained voice. "I'm not doing much."

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"You are Mr. Henry?" the doctor asked.

"Yes. How is everything going, Doctor?"

"Things are going very well," the doctor said. "We came in here where it is easy to give gas for the pains."

"I want it now," Catherine said. The doctor placed the rubber mask over her face and turned a dial and I watched Catherine breathing deeply and rapidly. Then she pushed the mask away. The doctor shut off the petcock.

"That wasn't a very big one. I had a very big one a while ago. The doctor made me go clear out, didn't you Doctor?" Her voice was strange. It rose on the word doctor.

The doctor smiled.

"I want it again," Catherine said. She held the rubber tight to her face and breathed fast. I heard her moaning a little. Then she pulled the mask away and smiled.

"That was a big one," she said. "That was a very big one. Don't you worry darling. You go away. Go have another breakfast."

"I'll stay," I said.

We had gone to the hospital about three o'clock in the morning. At noon Catherine was still in the delivery-room. The pains had slackened again. She looked very tired and worn now but she was still cheerful.

"I'm not any good, darling," she said. "I'm so sorry. I thought I would do it very easily. Now—there's one—" she reached out her hand for the mask and held it over her face. The doctor moved the dial and watched her. In a little while it was over.

"It wasn't much," Catherine said. She smiled. "I'm a fool about the gas. It's wonderful."

"We'll get some for the home," I said.

"There one comes!" Catherine said. The doctor turned the dial and looked at his watch.

"What is the interval now?" I asked.

"About a minute."

"Don't you want lunch?"

"I will have something pretty soon," he said.

"You must have something to eat, Doctor," Catherine said. "I'm so sorry I go on so long. Couldn't my husband give me the gas?"

"If you wish," the doctor said. "You turn it to the numeral two."

"I see," I said. There was a marker on a dial that turned with a handle.

"I want it now!" Catherine said. She held the mask tight to her face. I turned the dial to number two and when Catherine put down the mask I turned it off. It was very good of the doctor to let me do something.

"Did you do it, darling?" Catherine asked. She stroked my wrist.

"Sure."

"You're so lovely." She was a little drunk from the gas.

"I will eat from a tray in the next room," the doctor said. "You can call me any moment." While the time passed I watched him eat, then, after a while, I saw that he was lying down and smoking a cigarette. Catherine was getting very tired.

"Do you think I'll ever have this baby?" she asked.

"Yes, of course you will."

"I try as hard as I can. I push down but it goes away. There it comes! Give it to me!"

At two o'clock I went out and had lunch. There were a few men in the café sitting with coffee and glasses of kirsch or marc on the tables. I sat down at a table. "Can I eat?" I asked the waiter.

"It is past time for lunch."

"Isn't there anything for all hours?"

"You can have *choucroute.*"

"Give me *choucroute* and beer."

"A demi or a bock?"

"A light demi."

The waiter brought a dish of sauerkraut with a slice of ham over the top and a sausage buried in the hot wine-soaked cabbage. I ate it and drank the beer. I was very hungry. I watched the people at the tables in the café. At one table they were playing cards. Two men at the table next me were talking and smoking. The café was full of smoke. The zinc bar, where I had breakfasted, had three people behind it now; the old man, a plump woman in a black dress who sat behind a counter and kept track of everything served to the tables, and a boy in an apron. I wondered how many children the woman had and what it had been like.

When I was through with the *choucroute* I went back to the hospital. The street was all clean now. There were no refuse cans out. The day was cloudy but the sun was trying to come through. I rode up-stairs in the elevator, stepped out and went down the hall to Catherine's room, where I had left my white gown. I put it on and pinned it in back at the neck. I looked in the glass and saw myself looking like a fake doctor with a beard. I went down the hall

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to the delivery-room. The door was closed and I knocked. No one answered so I turned the handle and went in. The doctor sat by Catherine. The nurse was doing something at the other end of the room.

"Here is your husband," the doctor said.

"Oh darling, I have the most wonderful doctor," Catherine said in a very strange voice. "He's been telling me the most wonderful story and when the pain came too badly he put me all the way out. He's wonderful. You're wonderful, doctor."

"You're drunk," I said.

"I know it," Catherine said. "But you shouldn't say it." Then *"Give it to me! Give it to me!"* She clutched hold of the mask and breathed short and deep, pantingly, making the respirator click. Then she gave a long sigh and the doctor reached with his left hand and lifted away the mask.

"That was a very big one," Catherine said. "I'm not going to die now darling. I'm past where I was going to die. Aren't you glad?"

"Don't you get in that place again."

"I won't. I'm not afraid of it though. I won't die darling."

"You will not do any such foolishness," the doctor said. "You would not die and leave your husband."

"Oh, no. I won't die. I wouldn't die. It's silly to die. There it comes. *Give it to me!"*

After a while the doctor said, "You will go out, Mr. Henry, for a few moments and I will make an examination."

"He wants to see how I am doing," Catherine said. "You can come back afterward darling, can't he doctor?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "I will send word when he can come back."

I went out the door and down the hall to the room where Catherine was to be after the baby came. I sat in a chair there and looked at the room. I had the paper in my coat that I had bought when I went out for lunch and I read it. It was beginning to be dark outside and I turned the light on to read. After a while I stopped reading and turned off the light and watched it get dark outside. I wondered why the doctor did not send for me. Maybe it was better I was away. He probably wanted me away for a while. I looked at my watch. If he did not send for me in ten minutes I would go down anyway.

Poor, poor dear Cat. And this was the price you paid for sleeping together. This was the end of the trap. This was what people got for loving each other. Thank God for gas anyway. What must it have been like before there were anæsthetics? Once it started they were in the mill race. Catherine had a good time in the time of pregnancy. It wasn't bad. She was hardly ever sick. She was not awfully uncomfortable until toward the last. So now they got her in the end. You never got away with anything. Get away hell! It would have been the same if we had been married fifty times. And what if she should die? She won't die. People don't die in childbirth nowadays. That was what all husbands thought. Yes, but what if she should die? She won't die. She's just having a bad time. The initial labor is usually protracted. She's only having a bad time. Afterward we'd say what a bad time and Catherine would say it wasn't really so bad. But what if she should die? She can't die. Yes, but what if she should die? She can't, I tell you. Don't be a fool. It's just a bad time. It's just nature giving her hell. It's only the first labor, which is almost always protracted. Yes, but what if she should die? She can't die. Why would she die? What reason is there for her to die? There's just a child that has to be born. The by-product of good nights in Milan. It makes trouble and is born and then you look after it and get fond of it maybe. But what if she should die? She won't die. But what if she should die? She won't. She's all right. But what if she should die? She can't die. But what if she should die? Hey what about that? What if she should die?

The doctor came in the room.

"How does it go, Doctor?"

"It doesn't go," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. I made an examination—" He detailed the result of the examination. "Since then I've waited to see. But it doesn't go."

"What do you advise?"

"There are two things. Either a high forceps delivery which can tear and be quite dangerous besides being possibly bad for the child, and a Cæsarean."

"What is the danger of a Cæsarean?" *What if she should die?*

"It should be no greater than the danger of an ordinary delivery."

"Would you do it yourself?"

"Yes. I would need possibly an hour to get things ready and to get the people I would need. Perhaps a little less."

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"What do you think?"

"I would advise a Cæsarean operation. If it were my wife I would do a Cæsarean."

"What are the after effects?"

"There are none. There is only the scar."

"What about infection?"

"The danger is not so great as in a high forceps delivery."

"What if you just went on and did nothing?"

"You would have to do something eventually. Mrs. Henry is already losing much of her strength. The sooner we operate now the safer."

"Operate as soon as you can," I said.

"I will go and give the instructions."

I went into the delivery-room. The nurse was with Catherine who lay on the table, big under the sheet, looking very pale and tired.

"Did you tell him he could do it?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Isn't that grand. Now I will be all over in an hour. I'm almost done darling. I'm going all to pieces. Please give me that! It doesn't work. *Oh, it doesn't work!*"

"Breathe deeply."

"I am. Oh, it doesn't work any more. It doesn't work."

"Get another cylinder," I said to the nurse.

"That is a new cylinder."

"I'm just a fool darling," Catherine said. "But it doesn't work any more." She began to cry. "Oh, I wanted so to have this baby and not make trouble, and now I'm all done and all gone to pieces and it doesn't work. Oh, darling, it doesn't work at all. I don't care if I die if it will only stop. Oh please, darling, please make it stop. *There it comes. Oh, Oh, Oh!*" She breathed sobbingly in the mask. "It doesn't work. It doesn't work. It doesn't work. Don't mind me darling. Please don't cry. Don't mind me. I'm just gone all to pieces. You poor sweet. I love you so and I'll be good again. I'll be good this time. *Can't they give me something?* If they could only give me something."

"I'll make it work. I'll turn it all the way."

"Give it to me now."

I turned the dial all the way and as she breathed hard and deep her hand relaxed on the mask. I shut off the gas and lifted the mask. She came back from a long way away.

"That was lovely darling. Oh you're so good to me."

"You be brave because I can't do that all the time. It might kill you."

"I'm not brave any more darling. I'm all broken. They've broken me. I know it now."

"Everybody is that way."

"But it's awful. They just keep it up till they break you."

"In an hour it will be over."

"Isn't that lovely? Darling I won't die, will I?"

"No. I promise you won't."

"Because I don't want to die and leave you, but I get so tired of it and I feel I'm going to die."

"Nonsense. Everybody feels that."

"Sometimes I know I'm going to die."

"You won't. You can't."

"But what if I should?"

"I won't let you."

"Give it to me quick. *Give it to me!*"

Then afterward, "I won't die. I won't let myself die."

"Of course, you won't."

"You'll stay with me?"

"Not to watch it."

"No just to be there."

"Sure. I'll be there all the time."

"You're so good to me. There, give it to me. Give me some more. *It's not working!*"

I turned the dial to three and then four. I wished the doctor would come back. I was afraid of the numbers above two.

Finally a new doctor came in with two nurses and they lifted Catherine onto a wheeled stretcher and we started down the hall. The stretcher went rapidly down the hall and into the elevator where every one had to crowd against the wall to make room; then up, then an open door and out of the elevator and down the hall on rubber wheels to the operating-room. I did not recognize the doctor with his cap and mask on. There was another doctor and more nurses.

"They've got to give me something!" Catherine said. *"They've got to give me something!* Oh, please, doctor, give me enough to do some good!"

One of the doctors put a mask over her face and I looked through the door and saw the bright small amphitheatre of the operating-room.

"You can go in the other door and sit up there," a nurse said to me. There were benches behind a rail that looked down on the white

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table and the lights. I looked at Catherine. The mask was over her face and she was quiet now. They wheeled the stretcher forward. I turned away and walked down the hall. Two nurses were hurrying toward the entrance to the gallery.

"It's a Cæsarean," one said. "They're going to do a Cæsarean."

The other one laughed. "We're just in time. Aren't we lucky?" They went in the door that led to the gallery.

Another nurse came along. She was hurrying too.

"You go right in there. Go right in," she said.

"I'm staying outside."

She hurried in. I walked up and down the hall. I was afraid to go in. I looked out the window. It was dark but in the light from the window I could see it was raining. I went into a room at the far end of the hall and looked at the labels on bottles in a glass case. Then I came out and stood in the empty hall and watched the door of the operating-room.

A doctor came out followed by a nurse. He held something in his two hands that looked like a freshly skinned rabbit and hurried across the corridor with it and in through another door. I went down to the door he had gone into and found them in the room doing things to a new born child. The doctor held him up for me to see. He held him by the heels and slapped him.

"Is he all right?"

"He's magnificent. He'll weigh five kilos."

I had no feeling for him. He did not seem to have anything to do with me. I felt no feeling of fatherhood.

"Aren't you proud of your son?" the nurse asked. They were washing him and wrapping him in something. I saw the little dark face and dark hand, but I did not see him move or hear him cry. The doctor was doing something to him again. He looked upset.

"No," I said. "He nearly killed his mother."

"It isn't the little darling's fault. Didn't you want a boy?"

"No," I said. The doctor was busy with him. He held him up by the feet and slapped him. I did not wait to see it. I went out in the hall. I could go in now and see. I went in the door and a little way down the gallery. The nurses who were sitting at the rail motioned for me to come down where they were. I shook my head. I could see enough where I was.

I thought Catherine was dead. She looked dead. Her face was gray, the part of it that I could see. Down below, under the light, the doctor was sewing up the great long, forceps-spread, thick edged wound. Another doctor in a mask gave the anæsthetic. Two nurses in masks handed things. It looked like a drawing of the Inquisition. I knew as I watched I could have watched it all, but I was glad I hadn't. I do not think I could have watched them cut, but I watched the wound closed into a high welted ridge with quick skilful looking stitches like a cobbler's and was glad. When the wound was closed I went out into the hall and walked up and down again. After a while the doctor came out.

"How is she?"

"She is all right. Did you watch?"

He looked tired.

"I saw you sew up. The incision looked very long."

"You thought so?"

"Yes. Will that scar flatten out?"

"Oh, yes."

After a while they brought out the wheeled stretcher and took it very rapidly down the hallway to the elevator. I went along beside it. Catherine was moaning. Down-stairs they put her in the bed in her room. I sat in a chair at the foot of the bed. There was a nurse in the room. I got up and stood by the bed. It was dark in the room. Catherine put out her hand. "Hello, darling," she said. Her voice was very weak and tired.

"Hello, you sweet."

"What sort of baby was it?"

"Sh—don't talk," the nurse said.

"A boy. He's long and wide and dark."

"Is he all right?"

"Yes," I said. "He's fine."

I saw the nurse look at me strangely.

"I'm awfully tired," Catherine said. "And I hurt like hell. Are you all right darling?"

"I'm fine. Don't talk."

"You were lovely to me. Oh, darling, I hurt dreadfully. What does he look like?"

"He looks like a skinned rabbit with a puckered up old man's face."

"You must go out," the nurse said. "Madame Henry must not talk."

"I'll be outside," I said.

"Go and get something to eat."

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"No. I'll be outside." I kissed Catherine. She was very gray and weak and tired.

"May I speak to you?" I said to the nurse. She came out in the hall with me. I walked a little way down the hall.

"What's the matter with the baby?" I asked.

"Didn't you know?"

"No."

"He wasn't alive."

"He was dead?"

"They couldn't start him breathing. The cord was caught around his neck or something."

"So he's dead."

"Yes. It's such a shame. He was such a fine big boy. I thought you knew."

"No," I said. "You better go back in with Madame."

I sat down on the chair in front of a table where there were nurses' reports hung on clips at the side and looked out of the window. I could see nothing but the dark and the rain falling across the light from the window. So that was it. The baby was dead. That was why the doctor looked so tired. But why had they acted the way they did in the room with him? They supposed he would come around and start breathing probably. I had no religion but I knew he ought to have been baptized. But what if he never breathed at all. He hadn't. He had never been alive. Except in Catherine. I'd felt him kick there often enough. But I hadn't for a week. Maybe he was choked all the time. Poor little kid. I wished the hell I'd been choked like that. No I didn't. Still there would not be all this dying to go through. Now Catherine would die. That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. But they killed you in the end. You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you.

Once in camp I put a log on top of the fire and it was full of ants. As it commenced to burn the ants swarmed out and went first toward the centre where the fire was; then turned back and ran toward the end. When there were enough on the end they fell off into the fire. Some got off, their bodies burnt and flattened, and went off not knowing where they were going. But most of them went toward the fire and then back toward the end and swarmed on the cool end and finally fell off into the fire. I remember thinking at the time that it was the end of the world and a splendid chance to be a messiah and lift the log off the fire and throw it out where the ants could get off onto the ground. But I did not do anything but throw a tin cup of water on the log so that I would have the cup empty to put whiskey in before I added water to it. I think the cup of water on the burning log only steamed the ants.

So now I sat out in the hall and waited to hear how Catherine was. The nurse did not come out so after a while I went to the door and opened it very softly and looked in. I could not see at first because there was a bright light in the hall and it was dark in the room. Then I saw the nurse sitting by the bed and Catherine's head on a pillow, and she all flat under the sheet. The nurse put her finger to her lips, then stood up and came to the door.

"How is she?" I asked.

"She's all right," the nurse said. "You should go and have your supper and then come back if you wish."

I went down the hall and then down the stairs and out the door of the hospital and down the dark street in the rain to the café. It was brightly lighted inside and there were many people at the tables. I did not see a place to sit, and a waiter came up to me and took my wet coat and hat and showed me a place at a table across from an elderly man who was drinking beer and reading the evening paper. I sat down and asked the waiter what the *plat du jour* was.

"Veal stew—but it is finished."

"What can I have to eat?"

"Ham and eggs, eggs with cheese, or *choucroute.*"

"I had *choucroute* this noon," I said.

"That's true," he said. "That's true. You ate *choucroute* this noon." He was a middle-aged man with a bald top to his head and his hair slicked over it. He had a kind face.

"What do you want? Ham and eggs or eggs with cheese?"

"Ham and eggs," I said, "and beer."

"A demi-blonde?"

"Yes," I said.

"I remembered," he said. "You took a demi-blonde this noon."

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I ate the ham and eggs and drank the beer. The ham and eggs were in a round dish, the ham underneath and the eggs on top. It was very hot and at the first mouthful I had to take a drink of beer to cool my mouth. I was hungry and I asked the waiter for another order. I drank several glasses of beer. I was not thinking at all but read the paper of the man opposite me. It was about the German advance on the Western Front. When he realized I was reading the back of his paper he folded it over. I thought of asking the waiter for a paper, but I could not concentrate. It was hot in the café and the air was bad. Many of the people at the tables knew one another. There were several card games going on. The waiters were busy bringing drinks from the bar to the tables. Two men came in and could find no place to sit. They stood opposite the table where I was. I ordered another beer. I was not ready to leave yet. It was too soon to go back to the hospital. I tried not to think and to be perfectly calm. The men stood around but no one was leaving so they went out. I drank another beer. There was quite a pile of saucers now on the table in front of me. The man opposite me had taken off his spectacles, put them away in a case, folded his paper and put it in his pocket and now sat holding his liqueur glass and looking out at the room. Suddenly I knew I had to get back. I called the waiter, paid the reckoning, got into my coat, put on my hat and started out the door. I walked through the rain up to the hospital.

Upstairs I met the nurse coming down the hall.

"I just called you at the hotel," she said. Something dropped inside me.

"What is wrong?"

"Mrs. Henry has had a hemorrhage."

"Can I go in?"

"No, not yet. The doctor is with her."

"Is it dangerous?"

"It is very dangerous." The nurse went into the room and shut the door. I sat outside in the hall. Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think. I could not think. I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die. Oh God please don't let her die. I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please, please, please, dear God, don't let her die. Dear God don't let her die. Please, please, please don't let her die. God please make her not die. I'll do anything you say if you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die.

The nurse opened the door and motioned with her finger for me to come. I followed her into the room. Catherine did not look up when I came in. I went over to the side of the bed. The doctor was standing by the bed on the opposite side. Catherine looked at me and smiled. I bent down over the bed and started to cry.

"Poor darling," Catherine said very softly. She looked gray.

"You're all right, Cat," I said. "You're going to be all right."

"I'm going to die," she said. Then waited and said, "I hate it."

I took her hand.

"Don't touch me," she said. I let go of her hand. She smiled. "Poor darling. You touch me all you want."

"You'll be all right, Cat. I know you'll be all right."

"I meant to write you a letter to have if anything happened, but I didn't do it."

"Do you want me to get a priest or any one to come and see you?"

"Just you," she said. Then a little later, "I'm not afraid. I just hate it."

"You must not talk so much," the doctor said.

"All right," Catherine said.

"Do you want me to do anything, Cat? Can I get you anything?"

Catherine smiled, "No."

"You are talking too much," the doctor said. "Mr. Henry must go out. He can come back again later. You are not going to die. You must not be silly."

"All right," Catherine said.

"I'll come and stay with you nights," she said. It was very hard for her to talk.

"Please go out of the room," the doctor said. Catherine winked at me. "I'll be right outside," I said.

"Don't worry darling," Catherine said. "I'm not a bit afraid. It's just a dirty trick."

"You dear brave sweet."

I waited outside in the hall. I waited a long time. The nurse came to the door and came over to me. "I'm afraid Mrs. Henry is very ill," she said. "I'm afraid for her."

"Is she dead?"

"No, but she is unconscious."

It seems she had one hemorrhage after an-

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other. They couldn't stop it. I went in the room and stayed with Catherine until she died. She was unconscious all the time, and it did not take her very long to die.

Outside the room in the hall I spoke to the doctor, "Is there anything I can do to-night?"

"No. There is nothing to do. Can I take you to your hotel?"

"No thank you. I am going to stay here a while."

"I know there is nothing to say. I cannot tell you——"

"No," I said. "There's nothing to say."

"Good-night," he said. "I cannot take you to your hotel?"

"No thank you."

"It was the only thing to do," he said. "The operation proved——"

"I do not want to talk about it," I said.

"I would like to take you to your hotel."

"No thank you."

He went down the hall. I went to the door of the room.

"You can't come in now," one of the nurses said.

"Yes I can," I said.

"You can't come in yet."

"You get out," I said. "The other one too."

But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

THE END.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Hemingway's serial has achieved renown similar to the first two Van Dine stories serialized in SCRIBNER'S.

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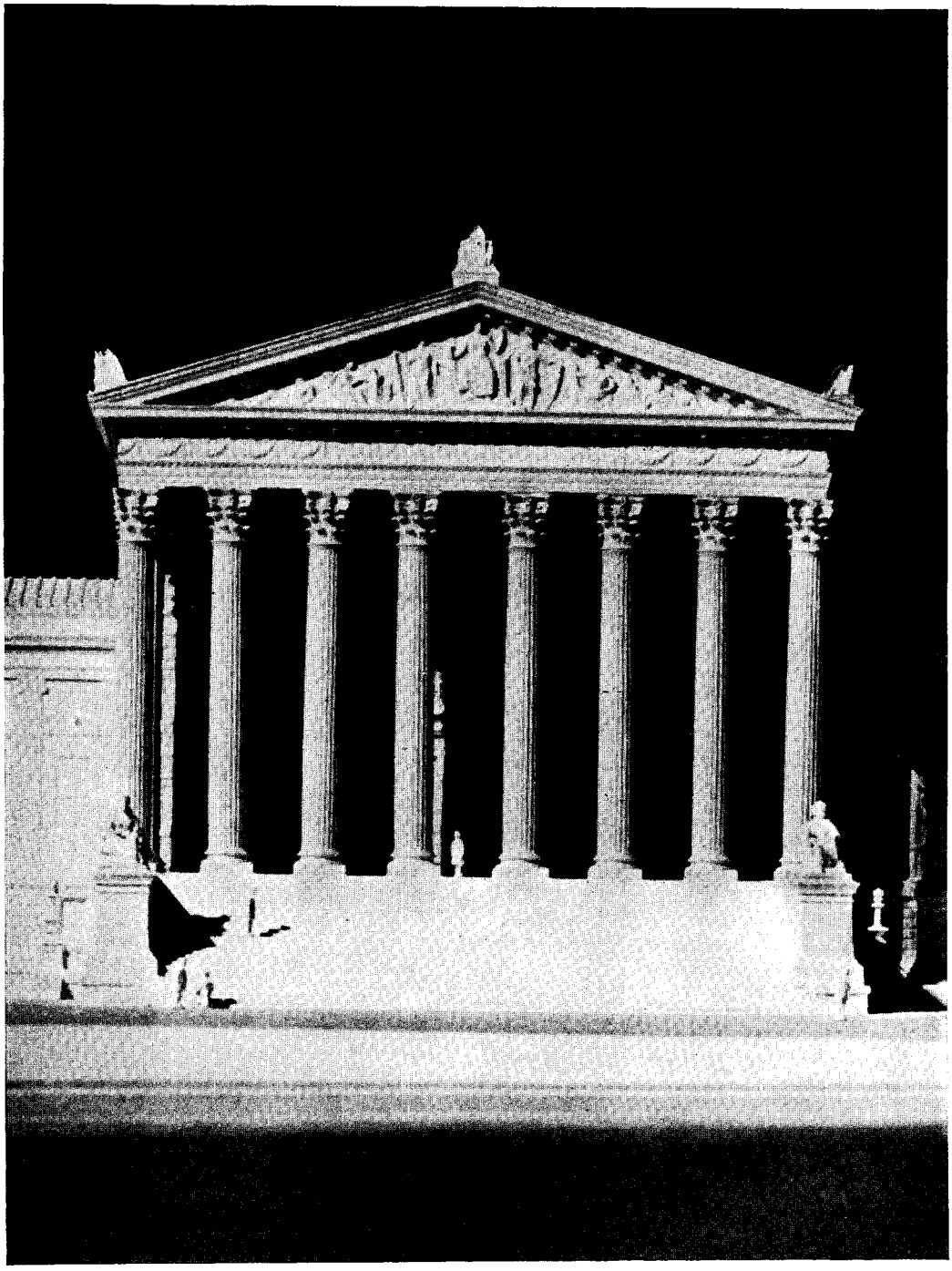

The Temple of Justice, to be built on Capitol Hill, Washington.

The future home of the Supreme Court, from a preliminary model by the architect, Cass Gilbert.

—See "The Human Side of the Supreme Court," page 498.

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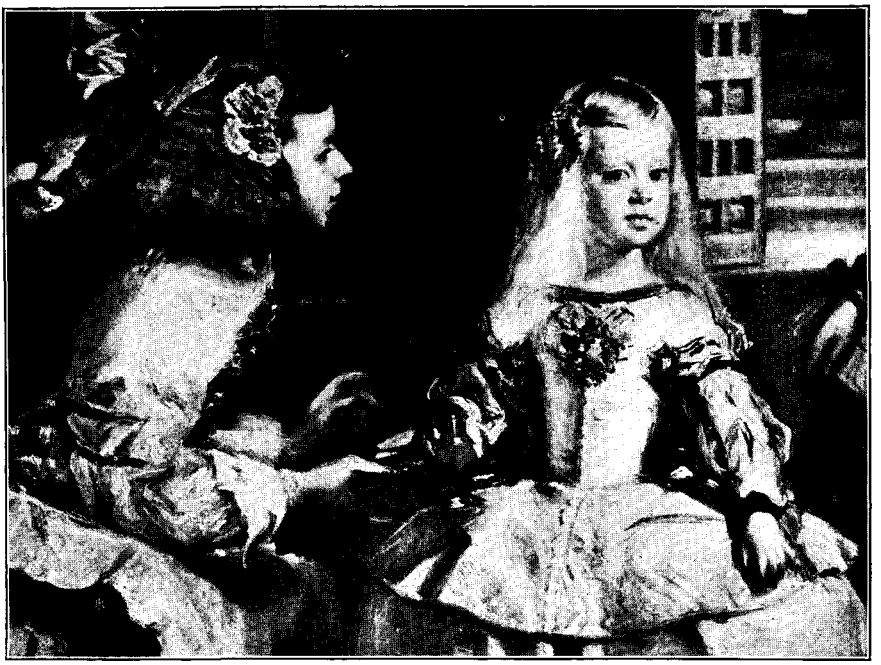

Fragment from "Las Meninas."

From the painting by Velasquez in the Prado.

The Cigarette.

From the painting by John Sargent.

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The Atelier.

From the painting by Alfred Stevens.

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